> Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
> A man of such a feeble temper should
> So get the start of the majestic world,
> And bear the palm alone.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

1877 1940

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES

1940 JANUARY No 755, Vol CXXVII

Published by
CONSTABLE & CO LTD 10 ORANGE STREET LONDON W C 2
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
Price Three Shillings
Annual Subscription 40s. post free

INSIDE GERMANY

¶ **It is a long time**

since a series of articles has attracted such wide attention as the six, on conditions in Germany, which Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*.

"He simply tells what he saw and heard in Germany, and makes his own reservations about the various statements given to him as facts.

"He is, of course, at least one hundred per cent. anti-Hitler, but he is profoundly impressed with the magnitude of the task confronting the Allies if the struggle has to be fought through; it is as well that we should be brought to realise this."

FROM "A SPECTATOR'S NOTEBOOK" *Spectator*.

¶ **There were at least 3 references**

to the articles in the House, in one of which Mr. Noel Baker "was sure the Government noticed the remarkable evidence of a remarkable witness . . . Mr. Villard was there for some weeks, and there is no man with a better knowledge of Germany."

¶ **Here they are in book form**

with, in addition, three articles which appeared elsewhere, and a translation of

¶ **Inside Germany To-day**

broadcast by Mr. Villard in the B.B.C. German News Service.

by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Boards 2/6 Cloth 3/6 net

Constable

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY *AND AFTER*

No DCCLV—January 1940

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How can the pen be calm yet passionate,
For passion without calm is the heart of fear,
And fear includes the horror that we hate,
And sullies reason with its blinding tear?
The words I make must be hewn from that stone
The face of its indifference and throne,
And wrought as if the beast were not on me
And furious like the air thrashed by mad wings.
Be still, my heart! For so, the pen must rate,
And indignation lose its right to fate
Our dedication is to permanent things.

'We shall build Heaven here,' they suavely said.
'With secular hammer and sickle we shall make
The Perfect Garden, and return the Snake
Out of the old ignoble myth, Who made
Awareness master—" Ye shall be as gods "
But, first, the doubters must be scourged with rods,
And from the earth withdrawn its sapping weeds.'

And so a generation died; and beads
Of blood swelled-up within the wheat and rye.
Men ate their bread and knew not if they ate
The wheat or men; and lost the living eye
That has its time for tears, and can deny
The loveliness it sees, and contemplate
The strangeness in its seeing. They lost their right
To doubt that is the livingness of law;
And God was banished from their fear of night.
Only their power to kill retained their awe.
But this, because its voice was certainty
And multiplied earth's echoes with its strokes
Till all the world seemed lively, and quick hands
Confused experiment with experience,
Seemed still in conflict with an easy flaw.
'All must be good since good itself evokes
The power in our willing, and understands
Defeat as weakness or marred evidence.'
They drew the poetasters of all lands,
The statistician-ants, impatient youth,
Millennium-mongers, and the hopeless poor,
The power-seekers, and the proud whose truth
Thrives in the shallows of indifference,
And all that crowd that hangs about a door,
Ready to applaud the tallest crest
As it achieves the limelight. For their best,
Appearance was enough and great applause,
And closely-printed, crowded, wishful laws,
Making a fine array against the wall.
But what was scratching underneath the floor,
And what, behind, in muffled, twisted call
Cried to the whip, and what the books concealed,
The holes like little eyes for eyes to use
And used by bullets once, in quick excuse
They dubbed the rat, the mole, or the mere unskilled,
And would not look or listen more than once.
Ah God! Dear God! My glad and distant God!
Restrain my heart that listens with my ears,
That hears the voices rising, and the runs
Of engines raising up the wings, and tears
Splashing the snow with blood, for I must be

Nor deaf nor blind; my winter needs my sense
To put an end to all indifference
That does not bide with You. For now I see, I see
The dark from its own Arctic meaning driven,
Lit with man's suns that ape the sun of Heaven.
I see the Lucifers along their guns
Hanging like bats. The sea is sleek with blood.
Along the lakeshores, dragging through the mud,
Goes all imperfect, suffering, seeking, free,
Lost, sad, bewildered, strange mortality.
The bats withdraw; now swoop the ravens down
Croaking their blasphemous slogans on the wind,
Their black cried-up as white, as if they sinned
Because their good was in it; and snatch the crown
Even from Christ Whose thorn is mankind's flower.
Are these my brothers too? And is their tower
Yourself though they forgo You? Must their power
Become the world's miasma, till one pall
Blots out the covered coffins, making all
The earth eternal tundra? I can see
My hope no more, because the lakes have lost
Their starred reflections covered by the Tree
From which the Finns hang crucified. The leaves
Of winter are the horror of the ghost
That, even dead, can still not wander free.
Stillness is flawed with too perfected death.
Even men's tears are frozen at the eyes.
There is no source of sorrow in air's breath.
'They know not what they do.' My soul believes.
But being neither God nor old and wise
I cannot say, 'Forgive them,' and must turn
God's comfort from me, and release my hate,
Hoping that love, being infinite, can wait.

L. AARONSON.

December 2nd, 1939.

THE SITUATION

The question is: 'What will Hitler do?' He took the initiative in making himself master of Germany, and now that he is striving to make himself master of us all, he has the initiative still. The question is: Will he invade Holland? Or will he bomb London? Will he try to turn the Maginot Line by advancing through Belgium? Will he occupy Rumania? The question is never 'What shall we do?' But always 'What will he do?' *Lui toujours lui!*

And yet, in himself he is nothing. A wicked creature, as evil of disposition as of appearance, without a single noble quality, a superficial thinker, and a cheap, though crafty demagogue, he would pass as unimportant, even if repulsive, were he a private person. But as leader of the armed and united German nation, he is the most powerful man of our time. It was not he who united the Germans and made them strong. It was through him that they recovered their unity and their armed might. They lost the First World War in the field, but they won the peace in the years that followed. This is the reason why they were able to wage the Second World War, which is but the resumption of the First. The Germany that calls itself the Third Realm existed under the cover of Republican Democracy. It murdered Republican leaders like Erzberger, Rathenau, and a hundred others, using those same methods of conspiracy, terrorism, and armed violence to overthrow the Republican Government which they are now using to overthrow the whole European order. Hitler and his supporters who, as a matter of practical politics, are identical with the united German nation, are resolved on the domination of all Europe exactly as he and his National Socialist Party dominate Germany. That there are millions of Germans who do not share this resolve is true—but terrorism and the enthusiasm or docile acquiescence of the vast majority rob this truth of all practical significance.

The one domination will be no less inhuman than the other—perhaps even more so, as the unutterable woe and horror that have descended upon Poland and Czechoslovakia reveal beyond any doubt whatever. We are, therefore, at war not merely so that we may overthrow a foreign tyrant and survive as an independent people, but also to save ourselves and all Europe from 'the abomination that maketh desolate.'

Hitler did not create the 'new Germany'—which is but the old Imperial Germany, though much more barbarous. The 'new Germany' created him. He is the symbol, the unifying myth, the point of crystallisation, the common denominator. If he were to be removed, the 'new Germany' would still remain, armed and united, whether under the myth that might survive him for centuries, or under another Leader who would embody another myth, or the old myth refurbished. Given armed unity, the person of the Leader, the character of the myth, and the outward political form (whether Royalist, Conservative, Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Fascist, Communist, or what not) is of secondary importance. German armed unity means imperialist aggression and can have no purpose other than aggression.

The removal of Hitler and the overthrow of 'Hitlerism' are, therefore, wholly unacceptable as War Aims. If it were true (and there is no evidence to show it is) that 'the generals' (of whom we have heard so much) and not Hitler were masters of Germany, we should have no cause for satisfaction. Indeed, Germany, led by her generals might be even more dangerous than the Germany of to-day, for while capable of greater flexibility and political moderation, she would be no less resolute in pursuing her ultimate purpose, imperialist domination. Indeed, Hitler may by the very excess of his tigerish passions condemn his country to premature downfall in some grandiose but ill-considered enterprise. It is by no means inconceivable that the future historian will state that the Third Realm perished because 'the generals' *failed* to wrest the leadership out of Hitler's hands.

Besides, why should 'the generals' try to possess themselves of that leadership unless they are convinced that Germany will be more formidable under their own than under Hitler's? To base any hope on a 'revolt of the

generals' is to display great simplicity of soul—as though 'the generals' would risk their lives to promote international peace, disarmament, collective security, 'Federal Union,' a 'better Europe,' or indeed anything save a Europe under German domination!

German armed unity was never an end in itself—it was always a means. Hitler and 'the generals' want the same end, and if any generals ever thought in terms of revolt, it was only because they believed that *their* means would promote that end more effectively than *his*.

Germany did not unite and arm to redress her grievances—she exaggerated some grievances and invented others so that she could unite and arm the more plausibly, and therefore more easily, thanks to the trustful idealism that prevailed in London and Paris. And she united and armed so as to make herself master of Europe. When the hatreds and suspicions engendered by the First World War had subsided—about the time the 'Locarno Protocols' were drafted—Germany was more secure against potential foes than any other Great Power, the United States alone excepted. No one threatened her frontiers or any vital interests of hers. The burden of armaments and the dangers of insecurity lay upon other nations, not upon Germany. Her material resources and her skill and her organisation would have enabled her to secure a weighty and universal influence. No great nation ever had a better prospect of achieving such an ascendancy in commerce and all the arts of peace. Indeed, it lay within her power to attain a pre-eminence such as will for ever be denied to her—even if she win the Second World War.

But domination, not pre-eminence, was her aim. And to achieve domination she rearmed, and imposed upon herself an artificial, coercive unity that does violence to all those regional, social and political variations of outlook, character, and interest, that are so essential to healthy and harmonious national existence. By their rearmed and reinforced union the Germans achieved not security, which they did not want, but insecurity, which they have now got—and, having got it, they passed from the defensive to the offensive.

Not Hitler, or 'Hitlerism,' therefore, but the German nation, armed and united, is the enemy. And if we go on asking, as, unhappily, we must, 'What will Hitler do?' we

ought always to bear in mind that while Hitler is Germany, Germany is not Hitler, that he may go, but that the essential question remains as long as German armed unity remains.

The policy which used to be called 'appeasement' was more fatal than mere passivity or indifference would have been, for it placed a premium on aggression and encouraged the aggressor to keep the initiative. Hitler—that is to say, Germany, armed and united—had but to threaten the peace of Europe, and he would, in return for a promise to threaten that peace no more, secure the consent of the Western Powers to conquests that enabled him to make the threat all the more effective next time. And this, indeed, was always his real purpose. The Western Powers allowed Germany to prepare for war against themselves in exchange for assurances that she would go to war with no one.

The concessions meant to 'appease' Germany were such as to leave her stronger and the Western Powers correspondingly weaker than before, so that their policy, while it brought on the war, made their defeat the more likely the longer the war was delayed. 'Appeasement,' therefore, made peace fatal and war inevitable.

'Appeasement' is, by its very nature, a renunciation of all initiative. Every successful initiative—and Hitler's were all successful—renders the initiator *more* able and the 'appeaser' *less* able to take further initiatives. That is why we still have to ask: 'What will Hitler do?'

There is a supplementary question, namely: 'What will Stalin do?' In his Second Philippic, Demosthenes says that 'democracies' have 'a common weapon against tyrants,' a weapon that is 'invaluable'—'distrust.' By their persistent assumption that Russia was to be trusted and by the belief that 'friendliness' will of itself convert a potentially hostile Power into an ally, the 'democracies,' foregoing their 'common weapon,' helped to consolidate instead of to loosen the German-Russian partnership. Although the Western Powers honourably refused to sign away the territorial integrity of Poland and the independence of the Baltic States in the negotiations that preceded the War, they nevertheless left Russia in no doubt that the conquests she was, even then, planning in connivance with Germany, would be 'safe.' The supplementary initiatives Stalin was able to take, thanks

to 'friendliness,' have made the initiatives taken by Hitler, thanks to 'appeasement,' all the more dangerous.

Russia, like Germany before her, has extended her economic, political, and strategic basis for the more ambitious imperialistic enterprise that will involve Scandinavia, the Balkans, and even the Middle East, if it is not prevented in time. The inferiority of her armed forces, of her transport, and of her industrial organisation make it impossible for Russia to engage in a major war of her own (as is shown by the punishment she is receiving from the Finns whom she so vastly outnumbers). But in association with Germany she can contribute heavily to the success of German arms as long as the Western Allies refrain from taking any initiative against her.

It has been said that Germany does not approve of the Russian invasion of Finland because she has a traditional friendship with the Finns, and because her own command of the Baltic Sea will be menaced. The answer is that tradition means nothing in Germany to-day (it never does in countries which are in a state of revolution, as she is—a state that makes her association with Russia all the closer), and that, whatever strategic points the Russians may seize, their hopeless inadequacy as a naval Power makes it impossible for them to contest the German command of the Baltic, now, as in the last war, when they held all the naval bases they subsequently lost and are now recovering. The Germans show their approval of the Russian attack on Finland quite clearly by bullying Sweden into non-intervention and by holding up consignments of Italian, Hungarian, and Yugoslav war material in transit for the Finns. It is also said that the Russians have acted for reasons of national defence against Germany, their partner in aggression. The truth is that they no more covet Hangö and other points—not to speak of Petsamo—for reasons of defence, than that the Germans took the Sudetenland for identical reasons. Stalin, who has the craft and cupidity of a Caucasian bandit from his native Georgia, is bent on exploiting the opportunity provided by the Second European War to enlarge his possessions.

There is just anger throughout the civilised world over the Finnish war, the barbarity with which the Russians are waging it, and the hypocritical reasoning with which they

try to excuse it. But the war has an aspect that calls for dispassionate examination.

The conquest of Finland will give the German-Russian coalition an ascendancy in Northern Europe that may be very dangerous to the Western Allies. If the Russians take Petsamo and command the Varangar Fjord from the steep heights that overlook it, the nickel mines will be at the disposal of the Germans and the Fjord will be a refuge, and perhaps a station, for German commerce raiders.

Norway and Sweden (and, for that matter, and in different circumstances, Holland) will have to pay a fearful penalty for their utopian pacifism and their failure to rearm. It is not enough to be civilised and even 'democratic.' To be so will evoke universal sympathy in the hour of misfortune, but it will not of itself bring the material aid with which barbarian invasion can be averted. The completer the Russian conquest of Finland, the tighter the German grip on Sweden. Threatened by invasion from the north, Sweden will seek protection in that semi-dependence on Germany which will at least assure her of semi-independence. Norway, being more accessible to the Western Allies, can be more strongly buttressed against the German-Russian encroachments. Nevertheless, when the two Socialist despotisms have established an ascendancy in Sweden they will subject Norway to grievous extortions by their joint, ruthless pressure.

If we turn to South-Eastern Europe we shall see a similar prospect. The Russian threat to Bessarabia is also a threat to the Delta of the Danube, which, although not a part of Bessarabia, is Russia's real objective when she plans to save the Bessarabian 'proletariat' from the oppressive rule of Rumanian 'landowners and capitalists.' Rumania will then, like Sweden, be forced into semi-dependence—if not more—on Germany. Hungary is semi-dependent on Germany even now. The Russian invasion of Carpathian-Ruthenia (which is clearly intended) will make that dependence complete. The fear of Russia by Balkan Governments—a fear multiplied by the traditional popularity which Russia, whether Tsarist or Bolshevik, enjoys amongst Balkan peasants—will make a Russian preponderance the forerunner of an augmented German preponderance, especially in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia.

To have semi-vassals at her disposal is more advantageous

to Germany than to have vassals, for an industry and agriculture, uninjured by armed invasion and producing an exportable surplus, will be an asset such as a ruined and devastated country like Poland, or even an unscarred, but oppressed and ruthlessly pillaged, country like the Bohemian-Moravian 'Protectorate' cannot be. It is even doubtful whether Poland is not a liability—in any case, the economic return she may give will not compensate Germany for the losses in men and material she has incurred by crushing the Poles and keeping them crushed. A nation which is contented because its independence has been half-preserved will work more willingly for the extortioner whose troops have not crossed the frontier than a nation which is dejected or rebellious because its independence has been half destroyed by an armed invader. It is, therefore, in Germany's interest not to invade Sweden or Rumania, but to reduce both countries to semi-vassalage—an interest that is powerfully promoted by Russia.

The dangerous character of the German-Russian coalition is underrated because it is not an open military alliance. If it were that and no more, it would not be so dangerous. The presence of Russian troops in Finland or Rumania is a greater menace to the Allies than their presence in the Siegfried Line would be. The longer the war lasts, the more valuable to Germany will the Russian partnership become (if the war lasts two or three years, German managers and technicians may recondition Russian industry and so produce an exportable surplus that will augment Germany's stock of essential commodities).

By establishing an ascendancy in Northern and South-eastern Europe, the German-Russian coalition will, if its progress is not arrested, menace Allied communications in the northern Atlantic and eastern Mediterranean. In a last analysis, the Finnish war and the threat to Bessarabia represent an effort to turn the immensely extended flanks of the vast front that sweeps in a curve from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea, with the Maginot Line as its apex.

In making this effort, the enemy keeps the initiative which he has never relinquished. It is in the strategic and political interest of the Allies that Finnish independence be preserved. It is therefore desirable that she receive as much help as can be

given without substantially weakening the Allied forces in Western Europe, where the Germans will, unless appearances are very deceptive, take the major initiative before very long. If the Varangar Fjord is to be a refuge or naval station, it must be not a Russian (that is, German), but a British naval station. It could, indeed, be placed 'out of bounds' to the armed forces of all Powers, save Finland and Norway, together with its immediate hinterland.

If the Finns, with Allied help, withstand the Russian invasion, the Allies will, in return, be enabled to establish an ascendancy in northern Europe that will replace, or at least weaken, the ascendancy of the German-Russian coalition, and relieve the German pressure on Sweden. Such an ascendancy may, if consolidated, acquire very great importance when the time comes for the Allies to take the offensive in the air—the threat to German Baltic shipping and to Germany's northern cities would powerfully supplement the aerial offensive in the west

It is an error to assume that the neutrality of the northern—as of the south-eastern—Powers is altogether advantageous to the Allies. It may be much more advantageous if the neutrals are involved in the war, for Germany will then acquire two exposed flanks which, by virtue of Allied sea power, can be threatened, however extended they may be. Neutrality is no defence against semi-vassalage, so that the neutrality of the northern and south-eastern Powers may, for reasons we have just given, be advantageous to Germany and correspondingly disadvantageous to the Allies. It is possible for the Allies, through their command of the sea, to impose upon the enemy an ever-increasing extension and diffusion, and therefore vulnerability, of his forces, to lengthen and thereby weaken his communications, to deprive him of the advantage of internal lines, on condition that they take the initiative—and keep it!

If Russia secures the delta of the Danube for herself, she secures it for Germany as well. Turkey cannot be indifferent to the conquest of Bessarabia if it is extended to that Delta. Measures concerted between the Allies and Turkey to place the Delta 'out of bounds' to all save the Rumanians are therefore desirable. As much aid should be given to Rumania under the guarantee extended to her before the outbreak of

war as can be given without substantial prejudice to the Allied defensive or offensive on the western front. The security of Allied warships in the Black Sea is dependent on the closeness of the Turkish alliance and on the command of the Mediterranean. That command is made to seem less challengeable than ever, for, if recent experience is not deceptive, the air-arm is not the decisive weapon in war at sea as some Italian experts believed (nor is the lesson to be drawn from the defeat of the *Graf Spee* inapplicable to the problem of sea power in the Mediterranean).

It will be said that intervention in northern and south-eastern Europe may involve the Allies in war with Russia. Intervention would, in the first place, be directed against Russia as a means of striking at Germany. The foe is Germany, not Russia—except in so far as she is Germany's partner in war. 'Appeasement' or 'friendliness' will not make Russia desist, but will stimulate her into closer partnership with Germany and into more extensive imperialist aggression. Every successful act of aggression by Russia is worth a victorious battle to Germany because it costs Germany nothing, whatever it may cost her partner. If the invasion of Finland succeeds, Germany can only gain. If it fails she will lose nothing, unless it fails by reason of an intervention which will give the Allies a foothold in northern Europe. Even if the Allies do find themselves at war with Russia, they have nothing to fear from that war. It is the permanent characteristic of Russia that she can neither conquer nor be conquered, that she can neither strike a mortal blow nor receive one. But she could receive severe punishment at the hands of the Allies without being able to retaliate. As a naval power she is almost impotent. Her White and Black Sea ports and bases are highly vulnerable. Even Baku is exposed to attack from the air. Her internal stability would appear to be much more precarious than Germany's. Her Ukrainian, her Central Asiatic, and her Caucasian subjects are more prone to disaffection than the Germans.

The paradox of German-Russian relations to-day is that in a conflict with the Western Powers, Germany without Russia is stronger than Germany with Russia, provided the Western Powers take the initiative. Russia, if involved in

armed conflict with the Allies, would not only be unable to retaliate, she would be unable to ease the Allied pressure on Germany. The conflict would be an extension of the Allied blockade of Germany. It would be the end of the German hope of securing any considerable supplies from Russia, whose exportable surplus, which is small and uncertain even now, would vanish altogether.

Germany and Russia have not a real friend in Europe. The strong bias of all the smaller neutrals is in favour of the Western Allies. It is no exaggeration to say that an Allied victory is ardently desired by the whole of the non-belligerent world, with the possible exception of the ruling parties in Spain, Italy and Japan. The European neutrals are deterred from translating that bias into action by their fear of Germany—never was a nation so universally feared (and hated) as the Germans are to-day. The neutrals are also immobilised by doubts with regard to the outcome of the war. As the prospect of Allied support improves and the hope of an Allied victory grows, Germany will become more and more vulnerable. If the Allies can establish a preponderance in Northern and South-Eastern Europe, and if that preponderance can, so to speak, be made to converge on Germany, her outflanking movement will be reversed and the Allies will exercise an encircling pressure, which, if severe enough, will be fatal, even if the deadlock in the West continues (it was the collapse of Bulgaria under similar pressure in 1918 that began the general collapse of the Central Powers).

The Germans are thinking in terms of the 'decisive battle' in the West, now as in 1914. It is for this that they are economising material (especially petrol) and building up a huge air force. The blow will be a heavy one. It is untrue that there is any weakening of the German 'home front.' Nor is there any evidence of dissension amongst the National Socialist leaders. In Germany the contrast between war and peace is less perceptible than in England, for Germany was placed on a war basis long ago, so that she has undergone no abrupt transition. There is discontent, but no effective opposition. The evidence would seem to show that Hitler enjoys more public support now than he did when the War began. He can count on the absolute loyalty of his armed

forces—many of his younger soldiers, sailors and airmen are filled with the spirit of fanatical devotion.

The Allies, in the deadliest struggle of their history, are compelled to make the maximum effort so that the blow may be parried without fearful ravages to themselves. The industrial effort, which falls mainly upon Great Britain, has not acquired sufficient momentum even now—and the blow may fall within the next few months. Nor is it enough that the Allies' preparations be no more than defensive. If they are to win the war they must be able to take the offensive in the West and in the north and south-east. No one can foretell on what front the finally decisive action will be fought (the war may be won and lost on the home fronts). But a heavy and perhaps decisive contribution towards final victory can be made in Northern and South-Eastern Europe.

The Western Allies lost the peace that followed the First World War because they allowed the political initiative to be taken from them by Germany. They have not recovered it yet. Only if they take the initiative and keep it can they win the war. Only if they continue to live side by side in political, economic, and military co-operation and retain the joint initiative through the years of weariness, upheaval, and confusion that will follow—only then will the peace endure, for only then will the armed might of Germany be unable ever again to threaten the nations.

THE EDITOR.

THE MODERN GUERRE DE COURSE

Material considerations have to some extent dictated the forms of the present war at sea as waged by the Germans. Whether the defensive adopted by the British Navy, albeit an active defensive, is the only practicable policy given the material conditions, or whether a more offensive activity, a development of initiative, could have given better results, must be largely an academic discussion, since such 'results' can merely be *ex hypothesi* statements by the debater. It is clear to the student of war that in 1939 as in 1914 the governing principle of the Naval Staff is an active defence against the strokes planned by the enemy. It can be contended that the policy was effective in 1914-1918, leading, as it did, to the exhaustion of the German Navy, the annihilation of their commerce-raiders and the surrender of the entire Navy to internment at Scapa Flow, a surrender more abject and more complete than any hitherto made to the British Navy by any of the first-class forces against which it had battled. It can certainly be contended that the active-defensive in the first three months of this war has been successful beyond the highest expectations of those who study naval strategy. And without abandoning any love of the highest form of policy in war, the direct offensive, we may survey with not a little satisfaction the outcome of the main strategic and tactical plans of the Naval Staff in the present struggle.

They have not been impeccable. There have been blunders that were obvious (when the price of the blunder was paid) and there have been apparent blunders as to which we must, for lack of completer knowledge, suspend judgment. But in the main the naval conduct of the war by this country has given the results required by the situation.

The material position differs, in one respect, considerably from that of 1914. The German Navy is completely out-weighted in capital ships and cruisers, and from the start

there was no prospect that a major fleet action would ever develop. The history of the War of 1939 will be a record of single-ship actions, of cruiser encounters and of anti-submarine operations. It will, in fact, be a history of a modern *guerre de course*. And for our comfort it may be recalled here that never in the whole story of sea warfare has commerce-destroying by itself been a decisive factor in a war. It has what we have learned to describe in modern jargon as 'a nuisance-value,' but it has not 'a decision-value.'

This is a lesson from naval history that the German Naval Command has not learned—or perhaps it is one that they hope, with modern weapons, to disprove. Ever since the Nazi régime started and Admiral Raeder took over control of the German Navy there has been no question in the mind of anyone who follows sea affairs closely that *guerre de course* would be the policy in any conflict with us. The Admiral was Chief of Staff to Hipper in Scouting Group I of the High Seas Fleet (the counterpart of our Battle Cruiser Force) and is by training and instinct a cruiser man. Moreover, he wrote after the last war two extremely interesting and instructive volumes on cruiser warfare, with particular reference to commerce-destruction both in its 1914 historical aspect and its future application. He is a student of Mahan, but in his case it is the influence of history on sea power rather than the converse that has worked. One book in particular among the works of Mahan has taken hold of him—*Sea Power in its Relation to the War of* 1812. From it Admiral Raeder absorbed the conviction that what was achieved by the small but well-trained American force at that time against a British Navy flushed with the triumph of Trafalgar could again be achieved by a small but well-designed and well-trained German Navy to expunge the memory of November 21st, 1918.

> Lloyd's List contains notice of upwards of 500 British vessels captured in seven months by the Americans, 500 merchantmen and three frigates! Can these statements be true and can the English people hear them unmoved?

Thus screamed a maritime journal of the period. Indignation meetings poured out protests of merchants and sent them to the Government of the day.

That was the aspect of the war of 1812 that fired Admiral

Raeder. Had he read further, or deeper, in Mahan he would have come across the pregnant passage in *From Sail to Steam*:

> Everybody—the Navy as well—believed we had beaten Great Britain in 1812, brought her to her knees, by the destruction of her commerce through the system observed by us of single cruisers, naval or privateers. From that erroneous premise was deduced the conclusion of a Navy of cruisers, and small cruisers at that; no battleship nor fleets.

Admiral Raeder had the same 'erroneous premise' and upon it he proceeded, with the full support of Hitler, to build materially and train professionally a navy that should emulate, in its effects on British opinion, the influence of the privateers of 1812. This rôle was to be played under modern conditions by submarines (there is small evidence that the Admiral was ever much influenced by the air-minded Goering into believing that aircraft would be effective commerce-destroyers). While the restrictions of the Versailles Treaty were still nominally observed by Germany, the German Admiralty was re-creating its U-boat corps by the expedient of establishing shipyards for the building of submarines in the smaller neutral countries. The evidence as to this is now public and though the output of the yards was small and their financial history may not be glorious, they served the basic purpose of providing workshops in which experimental work for the future German Navy could proceed unhindered and constructors of submarines be trained.

When the shackles of Versailles were publicly thrown off Germany had already begun building her new submarine flotillas in German yards, though the craft were, admittedly, 'only little ones.' Throughout the ensuing years, for material reasons as much as for policy, construction was kept within limits, but in December, 1938, the mask was finally dropped by the exercise of Germany's rights under the Anglo-German Naval Agreement, to build up to parity with Britain in submarines. Before that, however, there had been a development whose inner significance was little realised except in naval circles. During the Spanish Civil War, when other countries employed surface craft off Spanish ports to watch over the safety of their nationals, Germany maintained U-boat flotillas off the Biscayan and Atlantic coasts, with depot-ship

and supply-ship established at Pasajes. The utility of submarines for carrying two or three hundred refugees from a point of danger is more than questionable and it should be obvious that the real mission of those U-boats was to obtain training on the ocean trade routes with real merchantmen on their normal voyages as targets for every 'dummy-run'. It was a typically German manœuvre, 'slim' in the old Boer sense, but, although it was seen through by seafarers, its inner significance escaped most laymen, including the diplomatists. The effects of that training were seen in the first month of this war, when ship after ship was caught and sunk and many more were chased by U-boats off the Spanish and Portuguese coasts or in the Bay of Biscay.

It is unnecessary, in studying the German tactics in this war, to take any account of the solemn pledge to conduct operations against merchantmen with due regard to the rules of war as they existed before 1914. Even when the Powers at the Washington Conference in 1921 accepted the pledge for themselves only people of singularly pure mind ever expected it to be anything but a form of words expressing a pious aspiration. 'Prohibition of the use of submarines as commerce-destroyers' was far too much to expect, and fortunately the British Naval Staff was never deluded (or was too cynical to believe, whichever you prefer). The consequence was that, in a secrecy equal to if not surpassing Germany's building of new U-boat flotillas, the British Admiralty built up an anti-submarine organisation. The extent of the secrecy was such that until December 6th, 1939, the very name of the gear used had never been mentioned in public. Then Mr. Churchill, in one of his periodical reviews of the war at sea in the House of Commons mentioned the word 'asdic' which a few laymen had heard furtively whispered previously but which to the world at large was a new addition to the English language.

It came as no surprise to the staff officers or to students when the opening hours of the war disclosed the presence of a number of U-boats on the Atlantic traffic lanes. Ships were incontinently attacked and sunk though they were unarmed, unescorted, and had started their voyages in time of peace. The tragedy of the *Athenia* rang round the world as the tragedy of the *Lusitania* had done twenty-four years

matter. Then came the frenzied efforts of the Nazi propaganda to prove that the sinking of the *Athenia* could not have been due to a U-boat. Most people only saw something comic in the vigour of these denials of responsibility, but behind the scenes in Germany there was no humour in the situation. It is certain that the commanding officer of the U-boat which sank the *Athenia* blundered, and blundered badly. For there is *one* thing above all others that the German naval officer corps of the last twenty years has grown up to loathe and that is the stigma of 'piracy' which attaches to the German Navy for its methods of submarine commerce-destruction in the last war. Most of the 'war criminals' indicted under the Versailles Treaty and named publicly for trial eluded the consequences of their acts. Three only out of eighteen were brought to trial, two only were sentenced. But in the German Navy memory of that indictment rankles and while there has never been any intention of abstaining from commerce-destruction by U-boat, there was a very general desire to avoid the beastlier brutalities of the pioneers. The *Athenia* case, coming as it did at the very outset of the new war, threatened to nullify all those good intentions, and it was for that reason that Admiral Raeder insisted that the responsibility for the act must be disclaimed and disproved.

Thus far we may be said to have been considering the setting of the stage for the drama. What of the play, as it unfolds itself?

All three forms of commerce-destruction have been essayed—surface-raiders, U-boats and mines. We may consider the acting of each section separately before reviewing the first act as a whole.

Available as surface-raiders were the three 'pocket-battleships,' *Deutschland*, *Admiral Scheer* and *Graf von Spee*; the two battle-cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*; at least two 10,000 ton 8-inch-gun cruisers and an undetermined number of large merchant ships. It had been known since 1933 that certain new German merchantmen were designed under Marineamt supervision for conversion at short notice into raiders. Although German shipyards and shipping companies normally courted world-wide publicity for their products, it was noted that some new vessels of considerable size escaped

notice and description in the technical journals and that photographs of them were peculiarly difficult to obtain.

Here, then, was a group of vessels of varied capacity but with in common a great potentiality for mischief. Remembering the career of the *Emden* with her sixteen captures, and the *Karlsruhe* with her sixteen, the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* with six and the five other raiders of the autumn of 1914 that captured and sank forty-seven vessels within ten weeks, it was to be expected that the new *guerre de course* would be loosed with even greater *furor teutonicus*. Nothing of the sort happened. The whole plan miscarried.

The three pocket-battleships were not away cruising on the open oceans when the war began, and one of them was reported damaged by the lightning raid of the R.A.F. on Schillig Roads on September 4th before she could set out. The other two got away subsequently, but the tale of their 'ravages' is pathetically small. The *Graf Spee* caught seven or eight ships in the course of some 12,000 miles wanderings in the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean. Then, off Monte Video, she encountered three British cruisers, two of them only six-inch gun vessels, and to the astonishment of the world she fled into harbour, only to emerge five days later and scuttle herself. The *Deutschland*, operating in the North Atlantic, captured one British ship, the *Stonegate*, and sank one auxiliary cruiser, the *Rawalpindi*, besides providing a certain element of light relief to the drama by the episode of the *City of Flint*.

Neither the *Scharnhorst* nor the *Gneisenau* was heard of in he first three months of the war. No one of the 8-inch-gun cruisers was ever seen on the trade routes, unless an bortive raid towards the Bergen area in October was carried ut by them. And although a dozen German merchantmen ipped out of neutral harbours at intervals, most of them were bviously no more than would be supply ships for the *eutschland* or the *Scheer* and at least half of them fell into the ands of British patrols before they made contact with the ips they were to feed.

On the surface the *guerre de course* had been a complete sco. Ordinary marine risks of storm, fog and derelicts more damage to the British mercantile marine in three nths than the German surface raiders did. What was the son?

Primarily, the British Naval Staff plans for counteracting the threat of attack—our active-defensive. It is not yet the time to discuss in detail the nature of the dispositions, but the effect of them is so obvious that it must be painfully apparent in Berlin. Neither of the two pocket-battleships, craft admirably adapted for a vigorous offensive on the trade routes and calling for considerable power in any opposition, was able to operate where the traffic was thickest. Even the *Deutschland*, through whose area passed numerous convoys to and from ports in America and Canada, found her efforts completely nullified.

Secondarily, the fiasco may be in part due to a change of mind in Berlin, by which the other vessels earmarked for raiding were not despatched. Just as the strategic plans of von Tirpitz for vigorous action by the High Seas Fleet in 1914 were thwarted by the intervention of the military-minded clique round the Kaiser, so the vigorous raiding policy of Raeder was thwarted by some influence which had power to impose its view that valuable units of the fleet must not be risked too far from the shelter of the mined waters of the Bight of Heligoland. The point may not be driven home too forcibly as yet, for it must, obviously, be but theorising at present, but the significance of the possibility should not be overlooked. If the truth of the theory is subsequently established it will serve once again to demonstrate that the continental mind does not readily absorb the fundamental verities of oceanic strategy.

The U-boat side of the modern *guerre de course* began with a resounding crash. Eleven ships sunk in the first week, sixteen in the second, seven in the third. The world quaked. A generation of newspaper readers had grown up that knew not April, 1917. The figures appeared to be appalling—to those whose history lessons had not included the naval side of the Great War, when we lost fifty-five ships in one week, when one month's sinkings totalled 881,000 tons. What was the 156,000 tons of September, 1939, compared to that figure as measure of what a really virulent submarine *guerre de course* could do?

The British Admiralty had started out with the firm determination—and a wise one—that no details of successes against the U-boats should be announced. Throughout the

'unrestricted' campaign of the last war that policy had been pursued. Even at the worst, when any little scrap of news that could hearten our people would have been welcomed, strict silence was maintained about losses inflicted on the enemy's U-boats. But in this war something happened that caused a speedy modification of that policy. On September 21st the Prime Minister in a review of the war position told the House of Commons that he was confident he was understating the case when he said that already six or seven German submarines had been sunk. The lay public welcomed the news but without appreciating its full significance. They did not know that in the last war the average monthly sinking of U-boats was only 3·42. That the best monthly average in any year was only 6·4. What the Prime Minister's disclosure meant was that in the first three weeks we had surpassed our previous best monthly average. And that at the very outset of hostilities, before we had really got into our stride! The success was so gratifying that it is small wonder the Admiralty, under the exuberant guidance of Mr. Churchill, were persuaded to modify the policy of silence. The wisdom of the step may be questioned. The disclosure of our success undoubtedly caused a hurried change in the German plans, by which a second 'wave' of U-boats, intended for the Atlantic, were held back and so saved from destruction. On the other hand, it stopped the sinkings. They fell at once to two or three a week. Nor did they rise again to double figures as in the first two weeks, while losses of U-boats, operating in other areas, continued. During the sixth week of the war no fewer than seven were officially recorded as sunk. By the beginning of November a certain reticence in official figures had crept back and the First Lord contented himself with a rather indefinite 'conservative estimate' of two to four sinkings a week. A French official statement after thirteen weeks of war put the total at thirty, and a few days later a British disclosure added five to that figure.

This meant that in less than fourteen weeks of war half the total strength of U-boats of all sizes available to Germany at the start of hostilities had been lost to her—and with them some 1,000 or 1,100 trained specialist officers and men.

It is a result for which, it is safe to say, no one, either naval officer or lay student, had been prepared. That the U-boat

work would be more dangerous and more difficult than it was in 1917 and 1918 we all expected, but that half the existing flotillas would be wiped out in ninety-five days was beyond even the realm of dreams. Yet it happened. And here let it be said that the British Naval Staff can give Doubting Thomas ninety yards start in a hundred when it comes to questioning the accuracy of a report that a submarine has been sunk. No loss is recorded by them on anything but cast-iron evidence and if their records show thirty-five U-boats 'sunk' since September 3rd, that figure is liable to be increased by the ultimate discovery that some of the Admiralty 'probables' are (with grim literalness) 'dead certs.'

The U-boat *guerre de course* failed, therefore, quite early in the war to produce the results expected, the results that must be forthcoming if the British public was to be driven into holding indignation meetings as the merchants of 1812 had done. The U-boat war was not showing any signs of achieving '500 British vessels captured in seven months.' The third element in the modern *guerre de course* had to be brought into play.

Indiscriminate minelaying in the channels used by all shipping, belligerent and neutral, combatant and non-combatant, is a peculiarly dastardly form of warfare which the Imperial German Navy began to practise within a few hours of the outbreak of the Great War. In the 1939 war the Reich Navy was slower starting, mainly because of the danger to surface minelayers of interception by the British Navy and because the number of submarine minelayers available was few. Some two years ago it was known that the Germans were experimenting with minelaying by seaplane, and that the first attempt had shown that the light type of mine which had been devised was unequal to withstanding the jar of hitting the water from a height of 60 feet. A heavier casing had to be provided, and this naturally reduced the number of mines that could be carried by each 'plane. A further development in mining that was known to be in hand was a type of magnetic mine. About the middle of November both forms were brought into use. The waters around the Thames Estuary, in a line from fifteen miles off Harwich down to a mile or two from Margate were selected for the main effort, the idea being obviously to paralyse the trade of

the Port of London. As only certain channels are navigable by big ships in that area the selection of sites for the minefields was not difficult. The bulk of the mines first sown were believed to have come from two new 1,110-ton boats, not officially recorded in the pre-war publications, each carrying about forty-two mines. And on the nights of November 22nd and 23rd German aircraft were seen from the shore of the estuary flying low and dropping 'square boxes' attached to parachutes. There was a rising moon, which assisted the pilots to be sure of the direction in which the mines were dropped, but it also assisted in the detection of the operation.

The immediate outcome of the laying of these mines was the destruction of a number of ships, but the greater part of them were neutral! The damage done to the British mercantile marine was infinitesimal and so far as 'paralysing' seaborne trade was concerned, convoys moved in and out of the Port of London safely within forty-eight hours of the first discovery of the mines, and in the ensuing fortnight 99 per cent. of the ships entering and leaving London River moved freely and without hurt.

Thus the three chief actors in the drama have played their part in Act I. The act itself has been full of drama—drama only, perhaps, half appreciated by the audience, owing to the reticence of the official dialogue and the equally restrained 'running commentary' of the newspapers. But to the student of naval war the outlines of the plot have been clear. The Virgilian '*Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*' has been the motive of the villain of the piece. So far, unlike most dramas, virtue is triumphant. But there are many trials and tribulations still to come. The modern *guerre de course* by no means ended in the first three months.

H. C. FERRABY.

WAR IN THE AIR

The carvings on the Parthenon at Athens show incidents in the legendary war between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, and some authorities explain the legend as representing the first encounter in Greek history between cavalry and infantry. It is easy to imagine that primitive tribes which had domesticated the horse and learnt to ride it would believe that they had introduced a new element into war which would bring them universal victory. Inventors of new weapons have nearly always believed that. The legend tells, however, that the Lapithæ, the infantry, completely defeated the Centaurs.

Whatever the truth of the legend, it illustrates the maxim that, though weapons may change, the principles of strategy and tactics are eternal. For a time a certain new weapon, as, for example, the Greek fire of the Byzantines or the English long bow in the fourteenth century, may bring a run of success to its possessors, but in time the antidote is found, and then the principles of tactics resume their sway, merely adapting their methods to the new conditions.

Some such considerations may explain why over three months of the present war passed without an energetic use of the bomber aeroplane by either side. Developed as it has been since 1918, it is practically a new weapon, a kind of modern Centaur, capable of being used in two ways: either in accordance with established principles against military objectives, or in a new way by striking behind the armies at the enemy people. The latter use is abhorrent to the Western Democracies, but humanitarian considerations make no appeal to the violators of Poland. Every clear-thinking military authority, however, must be well aware that deliberate attacks on civilians can be of no effect in winning a war. They are only manifestations of temper and brutality, calculated to rouse fierce resentment but not to break the will to victory. Therefore the military commander, as apart from the politician

(though one man may be both), will have nothing to do with them. Strategy and tactics call for cool brains, not for passion. One can easily imagine that Hitler, a passionate and vindictive man, may insist that his commanders shall inflict the maximum of suffering on the peoples of Britain and France, and they may submit to his demands, but they will not expect to win the war that way. If they resort to such measures it will be evidence of despair.

As a military weapon the bomber is a long-range gun. The puzzle at the present moment is why neither side has yet used it wholeheartedly as such. There are various possible explanations. One is that when either shells or bombs are used against the most legitimate military targets, some civilians are almost certain to suffer. As the bomber can operate farther away from the actual battle area, it is calculated to cause more suffering than the gun will do. If large air attacks on munition works and similar targets begin, they will be answered in kind, and it may be that even Hitler shrinks from bringing such a calamity on the German people by starting the provocation.

Another theory deserves examination. Both sides may be reserving their bombers for use in a great land battle if and when one takes place. Then the help which the bombers could give to the artillery would be of the utmost value, but one may question whether either belligerent would advance much nearer to victory if at the present moment it launched a heavy attack on the munition works and communications of the enemy. One may also speculate on German respect for the strength of British air defences, and the superiority of British airmen and British aircraft, but that would only account for half of the problem.

One will probably get nearer to the truth by judging the German mind through their actions. Up to date they have shown sound strategic sense in the use of their air arm, though their tactical application has not been equally sound. They seem to have put the matter to themselves this way. Unless the flanks of either fortified line are turned there is no prospect of a land victory for either side. Therefore the war resolves itself into a struggle between the naval power of the Allies and the German ability to resist the stranglehold of the blockade and at the same time to starve out the island enemy.

Accordingly all their air efforts have been directed against the sea power of Britain; and one must agree that strategically that idea is perfectly sound. They have attacked our ships at sea and in harbour, and they have tried to interfere with our convoys.

We must frankly admit that, foul as were the doings of the *Luftwaffe* in Poland, in their attacks on British sea power we have only one complaint against the behaviour of German aircraft, namely the sowing of mines in the sea channels. For the rest the German airmen have observed the rules of war.[1] In their attack on the Firth of Forth they aimed their bombs at warships and not at the Forth Bridge or any civilian targets round about.

Sound as was the strategic plan, the tactical arrangements for carrying it out have been inexplicably feeble. One would have expected the harbours of our fleet to have been assailed, by squadron after squadron of heavy bombers in waves, every man determined to break the power of Britain or die in the attempt. Actually, the first raid on the Forth, and the only serious one to date, was made by fourteen machines, and even they were not a compact squadron, but crews of volunteers from different units. Our Royal Air Force would be very much ashamed of itself if it had to call for volunteers for a bombing raid. Every officer and man did his volunteering when he joined the Force, and every one of them is ready to obey orders. When a bombing raid is planned the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief selects a squadron or squadrons, and the commanding officers detail the pilots and crews. But there is conscription in force for the *Luftwaffe*, which means an entirely different spirit. However, the Germans who took part in the raid on the Forth certainly pressed home their attacks with resolution, though they did little damage. It was there that they had their first experience of meeting the Spitfire fighter, whose Auxiliary pilots came well up to expectations. It is doubtful if more than 50 per cent. of the German machines got home. Ever since the enemy have shown great respect for our eight-gun fighters. The second raid on the Forth area consisted of some eight or nine machines. Apparently volunteers had not come

[1] Unhappily this statement is no longer true. Since it was written, Germans have made aerial attacks on the unarmed fishing fleet.

forward so readily. That time the Spitfires met them off the coast and chased them out to sea. There seems some reason for the French fashion of calling fighters *avions de chasse*, or, as the Americans have it, pursuit ships.

The unexpected course which the war has followed has been reflected in the activities of the Royal Air Force Commands. Not counting the Air Component of the Expeditionary Force (*i.e.*, the squadrons working with the Army under the general direction of Lord Gort) and the overseas Commands, there are three operational R.A.F. Commands, each under an Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, namely, the Bomber Command, the Fighter Command, and the Coastal Command. Before hostilities began it was generally expected that the first two would be far the most active, but it has turned out that the greatest degree of activity has fallen to the lot of the Coastal Command. The Fighter Command is the most static, because its function is defensive. In the absence of any considerable air raids on this country the Fighter Command has had little to do. It has successfully dealt with the small raids on the Firth of Forth, and it has several times sallied out to sea to deal with air attacks on our convoys—each time with success. Recently it has been set the problem of countering the mine-laying seaplanes of the *Luftwaffe*. That gave it a chance for aggressive-defensive action, and the outcome was the raid by long-range fighters on the seaplane base at Borkum, which did some damage to a few seaplanes and to some German coastal motor boats. The Fighter Command also maintains patrols along our coasts, and now and again these have been fortunate enough to surprise German reconnaissance machines before anti-aircraft fire had warned them that the hunt was up. A frequent result has been the picking up of rubber dinghies with the surviving members of the German crews. Though these interceptions have not been numerous, the constant readiness of the Fighter Command has had its effect. German reconnaissance machines are constantly approaching our coasts and taking photographs. They come, however, with an ever-present dread of being caught by Spitfires or Hurricanes. So they come singly at a great height, expose their plates over a coast town, and then make off with all speed. Only one has been reported as having reached the West Coast and set the sirens wailing round Merseyside. A

number of the photographs taken by these machines has been received in this country, and they show that while the daring pilot who reached the Irish Sea got home safely with his pictures, the rest have been quite content to snap the East Coast towns. The Germans can have little direct knowledge of what is happening inside Britain.

The Bomber Command has made raids on German warships at Wilhelmshaven, Brunsbüttel and off Heligoland. The country is highly indebted to the pilot who planted a heavy bomb on a pocket battleship, for her two sister ships, though they have not done us much damage, have caused the Navy no little anxiety and effort. When the Bomber Command has attempted to attack German warships on the move it has been no more successful than the *Luftwaffe* has been in similar attempts. So far as this war has provided evidence, the bomber aeroplane has not proved a serious menace to moving warships.

Incidentally, it is quite incorrect to describe a heavy bomb as an 'aerial torpedo,' as some civilians in the Orkneys did on one occasion. Bombs and torpedoes are quite different weapons, and the torpedo launched from an aeroplane is only intended for an attack on a ship. It is not dropped vertically from a great height.

For the rest the Bomber Command at first confined its energies to reconnaissance flights over Germany, in the course of which many valuable photographs have been taken. Unlike the German reconnaissances, our bomber crews have not limited their attentions to towns on the coast, but have pushed boldly inland for hundreds of miles. The number of machines lost has been inconsiderable, and our crews have acquired a contempt for the German defences—not only for the anti-aircraft guns, but for the German fighters. The Messerschmitt 109 fighter has proved a disappointing aeroplane to the Germans, while their pilots have shown lack of skill in handling it and a distinct disinclination to bring it within range of the excellent fighting gun turrets in the rear of our bombers. A recent bomber activity has been the preventive patrol over the seaplane bases in the Heligoland Bight.

Compared with the relative inactivity of the Bomber and Fighter Commands, the Coastal Command has been incessantly

ingly active. The reason for that is the naval nature of the war. While the Navy has its own Fleet Air Arm to undertake the duties of reconnaissance in the neighbourhood of a fleet, spotting for the naval guns, striking at enemy naval forces and air defence of our own ships, the scouting work over the seas round the British Isles is the duty of the Coastal Command of the R.A.F. Without intermission its landplanes and seaplanes (the latter being of the flying boat class) scour the seas in all directions searching for U-boats and hostile surface craft, and keeping both their own headquarters and also the Navy informed of everything that happens on the seas within their radius of action. Sometimes these machines are so fortunate as to sink a submarine by a direct hit with a bomb, but the usefulness of their work is not to be measured by such an occasional success. The Navy can provide the best striking force for dealing with hostile ships provided that it gets prompt information of their whereabouts. It is this information which the Coastal Command supplies. At the first glimpse of a British aeroplane overhead a U-boat immediately submerges in terror of its life, but it does not necessarily thereby escape. Thenceforth that area of the sea becomes distinctly unhealthy for enemy submarines.

One unexpected development has been the fighting capacity of the Coastal Command aircraft. They were given machine guns so that they might defend themselves, but their main function in the opinion of their designers was to use their eyes and their wireless. But our Coastal machines have been constantly encountering German reconnaissance machines and they have never hesitated to attack. It is probable that the Coastal Command has outstripped the Fighter Command in the tally of air combats and air victories to its credit.

This tireless scouting work in wintry weather has been trying in the extreme. It is true that the Coastal aircraft do not need to fly at a great height, and so the crews do not suffer the extremes of cold which have had to be endured by some of the bomber crews when flying over Germany. On the other hand there is always a risk, even for a flying boat, in crossing the seas in stormy weather. The lives of the crew depend on the reliability of the engines, on the skill of the pilots in an emergency, and on the ability of the observers to

guide them safely home before the petrol supply is exhausted. Special praise is due to the observers of the Coastal Command.

So far this war has taught a few lessons as to the relation of tactics with the specifications of aircraft design. Where we have found that improvements are desirable, there is no doubt that appropriate steps have been taken, for design never stands still. At present a few conclusions are outstanding, one of which is the failure of the Messerschmitt 109 fighter to come up to expectations. Another is the great success of our eight-gun fighters. A third is the error which the Germans made in thinking that bombers should rely for their safety on speed, to the disregard of defensive armament—though this seemed a natural conclusion from the civil war in Spain. An interesting fact has been the reluctance of both Germans and British to make much use of the cannon or aircraft gun firing a small shell. But none of these conclusions must be taken as final. We must expect to see new types appear on both sides before long.

The most outstanding fact of all is the superiority of the British and French flying personnel over the airmen of Germany. We must not be so foolish as to despise our enemy, and no one has ever doubted the courage of the German race. But German pilots are less well trained than our men, probably because even before the war Germany felt the need to economise in petrol. There is conscription for the *Luftwaffe* but none for the Royal Air Force. With the great scheme for training the airmen of the Empire in Canada, which is now rapidly taking shape, there is no danger of quality falling off on our side. What chance can there be of an improvement on the German side?

To sum up, we may deduce that the Germans do not believe that a great bomber force can by itself win a war. They have realised that the sea is the crucial element, and have employed their air power accordingly. The aeroplane remains just one new weapon, to be used in conjunction with other weapons. We are almost tempted to conclude, or at least surmise, that its most notable contribution to the practice of warfare is, in 1939 as in 1914, not its bomb or its machine gun, but its power of distant vision.

F. A. de V. Robertson.

STALIN

On December 21st, 1939, Jossif Vissarionovitsch Dshugashvili had his sixtieth birthday.

A genius? Or a criminal on the largest scale? Or perhaps the 'most eminent mediocrity' in the Party, as Trotsky once called him in a private conversation.

Russia's dictator has already become a legend, his name is a symbol for which men fight and die. It is difficult here not to write a panegyric or a satire. One may take comfort in the thought of the 'historian of the future.' But will this historian not depend on our legends and judgments? It therefore becomes a duty of contemporaries to try and pierce through the veil of legend to the real core of personality. First, however, we must ascertain and analyse the different elements in the legend. And for that matter the Stalin of legend, the Stalin as he appears in the fantasy of his people is at least as important as the real man. The core of reality is not essential to a legend, and indeed need have no actual existence at all. It is of no importance for the symbol Stalin that the actual man should have certain characteristics. Yet the Stalin legend is built up on the Bolshevik legend and is a variant of it.

Books will one day be written about the Bolshevik legend. Its point of departure is the self-glorification of a revolutionary community and their founder. The growth of such a legend is a phenomenon which has been fairly often repeated in world history. The Bolshevist community attributed to itself from the first a Messianic and magic significance. It alone was in a position to rescue Russia and lead her to happiness. This Messianic idea was later extended to the whole world.

For the growth of a legend the person of its founder may be of essential importance. The Messianism and the magic of a community finds its concrete expression in this Person. Its propaganda value is increased. An impersonal community

can have nothing like the fascination for the imagination of the masses as can the living personality.

Lenin as founder of the Bolshevist Sect was what Max Weber called a 'charismatic leader.' Charisma—Grace—is always to be found in greater or less degree in every political leader. Leadership cannot be based merely upon election. It must contain a certain measure of Charisma. But the true charismatic leader is essentially other than the leader who emerges from the functional apparatus of the Party. The charismatic leader removes every intermediary between himself and the mass of his disciples, sets himself above the apparatus, destroys it if it suits him, and constructs another which becomes his obedient tool. His authority comes not from his election but from the magic of his appearance, from his luck and his success. Lenin was such a leader. The magic of his personality had an overpowering effect upon his nearest surroundings and later upon the great mass of his disciples. During his lifetime, however, it was not possible for the legend to take possession of his person, as he himself was too much a realist to allow of such a proceeding. After his death the circle of his nearest disciples and, in particular the triumvirate Stalin-Kamenev-Zinoviev, who took over directly from him, were able to draw from Lenin's person advantages not only for the prestige of the Party, but also, what was more important, for their own authority. Lenin became a fetish, a supernatural protector of the Party and the Party State. He was revered as the invisible Head of the Bolshevik Church, his embalmed mummy on the Red Square in Moscow was merely a material symbol of this immaterial relationship.

Under the principate of Stalin, the Bolshevik metaphysics received its final formulation, became a dogma, which had nothing to do with the materialistic starting-point of the doctrine. But it must not be forgotten that Stalin merely brought to grotesque evolution germs which were already present in the original legend. Thus the motif of self-glorification and Messianic uniqueness which appears in the Stalinist epoch as coarse braggadocio was one of the essential elements of the original Bolshevik legend.

The legend of Bolshevism was transformed into the Stalinist legend, while the whole history of the Party, of the

country and even of the world was represented merely as a preparation for the appearance of Stalin. This evolution was fostered consciously and with all the tricks of modern propaganda. His contemporaries were in the happy position of being able to watch the process of 'manufacturing' a demi-god.

There is, according to the legend, one doctrine alone that can bring salvation, that has already turned one country into an earthly paradise, and that will save the whole world if only the nations will be obedient and teachable. This doctrine is called 'Marxism' or 'historical materialism' or 'dialectical materialism'—abbreviated to 'Diamat.' But the important thing is that the interpretation of this doctrine is in the hands of a mystic dynasty: Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin. In these heroes or saints the spirit of the doctrine is embodied, the virtue descends mystically from one hero to another, until the holy spirit of 'Diamat' finds its highest embodiment in Stalin, whose earthly name is Josif Vissarionovitsch Dzhugashvili. Stalin is no longer a hero, he is far more—a demi-god! One peasant girl said to another 'I have deep in my heart a great desire—to see Stalin.' The other girl thought a moment and then, turning her big shining eyes to her friend she said in a low tone: 'But Stalin is always with us. At this very moment he sees us and rejoices in our friendship. You are Stalin, and I, and all of us,' pointing to her friend. 'Stalin is—everything!' and she embraced with a movement of her hand the whole big wonderful garden surrounding her. Thus was the conversation reported by the official organ of the Soviet Government (*Izvestia*, August 5th, 1939).

It must not be understood by this that reverence for Stalin as a divine being is widespread among the population of the Soviet Union. It is, however, a fact that the Government and the Party, Press and Propaganda, do everything possible to promote this cult of the personality of the 'Leader of the Nations.' The deification of the ruler is in any case a tradition of the Orient, so that Stalin has not thereby instituted anything new, but has gone back to ancient tradition. That Cæsar may not require those things which are God's is a Jewish-Christian idea. In the Orient and in the Orientalised late Roman Empire there was no such dilemma because Cæsar *was* God.

Marx and Engels were spiritual rulers. Lenin who took over their heritage was the first of the dynasty to grasp the earthly sword. Stalin unites completely in himself the two powers, the earthly and the spiritual. Stalin's earthly dominion over the Russian Empire rests neither on conquest nor on election. He rules over the Empire by virtue of his mystic claim to be the last member of the 'Marxist' dynasty. The Soviet Union is an ideocratic State, in other words the actual power in this land is wielded by the bearer of an idea. Russia is dominated by 'Marxism,' that is by a community or sect which is held together by faith in the doctrine. This community, however, has, by a remarkable psychological and sociological process, relinquished all its rights to its head. The bearer of the Marxist idea thus becomes the earthly ruler of the land, the Party Pope becomes an Imperator.

Emperor Stalin needs a pedestal to increase his somewhat inconsiderable stature. With this in view Party history and the history of the Civil War have been falsified, documents disappear, books are re-written, libraries revised, witnesses removed. In a conversation with Bucharin, wishing in his usual way to paralyse him by blatant flattery, Stalin said 'We two are Himalayas, the others are nothing.' So as really to be a Himalaya Stalin was obliged to send Bucharin and the other Party leaders into the next world. The head of the community destroyed the community itself so that all the antecedents of his own rise to power might be buried in oblivion. Stalin, who grew out of the Party apparatus himself, destroyed the apparatus in order to appear as a charismatic leader.

The true Stalin, Josif Dzhugashvili, was not born to be a prophet. The fact alone that he was a provincial obstructed his rise. Beyond this is the fact that he is half educated and knows nothing whatever of European culture. Lenin and his immediate circle were not only men of European education, but also more or less gifted literati. Bolshevism itself grew out of the editorial office of an emigré newspaper. Russian Social Democracy, the mother-Party of Bolshevism, was for many years less a political party than a communion of faith, an association of literati and propagandists. A non-literate like Stalin could not possibly play an important rôle in such a party, and he made no claim to do so. At this period he contented himself with a second or even third rank post

within the party apparatus. He never has expressed independent ideas, or invented anything original. Conscious of his intellectual weakness he always sought to attach himself to a stronger intellect than his own, or tacked about between various intellectual tendencies. Lenin was, during his lifetime, his guiding star, although Stalin never stood in any intimate relationship with him. Lenin, however, valued Stalin as an obedient executive under his direction, and as a daring and ruthless revolutionary. These qualities gained him his place on the Bolshevik General Staff even before the revolution.

Stalin has always been the man behind the scenes. He shuns the limelight. The revolution of 1917 was dominated by the double star of Lenin and Trotzky, but Stalin doubtless played an important organising rôle. Without mixing in the theoretical discussions of the Party literati, he managed successfully to create for himself a basis for future power struggles. In this period, when no one in the Party ever mentioned Stalin, he was building up the foundations of his power by creating for himself his own clique of followers.

Stalin is an 'apparatchik,' a man of the Party apparatus, with all such a man's virtues and vices. His whole political *Weltanschauung*, his routine, his technique, arise out of the political working of the apparatus. Administration is his element. He is deeply convinced of the absolute power of the administrative order. And that is why Socialism is to him, at bottom, completely alien. Stalin is no Socialist, and that is probably the explanation of the riddle which he presents. Modern Socialism is generally hostile to 'Statism.' That is particularly true of Marx and Lenin. In his brochure *State and Revolution* (1917) Lenin, shortly before he came to power, affirmed the dying out of the State as an immanent tendency of Socialist development. In this he followed Marx and Engels. Socialism will free society from the State and bring to consummation those social forces which are hindered by the bourgeois state. Lenin regarded the overgrowth of State power in its coarsest form which developed during the civil war as a temporary phase, and himself pointed out the dangers of this growth of the Socialist idea. It is possible to be of divergent opinions as to Lenin's sincerity. One can see in the State-bureaucratic caricature of Socialism which marks

the Russian Revolution an inevitable development; but it is a fact that before Stalin it had never occurred to any Socialist to represent State despotism as a positive good.

Stalin believes neither in personality nor in society; he despises both. He only believes in the State machine. Personality and Society are in themselves faulty; the State apparatus is in itself good. While socialism in its final result postulates the replacement of the State by a free Society, Stalin sees in the future the State devouring Society and with it human personality. One cannot deny a certain majesty to this Utopia, it is the dream of the 'Apparatchik' to deprive mankind and society of its soul and to substitute for the free play of social forces the automatism of the state machinery.

In his self-satisfaction Stalin does not notice that he is exactly following the development foreseen by Dostoievsky seventy years ago in his satiric Vision: 'I am perplexed by my own data, and my own conclusion is a direct contradiction to the original idea with which I start' says the Socialist Shigalev (*The Possessed*, first published 1871). Starting from unlimited freedom I arrive at unlimited despotism. And Shigalev suggests 'the division of mankind into two unequal parts. One-tenth enjoys absolute liberty and unbounded power over the other nine-tenths. The others have to give up all individuality and become, so to speak, a herd. . . .'

From the school of the 'apparatus' Stalin has drawn an endless contempt for mankind. The human type known to Stalin is the conscienceless striver; in the world of the apparatus there is only one ethic—intrigue. To be successful one must learn the art of flattery, of defamation and of setting one against another. Out of the struggle of the 'Apparatchiki' who fought over the Lenin's heritage, Stalin, as past master of intrigue, came victoriously to the fore. Aware of his own mediocrity, he surrounded himself with nobodies. One has only to study the photographs of the notables of the Kremlin. Every impartial observer will admit that their faces are not those of intellectuals. They are anti-intellectuals, men whose very existence, and above all their success, is a denial of intellect. And why intellect, any way? The Apparatus requires only obedience. Thought on the part of subalterns is not only superfluous but dangerous, and in Russia everyone except the Dictator is a subaltern. The Emperor Paul I once

said : 'In Russia the only important man is the one I am speaking to, and only as long as I am speaking to him.'

How is it that the mediocrity, Josif Dshugashvili, has been transformed into Stalin, the legendary hero? I must confess that I cannot answer this question. The case of Stalin is, however, only a special case, perhaps particularly crass, of the victory of mediocrity and philistinism which is so often seen in history, particularly after periods of great changes in which all outstanding personalities are exhausted. The rise of Stalin was also facilitated by the fact that apart from Lenin and perhaps Sverdlov and Dhershinsky, there was no other man of strong will, no single brutal, iron-nerved, daredevil in the ranks of the Bolshevik General Staff. They were all—Buckharin, Kamenev, Zinoviev—fundamentally no more than literati and talkers. Trotzky, the only one who could compete with Stalin, was obviously not disposed to dispute power with him, for reasons which are still not clear.

Stalin's occidental admirers are impressed by his success. The root of European Stalinism must, at bottom, be sought in the respect for brute force and success founded upon it. The man who calls himself a 'Leftist' and a 'Progressive' finds something imposing in success as such, regardless of what is achieved, and at what sacrifice. These words 'Left' and 'Progress,' by the way, express remarkable geometric-sociological ideas. Left of what? Of what central point? Progress whither? Marxism, which, on the Continent of Europe, in the last decade before 1914 was completely domesticated and derevolutionised has received new power by contact with the great Russo-Asiatic peasant and workers revolution. Now, however, the ghost of this Marxism, having become the ideological trimming of a vast national upheaval, has come back to Europe and is again exercising its power of attraction upon those who cannot and will not see that it is something new and alien.

Stalin's successes? In internal politics they consist in this : he has transformed Russia into a concentration camp, a slave state, robbed millions of peasant families of their possessions and their lives, trodden underfoot the ideas of personal freedom and human dignity ; banished truth from his realm and made lies the daily bread of his subjects and his worshippers inside and outside the country. [illegible]

Even with those of his admirers who venture on an occasional timid criticism of the demigod, it has become a reflex to speak of his 'brilliant successes' in the realm of industrial construction. Apart from the fact that independent experts are very sceptical of Stalin's 'successes' in the economic sphere, apart from the colossal sacrifices in lives and possessions that these 'successes' have cost in every case, can it not be said here as in the Gospel of Luke (ix. 25): 'For what is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose himself or be cast away?' Stalin is in truth seeking with Satanic guile to buy the soul of the Russian man with the illusion of material wealth.

The same timid Western European critic might humbly venture to point out to Stalin, the Benefactor, that his 'imperialistic' foreign policy of the last months is in contradiction to his internal policy. But the humble critic is wrong. Stalin's foreign policy is not in contradiction to his internal policy. Both policies are built up upon brute force and shameless hypocrisy. Twenty years ago, moreover, the Soviet Government, with the leading collaboration of Stalin, treated the little country of Georgia in the same callous and hypocritical manner as Finland to-day. It is remarkable that it never occurs to these members of his Stalinist Majesty's Opposition that only a completely amoral despot with a contempt for mankind could follow a foreign policy such as Stalin's. And at the same time he appears in the eyes of these loyal critics as a brilliant builder of social democracy in Russia. One really has the right to ask what these people understand by democracy and socialism.

The Stalin-Hitler alliance naturally appears in the eyes of the two confederates as a means to an end. It needs no proof that the two rightly mistrust each other and ultimately wish to ruin each other. This is regarded by 'Leftists' of every shade as a sign of Stalin's great genius. Apart, however, from transient and superficial combinations, these two men must in some way feel themselves spiritually akin. Their total amorality and the equally total brutality that derives from it, have a common root in the satanic arrogance with which both lay claim to a godless messianism.

The thing Stalin most hates is personal freedom, and, in general, the free human personality. It contradicts his

passion for levelling, his goal, the automatising and mechanising of society. Stalin hates the human soul. It is his greatest enemy because it is free and divine. He hates God because God is the father of human freedom, of the free human spirit. In his hatred of Christianity and of the Western civilisation which is built upon it, he and Hitler come together. This remarkable fact should given Western European Stalinists who are trying to explain away the alliance between the two despots and to treat it as of no consequence, furiously to think.

Dostoievsky, who felt and prophetically saw the Russian spirit in its deepest fall and its highest glory, takes as motto for his 'Possessed' that deepest study of the problem of the revolutionary man, the strange story from the Gospel of Luke (viii. 27–35) of the devils that left the body of the possessed man and went into the swine. And at the end of the novel one of the heroes says of this Bible story:

> Those devils that come out of the sick man and enter into the swine are all the sins, all the foul contagions, all the impurities, all the devils, great and small, that have multiplied in that great invalid, our beloved Russia, in the course of ages and ages. But a great idea and a great will will encompass it from on high, as with the lunatic possessed of devils. And the sick man will be healed and 'will sit at the feet of Jesus' and all will look upon him with astonishment.

The time is perhaps not far off when Russia will be healed of all her devils great and small, and will sit at the feet of Christ. Is it not time, however, that intellectual Europe should free herself from her devil, the devil of satanic *Hybris* and amorality that has revealed itself in such alarming fashion in the worship of Stalinism?

GREGORY BIENSTOCK.

INDIA TO-DAY

1. India and the War

For some years before the outbreak of the present war, German students of international affairs were accustomed to prophesy that at the slightest symptom of real trouble for Britain in Europe, the fire of revolt would blaze up in India. But these students failed to perceive one fundamental fact. Whatever may be the difference of outlook between Britain and the Indian Nationalist Party upon Indian domestic questions, the difference really hinges not upon fundamental ideas, but upon such mechanical details as the exact pace and method of advance towards what is called for convenience 'Dominion Status'—a consummation equally postulated by either side. It must be admitted that the force and acerbity with which the difference has been customarily expressed, have afforded some grounds for Nazi optimism. Personal familiarity with Indian conditions is essential for a just evaluation of the precise significance of political declarations. When a Left Wing leader thunders against Britain as the protector of tyranny and the oppressor of India, the literal German mind tends to interpret the speech as symptomatic of a desire for armed revolt. In fact, all that the speaker probably had at the back of his mind was dissatisfaction at the limits of the new Constitution or at the relative number of seats allotted, under the same Constitution, to his own party, and to its rival, in the projected Federal Legislatures.

There were not wanting symptoms which should have warned Nazi leaders. Much of the criticism which has been directed against Britain by Indian statesmen during the last few years has been inspired by the belief that this country was half-hearted in its opposition to that for which Nazism stands. To anyone familiar with Indian conditions such symptoms as the ludicrous failure of the German broadcasts in Urdu;

the hostile reception given to Dr. Schacht; the profound indignation aroused by the absorption of Czechoslovakia, constitute a more reliable index of India's real feelings than acid party speeches condemning the shortcomings of the Government of India Act. Germany's Agreement with Russia, and her unprovoked rape of Poland, were, in Indian eyes, the last drops in a cup of iniquity already full to overflowing. Mr. Gandhi probably expressed with accuracy the feeling of the average Indian Nationalist when he declared, at the outbreak of war, that he was not thinking just now of India's 'deliverance' but of what that deliverance would be worth if England and France were to fall. It is important to remember that the entire political controversy, which tends to engage the attention of the observer in India to-day, is conducted against a permanent background, shared unquestioningly by every section of opinion in India, of deep and profound detestation for Nazism and for everything of which Hitler is the accepted prophet.

The attitude of the Muslim community has been made equally plain. At a very early stage of the crisis, Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan, the Premier of the Punjab, announced the intention of his co-religionists to stand by Britain. At least equally significant has been the attitude of the All-India Muslim League. Prior to the outbreak of the war this body was severely critical of British policy, on the score that it tended to sacrifice the interests of Muslims to those of Hindus. Dislike of Britain's Palestine policy, in so far as it was believed to hinder the realisation of Arab aspirations, was an aggravating factor. Nevertheless, at the outbreak of war, the Muslim League unhesitatingly condemned the aggression against which the democratic Powers were fighting. Muslim opinion in India was unquestionably much influenced by the prompt action of Egypt and Iraq in fulfilment of their treaty obligations to Britain; by the astonishing rally of the Palestine Arabs to the cause of the Allies; by the obvious cordiality of Turkey; and by the messages of enthusiastic and loyal support which poured in from the Arab Rulers of the Aden Protectorate and of the Persian Gulf States. Islam was plainly upon the side of Britain. His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, one of the great Muslim potentates of the world, promptly issued a declaration of unflinching

support to the King-Emperor; His Highness the Aga Khan as spiritual head of millions, called upon his followers to rally to Britain 'as their first religious and secular duty.' Other great Muslim Princes, such as the Rulers of Bhopal, Bahawalpur, and Rampur, ranged themselves wholeheartedly with Great Britain.

Like the Muslim Princes, the Hindu Princes of India rallied as one man. The Maratha Rulers of Gwalior, Baroda, and Indore—to mention only the greatest of these warrior houses—have placed their soldiery and their resources at the service of the Empire. The gallant Rajputs, ever to the fore in battle, have hastened to-day, as they did in 1914, to range themselves in readiness. The Ruler of Kashmir offered troops and assistance; his brothers of Udaipur, Jodhpur, Jaipur, Bikaner, and of many other States, showed themselves eager to hazard their all. From Patiala in the North-west to Travancore in the far South, the fighting men of 'Indian India' stand ranged with their rulers.

It is difficult to over-estimate the military, as well as the political significance, of this wholehearted rally of the Indian Princes. Collectively, their territories cover one-third of the whole area of India; and among their 90,000,000 subjects are counted some of the greatest fighting races of India, who have won fame upon many fields of battle. Further, there is another aspect of the staunch loyalty of the Princes which counts for much. Tradition is still strong throughout India; and despite all the evolutionary changes of the last twenty years, the rulers of the Indian States exercise an influence which exists far beyond the confines of their own Dominions. Their call to arms finds a response in every corner even of British India, wheresoever their subjects and clansmen may be.

Perhaps the most striking exposure of the Nazi lie that Indians have no sympathy with Britain in the present struggle, and are refusing to take part in it, is to be found in a survey of what India is actually doing to-day. Her response to the call has been magnificent. In peace time, leaving aside the British troops stationed in the country, she has a standing army of 150,000 men. Regular units of the Indian Army are now serving overseas in Malaya, Aden, and Egypt. Indian territorials and members of the auxiliary forces are

serving side by side with the Regulars. The Army is being steadily expanded. Pilots and mechanics for the Air Force are being recruited, commissioned, and trained in India. Recruiting offices have been so overwhelmed with volunteers that the authorities have had to cry a halt, and explain that it is impossible to utilise all the offers of service at once. It is remarkably significant that the offers of service have come not only from the classes from which the army is normally recruited, but from every caste, community, and walk in life. It is hardly necessary to say that this enthusiasm is not confined to the strictly Indian population. The Anglo-Indian community, whose position, despite the smallness of its numbers, is one of great importance, has displayed in striking fashion its determination to hazard everything in the cause for which the Allies are fighting. The British, both official and non-official, have hastened to take up the work, whether civil or military, which has been allotted to them in preparation for just such an emergency as has now arisen. So great indeed was the rush of the British in India to take an active part in the struggle, that the Government was obliged for some time to forbid men between certain age limits to leave the country lest the essential services and important commercial undertakings should be denuded of their key personnel.

The declarations of the Indian States are being translated into practice in the most effective manner possible. Units from their forces are already serving with the Indian Army. The Princes are drawing freely upon their great resources for the effective prosecution of India's war effort. They have contributed lavishly both to Indian and to Imperial funds. That great Muslim Prince, the Nizam of Hyderabad, apart from generous contributions in India, is providing a complete squadron for the British Air Force. Many States, with the enthusiastic co-operation of their subjects, are setting aside definite percentages of their revenue as a financial contribution to the prosecution of the war. In this connection it is interesting, as a sign of the times, to notice the manner in which the Indian Princes are associating their subjects with their war effort. Such action as that taken by His Highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior affords an interesting contradiction of the theory that the Indian States are units of despotic government. The Maharaja Scindia, after placing

his troops at the disposal of the King-Emperor, issued an appeal to his subjects, explaining the reasons for his action, inviting their support, and calling for their effective co-operation in every branch of war effort. The appeal was answered with the greatest enthusiasm. Indeed, it may be asserted with confidence that the rally of the Indian Princes to Britain's cause is an expression, not only of their personal devotion and loyalty to the King-Emperor, but also of that public opinion which throughout the great majority of Indian states unites ruler and ruled in a bond perhaps more intimate than anything which British India can yet exhibit.

Something must here be said about the standards of efficiency which now prevail in India's armed forces. During the last war India's participation proved of the highest practical utility. During the twenty years which have elapsed training and equipment have enormously improved. Mechanisation is now in train; there is an Indian Sandhurst where young Indian officers study for commissions in all branches of the Service. The Indian Air Force is growing; volunteer reserves are in process of formation. Last, but not least, there is now an Indian Navy, already on active service in Indian seas, assisting the Royal Navy in guarding and keeping open the trade routes. Auxiliary craft, requisitioned on the outbreak of war, now officered and manned by personnel of the Royal Indian Navy, are helping to perform the essential task of keeping the ports safe for shipping.

India's financial resources are, as is well known, limited; but so many contributions in money and in kind have been sent to the Viceroy that he has found it necessary to open a War Purposes Fund. These contributions have come from every class of the community, and the enthusiasm with which the small contributions of the humble have vied with the magnificent donations of the rich has proved a source of inspiration to many of us in these anxious times. Those who have not been able to send money have sent grain and other produce as their contribution. Rich and poor have contributed generously and to the limit of their resources. Truly it may be said that the heart of India is in the struggle.

In the economic, as in the military, sphere India's contribution to the present war will not make itself felt in its full force for some time. Before the last war came to an end the

had sent nearly a million and a half men overseas. If before this present struggle is terminated a call has to be made on India's man-power her fighting men will be found eager and ready. But it is perhaps in the economic sphere that India is now best fitted to make her great contribution. Whereas in 1914 she was ill-equipped to produce the essential requirements of war, she has since advanced to a high place among the great manufacturing countries of the world. The problems of converting and expanding peace-time machinery for war needs are already being vigorously tackled. Further expansions of her industrial capacity are being planned, particularly for the supply of such essentials as jute, Hessian cloth, blankets and other textiles; steel, boots, leather, tentage, and other war equipment. Large orders from His Majesty's Government have already been delivered, and the Supply Department is now in a position to meet other demands. Before long there will be available for overseas use vast quantities of iron, coal, shellac, hides, mica, manganese, saltpetre, silk, hemp, coir, petroleum and various oils. In addition to which India, still essentially an agricultural country, has enormous resources in ground nuts, linseed, rubber, tea, cotton and certain foodstuffs. But in this connection it is important to remember that in contrast to 1914, India can now provide not only for the majority of her own requirements, but for an ever-increasing flow of her products for use overseas.

As was recently stated by Sir Muhammad Zafrullah Khan, who represented the Government of India at the recent discussions in connection with the war, between Dominion Ministers and His Majesty's Ministers, in London:

> India, in unison, has denounced Hitlerism in unqualified terms, and has resolved that its menace to world peace must be destroyed. India's war effort is the measure of that determination.

2. The Political Arena

Only when the fundamental attitude of the various Indian communities towards the present struggle has been grasped is it possible to form a justly-proportioned idea of the political controversy which is now taking place in that country. Berlin confidently alleges that Britain, while professing to be fighting

for the liberty of mankind, refuses to grant self-government to India. Many sections of opinion, not only in Britain but in the United States and elsewhere in the world, tend to regard Britain's attitude towards the Congress claim for immediate self-determination as an 'acid test' of the sincerity of the Allies in the struggle which is now being waged. Indeed, at first sight, the political situation in India would appear anomalous. Great Britain, with France, has entered the war to win for every nation the right to live its own life in peace, provided always that this right is exercised without threat to others, who have an equal claim to enjoy it. Can it be that Britain, confronted with the opportunity of putting into practice in India the very principles she has taken up arms to defend, will refuse to do so? A nation such as Britain, it is said, which did not fear to confer freedom upon South Africa after a long and bitter war, can hardly hesitate to pursue the same course in the case of India, when full Indian co-operation in defending the cause of freedom throughout the world may depend upon it. The explanation of this apparent anomaly is by no means simple; but it must be set out with clarity if misconceptions are to be avoided.

In seven of the eleven Provinces of British India the Governments have resigned. Their resignation is not due to the conditions under which they have been working. On the contrary, they have discharged their important responsibilities with success and with enthusiasm, and have maintained the most cordial relations with the Governors and with the permanent Civil Servants of their respective Provinces. They have resigned because they have been ordered to do so by the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress, whose public professions of democracy might seem to the impartial observer curiously at variance with the totalitarian principles which guide their action.

The Working Committee of the Indian National Congress have taken this drastic step because the British Government have declined to issue a statement declaring India to be an independent nation, free to draw up her own constitution by means of a constituent Assembly with no outside intervention. The stand taken by the Congress is for the most part a logical consequence of the political professions of the last decade; and is probably dictated as much by their consistency

as by any desire to take advantage of the political exigencies of the moment. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that the Congress would abandon their oft-repeated claim that India should exercise self-determination at the very moment when the British Commonwealth was engaged in vindicating the right of nations to live their own lives free from the menace of aggressive force. But unfortunately the issue is by no means simple. While the Congress constitute incomparably the largest and most powerful organisation in India, they do not, in fact, speak for all parties in the country. To argue that Congressmen are the most progressive elements in India, that they embody 'the better mind' of the nation, and to assert that their judgment stands for the counsel that should always be followed, are, of course, perfectly permissible points of view. But it is necessary to face the hard facts that there are elements in India to-day which differ so profoundly from the Congress in outlook and in aspiration that to grant the Congress demand, at least in the form in which it has been put forward, would be to plunge India into a struggle compared with which the present political differences must be considered incomparably less formidable.

It is scarcely surprising that those who were familiar with Indian conditions should have hesitated long before persuading themselves that a democratic system of government was possible. We sometimes forget that it was only thirty years ago that the late Lord Morley laid the foundations of a scheme of self-government for India. We do not always remember that when so doing he stated that if he believed the constitution he was inaugurating would lead to the establishment of a parliamentary system in India he would have had nothing to do with it. Nor is there any reason to be surprised at his dictum when we remember the almost unmanageable size of the country; its population now approaching the 400,000,000 mark; its medley of races and creeds, religions and languages; its conflicting social systems; its caste system; the differences which separate both ends of the scale of its cultural standards, stretching as they do from the primitive aboriginal tribes to the highly-cultivated inhabitants of great modern cities.

It was such forbidding and formidable obstacles as these that Lord Morley's successors determined to overcome when they decided to set India on the road which has been travelled

by other members of the British Commonwealth. Successive steps have been taken towards the goal which is generally entitled 'Dominion Status'—steps which culminated in the Government of India Act of 1935. Parliamentary government was established in the eleven Provinces of British India —themselves great countries as large as, and in the variety of their inhabitants infinitely more diverse than, the leading countries of Europe. Parliamentary government for the Provinces has been in operation since the spring of 1937. It has only recently been suspended in eight Provinces as a result of the resignations to which reference has already been made.

But the Act of 1935 did not halt at the provincial stage. If political unity was to be achieved for India, and the various components of the enormous population were to co-operate in common nationhood, a central authority must be provided to counteract the centrifugal tendencies which have always operated so strongly throughout India's past. The only practical form that such an authority can take, it is generally agreed, is a federation of the units of which the continent is composed. But here immense complications were encountered. Something like one-third of the whole of India is not British territory, but consists of a number of Indian States, governed by ruling Princes in treaty with Great Britain. As a result of the Round Table Conferences which preceded the framing and passage of the Act of 1935, the goal of federation was accepted in principle by the representatives of the Indian States. But the task of translating general acceptance into practical realisation has proved immensely complicated; and despite laborious and careful negotiation the work of bringing British India and the Indian States together into a common federal centre was still in the exploratory stage when the war broke out. For it must be remembered that Britain is pledged under Treaties and Engagements with the Princes; and these pledges cannot be terminated unilaterally merely because it appears convenient or expedient to do so. It is necessary to harmonise with the engagements to the Indian States the general engagement that India shall attain Dominion Status as a unity, even as a unity in diversity. Such a consummation cannot be achieved unless the greater and more popular States at least are willing partners in the future constitution.

Another complication is provided by British obligation to the minorities. There are, for example, some 50,000,000 of the depressed classes who, through the mouth-piece of their leader, Dr. Ambedkar, have repudiated the claim of the Congress to speak for them. The Muslims, with their 90,000,000 constitute something rather different from what is usually thought of as a minority in Europe. While they are not entirely united, any more than are the Hindus—for there are Muslims who support the Congress just as there are Hindus who oppose it—there exists in the All-India Muslim League an organisation which gives effective expression to the fundamental Muslim position. Mr. Jinnah, the President of the League, has forcibly protested against the claim put forward by the Congress to speak for the whole of India—a claim which, on the face of it, is obviously indefensible in the light of the strongly-expressed sentiments of the three great Provinces of the Punjab, of Bengal, and of Sind. Mr. Jinnah holds that any crude system of democracy can only mean permanent Hindu domination from one end of India to another, and to that, he states categorically, 'the Muslims will never submit.'

Ever since the outbreak of war the prime object of Lord Linlithgow's patient conversations with political parties in India has been to secure agreement upon plans for bringing Indian leaders into association with the Central Government first in conduct of the war; and, secondly, in building up a harmony which would enable the different communities, parties, and interests, both in British India and in Indian India, to co-operate in framing such modifications of the constitution as the difficulties already experienced in creating the projected Federal Government might seem to render obviously necessary. It was essential that the Congress and the Muslim League should agree upon certain fundamentals, particularly in view of the difficulties which the Muslims complain of experiencing in the Provinces where the Congress exercises power. The Muslim League made it plain that it could not consent to join with the Congress in pressing India's claim to autonomy until some guarantee had been achieved for the cultural position and political security of the Muslim community; while the Congress leaders were not prepared to discuss the admirably concrete and practical proposals

suggested by the Viceroy until the British Government had declared India an independent nation, and had pledged itself to recognise any form of constitution which a constituent Assembly, formed upon the widest basis of popular franchise, might determine—a procedure abhorrent alike to the Muslim League, the Indian States, and the Depressed Classes.

The unceasing efforts of the Viceroy, to whose labours everyone owes the utmost gratitude, have so far not availed to reconcile the differences between the communities and the political parties. Fortunately the Congress party, while refusing to modify their attitude, emphasise their readiness to explore every means of reaching an honourable settlement and have stressed the importance of avoiding anything in the nature of violent opposition to the Government. This same pronouncement enlarges further upon the idea of a constituent Assembly, which has now become a principal plank in the Congress platform. Obviously an essential pre-requisite for any such body would be agreement between the various interests concerned, not only regarding its composition, but also regarding its procedure and the methods by which it would arrive at its decisions.

It seems unlikely that any way will be found out of the present *impasse* except through the initiative of Britain. The main failure of Congress policy up to the present time has lain in its underestimation of the necessity of a prior conciliation of minority interests. Quite honestly convinced of its own good intentions, it attributes the attitude of the Indian States, of the Muslims, and of the Depressed Classes, either to deliberate obstruction, to political jealousy, or to selfish obscurantism. Whether this attitude would change if Britain's policy towards India were to display the 'touch of imagination' which Congress leaders are now demanding may quite possibly be open to question. But it seems unlikely, despite the praiseworthy efforts of the mediators, that fruition will be achieved, unless the British Government can discover some means of convincing Indian Nationalist opinion that the British people are quite seriously in earnest, not merely in postulating 'Dominion Status' as the goal of British policy in India, but also in accelerating progress towards that goal by every means that the wit of statesmen can devise.

L. F. Rushbrook Williams.

HITLER'S WAR

Hitler, asked by a friend at what point he first gained the conviction that he would get the better of his German opponents, is said to have replied that he attained it after having been a week in prison: when he saw that they had neither executed nor poisoned him. This is what he would obviously have done to them. And he presumably gained the conviction that he would master Europe, when he saw himself left free to re-arm, and his most trivial explanations or excuses accepted by people who, however much they disapproved of his methods and actions, were not prepared to use violence against him. Every man has only one method, as he has only one face; he is born with both. Machiavelli knew it: he says that when a man's method suits the circumstances we call it good luck, and when it does not, we call it bad luck. So far Hitler's method has served him well; with 'somnambulant' but gangsterlike skill he has played on the consciences and fears of his opponents, and has exploited the mental and moral exhaustion of his contemporaries. He was dealing with men who would not assume the responsibility for preventive slaughter, even if the possible alternative were their own extinction; and with a tired, disillusioned world, which longed for rest.

There have been wars with restricted objectives and wars for world hegemony; wars of purpose and wars of tension. They differ not only in size and duration, but in their emotional and spiritual background and in their modes of settlement. A war with a local objective, however basic that may be in its own sphere, is amenable to immediate settlement in territorial or constitutional terms; thus in 1866, once the Habsburgs had agreed to withdraw from Germany and Italy, the conflict was closed. But a war in which the issue is world hegemony or a European balance of power has to be fought to the bitter end. The distinctive features of these contests have

appeared with increasing clearness and compression in the wars of Louis XIV, of the French Revolution and Napoleon, and in the War of 1914–1918. These wars were preceded by periods of mental unrest and travail, and fought with a consciousness of their universal character and issue; changes of frontier or a return to the *status quo* offer no secure solution once the European system has been challenged. If 100,000 people within a certain area catch 100,000 seasonal but individual colds, this is still something very different from the same people succumbing to the great influenza, thus named by the Italians of the Renaissance because they knew that it returns in cycles 'under the influence of the stars.' In fact, the great epidemics of influenza usually occur at intervals of twenty-seven years, and world-wars at intervals of a century, that is to say, once in every three generations; and the sum total of a number of wars with individual objectives, whatever it may be, differs radically from a world-war.

In the past, war-weariness has sufficed to prevent a more frequent recurrence of the great contests for predominance. Two generations of Frenchmen chafed and fretted under the Treaty of Vienna, talked about *la maladie de* 1815 and about *le poignant souvenir de Waterloo*, boasted of its being the fate of France to keep her neighbours 'in a state of perpetual apprehension,' and called it her glory and danger. Still, at heart they themselves desired peace, and their protestations and threats *n'étaient qu'un tapage superficiel et restreint*. Guizot thus wrote about the thirties of the last century:

> Never had so many causes for war occurred in so few years. . . . In the past, it would have broken out, I know not how many times, and lasted, I know not how long; in our days there was hardly a move in that direction, and whenever it occurred, it was partial and short-lived; everywhere there was haste to stop it. . . . Peace withstood and survived all dangers.

Some twenty years later the first plebiscitarian dictator, Napoleon III, in a vague and confused manner sought a sham reversal of the Treaty of Vienna in a war carried on jointly with Great Britain. Problems of power-politics loomed in the background, but as mankind was not ripe for one of the major conflicts, the Crimean War followed an uncertain, halting course, and, in the absence of sufficient local

purpose, has gone down to history as the most senseless of all wars.

Is the present war a World War? Will it last, will it grow? Never have the nations involved in a conflict of such magnitude entered it with so little zest and with so few hopes or dreams of a better future; in fact, with such reluctance. There have been no scenes of naive enthusiasm, no outbursts of national hatred: the usual antecedents of war, or circumstances attendant on its outbreak, were lacking. In Germany there was a universal wishful disbelief that the Western Powers would go to war, or that, having done so, they would persist in carrying it through; in this country and in France there was a painful consciousness that we had no choice in the matter, and that at any price an end must be made to the intolerable alarms and developments of the last few years.

Terror, physical terror, is to Hitler an instrument of policy; for individuals he has torture, and for nations threats of destruction by mysterious new weapons. But a bully is not necessarily a fighter, any more than a blackmailer is a publicist; both prefer to 'negotiate.' Hitler, therefore, while re-arming on a scale hitherto unknown in peace-time, never ceased protesting, perhaps not altogether insincerely, his readiness to renounce war: at a price. And like the typical blackmailer he never named his total price (to which, indeed, there is no limit), but while his exactions were growing, each time solemnly declared that this particular demand was absolutely the last which he would ever make. Mankind was intellectually and emotionally unprepared to re-enter upon a major conflict; and among the free nations the passionate loathing of war found its material expression in the (otherwise inexplicable and inexcusable) technical unpreparedness of the Western democracies. Hitler alone had the supreme tactical advantage of being able to disregard the war-weariness and fears of his own people: that a-moral paranoiac is in control of a mechanised nation, as dirigible, insensitive, and merciless as a machine. He has shown intuitive cleverness in exploiting the situation. He has tried to reverse the verdict and destroy the results of a world war by breaking up the issue into a series of restricted local claims. As he proceeded, his action was quickening and gathering momentum; his ways and the spirit in which he was working were obvious, and yet he was

allowed to proceed; a hypnotic paralysis seemed to hold down his intended victims. But at times he himself would avow both his method and his ultimate purpose: to tear up the Treaty of Versailles, page by page.

That treaty was for Hitler the blackmailer's lucky find—not the real treaty, but the legends built up around it. He did not start them (it is amazing how little inventive capacity he has shown in an almost unique career), but he has put them to the fullest and foulest use.

First there was the story about the 'stab in the back,' comforting to German pride: the German armies had not been defeated in the field, but sabotaged by revolution at home. In reality never has better testimony been borne to Sorel's dictum that revolution does not destroy a government but breaks out on its collapse, than by Germany in November, 1918. Mildly critical henchmen of the previous régime, with a heavy heart, stepped into the place vacated by it; and, pressed by the High Command, concluded a peace with which they, the 'Weimar scoundrels,' were to be taxed ever after.

Secondly, there was the story about the blandishments and the deceit of the Allies: Germany had cheerfully called out for peace, because it had suddenly struck her how very nice a reconciliation would be, and then the outrageous Versailles Treaty was imposed on her. This treaty was, in fact, eminently fair and reasonable with regard to frontiers, the most important, because the most permanent, feature of treaties. But its hysterical traducers, British or German, if silenced on this point burble about war-guilt, *Diktat*, reparations, and the disarming of Germany. The war guilt clause was unnecessary and therefore silly, but not untrue; negotiations produced a change in the draft treaty which was important and was unfair to the Poles; and reparations were eventually evaded and defeated by the Germans. In one matter the treaty did err: in depriving the German people of its army. This set a high premium on Hitler's jack-boots and *ersatz* uniforms.

After Hitler had established new records in calumny, [illegible]tation, and barefaced stealing of property, and the Germans themselves had paid to him more than had ever been demanded of them in reparations, a third legend arose, uncomplimentary, but highly advantageous to him. People

in this country who abhorred his actions volunteered shoulder his guilt: we and our misdeeds were to blame f his rise. This was an exoneration of Germany; to Hit it was a basis for expiatory demands.

Had there ever been a chance of a different Germa arising after 1918? The so-called 'revolution' of that ye had wrought no basic change, and the 'European' pacifis of the Weimar parties was inspired by an uneasy opportunis not by any new conceptions or ideas. Before 191 Stresemann had applauded Brest-Litovsk; Erzberger ha been an agent of Imperial intrigue; Scheidemann woul have been satisfied with the 'liberalism' of a Kühlmann Nor did these men stand for a new outlook or creed in hom affairs; they timidly gazed at those whom they had replace (not displaced), and when attacked from the Right, lacke the courage to resist. There was popular unrest and inarti culate passions. They never found a vent under the Weima Republic: Hitler supplied it.

German aristocratic Conservatism perished in the débacle of 1918; German middle-class self-sufficiency in the déroute of inflation; while the organised working classes intent on rational progress were a creation, or fiction, of the Radical intelligentsia. Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists did not understand how close they were to each other: children of the same period and civilisation, though differing in age, they quarrelled in the same language. And they, all alike, committed the same mistake with regard to Hitler: they thought that he could be fitted into their world, taught to speak their language and transact business in their own way. The Conservatives expected Nazism to do their work, to divert popular passions into anti-Semitic channels, and then remain a regulated river within the banks assigned to it. The Socialists hoped that Hitler would undergo the sobering influence of office—they thought that he, too, merely talked violence. He donned the clothes of Nationalism as the Bolshevists had assumed those of Marxism—neither Bolshevists nor Nazis have made any original contribution to political or economic thought. But there was a new reality in them: the coarse or insane sadism of the mentally, morally, and materially dispossessed, which raised violence to the level of a principle, and sanctified it by group-glorification (the

'proletariat' or the *Volksgemeinschaft*). Even after the miscalculations of the German political parties had become manifest, they still found their exact counterpart abroad: the enemies of Communism in other countries believed that Hitler would prove a helpful exponent of their creed, while foreign governments hoped that the sobering influence of office would force and fit him into their ways—misconceptions which were to play once more into Hitler's hands.

No peace treaty, however good, could by its results have satisfied the world. In the grey aftermath of war sensitive consciences cried out for a millennium which alone could have justified *ex post* the slaughter of millions. Regret and disappointment were bound to follow. And as Hitler blustered and threatened, pangs of conscience were felt about the Treaty of Versailles, while worse treaties remained forgotten. This was not mere hypocrisy or fear—behind it was the passionate desire of a war-weary world to believe that it was still in its power to preserve peace. There was hope and comfort in guilt: better ways were to placate German wrath. But Hitler was soon to prove, beyond all doubt, that this was not a question of repairing minor mistakes, real or alleged. The atrocious and wholly senseless anti-Jewish pogrom of November, 1938, following immediately on Munich, the sign of goodwill towards Germany, freed many hesitant consciences of their imaginary guilt; the 'rape of Czecho-Slovakia' in March, 1939, completed their release. The problem of European and, ultimately, of world hegemony was now starkly reopened in the sign of a savage rule.

Hitler had cleverly exploited the weariness, the fears, the scruples, and the regrets of minds and characters much finer and more complex than his own, but he never understood their working, nor appreciated their motives. The blackmailer did not expect to be brought into court, nor the bully to have to fight. And yet this war is his war, and nobody else's. He has forced it upon people who, passionately averse to war, had borne with him far too long, even against their own better judgment. Now he himself hardly knows what name to give to his war, and how to conduct it.

L. B. Namier.

IT'S IN THE AIR

The most obvious thing in the air to-day, it seems to me, is the absence of two other things. The first of these is the spirit, the atmosphere, of September, 1938. Do you realise that as recently as September, 1938, the word 'war' frightened us? Nobody who lived through that now remote-seeming 'crisis' can forget the power of that monosyllable to shake; whispered or shouted, it made the heart jump. It is almost as difficult to realise that fact to-day as it is to pick upon the exact point—if there was any exact point—where the great word lost its potency. Was it almost at once when Hitler's snatching in the Sudetenland showed Munich a farce? Was it when he fell so horribly upon the Jews? Was it much later when he marched into Prague? Whenever it was, at some time or another a vast change—none the less vital because it was tacit—took place; suddenly, instead of saying, 'War—oh, God!' men were saying, 'War, eh? Oh, well let's get on with it.' In that altered spirit we are 'getting on with it' to-day.

The other notable absentee is the spirit of 1914. Where are the 'heroes' and their concomitant white feathers, the intoxicating bands, the posters, 'Come along, boys, join up to-day,' the whole brilliant panoply of high-intentioned effort? Where indeed! These 'heroes' of 1914 seem as *démodé* to-day as the C.I.V. and the *Absent-minded Beggar*; either there are no heroes to-day or—as is much pleasanter to think—we are all heroes. No *Good-bye, Dolly Gray* has swept the country, no *We Don't Want to Lose You*; just because in the popular parlance no less than in actual fact, war has ceased to be anything to make a song about.

Surely, Herr Fuhrer, you were ill-advised to allow any such thing to happen? That loaded pistol you held over all our heads was a possession of the utmost value. It was worth Austria to you, it was worth Czecho Slovakia, it was worth

found. Until you fired it, it was worth almost anything; but you could only fire it once, and, once discharged, it dangles in your hand, a lump of useless iron. . . . And again, the Æsop fable of the 'wolf'-shouting shepherd boy is susceptible of variation; in this case the shepherds, while cursing that bawling youth and writing him off as a potential scare, had the sense to make ready and keep ready a loaded gun just in case the wolf *did* come after all. The wolf did come and the wolf has come; but you shouted his advent so long and so furiously that you gave time for two transitions. One was from the attitude, 'Wolves—oh, God!' to the attitude, 'Wolves? Well, let's face 'em.' The other was from an unloaded to a loaded gun. Neither should you have allowed to happen; and you are a feebler Bogey, Herr Führer, because you did.

Such thoughts as these—though doubtless very varyingly expressed—are, I think, in the air to-day.

So far, so good. But the current of changing thought is a powerful thing. Rivers run fast towards a waterfall; downstream progress may be too rapid altogether. It is possible to carry these thought-transitions a stage—several stages—further, and with less desirable results. For a third obvious item in the air to-day is a general sense of puzzlement, which coalesces into the question, 'Is *this* all?' We were promised such horrors—great sweeping flights of 'planes, wave upon wave of them, advancing to destroy us; we were keyed up to such grisly expectations. When, in London on the morning of September 3rd, the air-raid sirens began their melancholy howl within a few minutes of the Prime Minister's closing broadcast words, we had the dismal satisfaction of feeling that all these bugaboo stories were coming true. And then—they didn't come true, they didn't come half-true, they didn't come true at all. Was the whole thing, then, a monstrous Bogey, a recrudescence of that Big Black Man with whom Nannie used to frighten us in the nursery and in whom we have long since ceased—and so rightly—to believe? Are we in the British Islands passably safe? Are these crashing, smashing air raids nothing after all but a white sheet and a face-carved turnip? We have been at war four months and nothing comparable to these tremendous anticipations has so far happened. Will nothing ever happen? Will this lot,

after all, a comparatively comfortable war in which nobod over here will get very seriously hurt, while we just sit roun Hitlerism, 'encircling' it, till it explodes, cracks, crumbles c collapses? If so, why—yes, why on earth—are we to b subjected indefinitely to these intolerable annoyances—blackouts, rationing, evacuated undesirables? Is the war—this terrible death-grappling civilisation-destroying war—after all a fizzle? . . . So runs—dangerously—th downstream thought to-day.

Reaction has the back-lashing force of a taut cable snapping. It was inevitable that it should run full gamut—from terror to fortitude, from fortitude to grudgery; but there it must turn on its tracks; it must not run on to complacence. In the air to-day there is just a tendency that it might, and while this tendency is understandable and excusable in the circumstances, it may become none the less disastrous. It has not yet assumed very formidable dimensions but there is the possibility that after a winter—a long winter of discomforts made intolerable by the absence of justifying event—it might develop into a very dangerous and subversive force. It has its excuses, laconically unexciting war communiques, an apparent lack of inspiration on the part of our leaders, sensation altogether at a discount. Three months ago the man in the street was solidly resolute; 'We've got to stick it out; 'all these nuisances have just got to be.' Now he grumbles—increasingly. 'What for did they want to drag my kids away into the country?' 'What's the sense in all this 'ere blackin'-out?' 'Why are all these Air Raid Wardens sittin' drawin' three quid a week for doin' nothin'?' One can only reply, 'Things *might* have been very different.' To which he, more or less unanswerably, 'But they ain't.' And if one says, 'They will be yet,' he retorts, banking on brief experience, 'Garn!'

There is in the air—there always was—a very solid conviction that we shall win this war. Splendid; that is as it should be. But there is a curiously increasing and upsetting idea that we *have* won the war. That is quite a different story.

In his admirable *Fate of Homo Sapiens*, H. G. Wells stresses the prevailing mental habit of living in the future as contrasted with the static Victorian present of his childhood. The air

is full to-day of just this forward-living. The war for years hung over us like a cloud; well, the cloud has burst, the rain is pouring down (but we aren't getting very wet after all); presently it will pass away, the storm will be over, what will we do then? The war has come, the war is a bore, let us skip the war, let us consider what will happen *after* the war. . . . 'Man looks before and after,' and so, of course, he should; it is his prerogative. The static present of the Victorians was a chimera; environment does not persist as the Victorians thought it did; man must look forward and meet the change in advance. Well and good. But if the Victorians were stupid in supposing their present to include the future, it is equally stupid to regard the present as already past. Yet in the air to-day there is just this prevalence of future-living, of taking things in advance. It must not be encouraged; for we have at the moment a monstrous present to cope with.

But it *is* being encouraged. Another thing in the air to-day is prophecy; there is a regular premium on prophets. I do not think any writer has discussed the preposterous outburst in the years just preceding the war of astrological prediction in the popular Press. No popular paper was complete without its column of 'To-day's Horoscopes,' 'What the Stars Hold for You,' 'Madame Romany' and similar fatuities. For some weeks the war slew them dead but they are coming creeping back. And with them that great cloud of professional forecasters, statisticians, 'experts.' ('There are lies, there are damned lies and there are—statistics.') Prophecy is of two kinds; there are the inspired delphic visions of the seer and there are the uninspired but reasoned conclusions of the 'expert.' The former are nearly always correct but are as often reduced in value by the suspicion that they were made after the event; the latter can be shown to be genuinely anticipatory but unfortunately they are nearly always wrong. In either case, it would seem, man is as well without them; and but for this mania for forward-living, he would think so.

Three months ago man lived uncomplainingly in the present. The present was enough for him, and more; and if the present had continued as excitingly as we then thought probable, it would be enough for him still. Quite possibly it will soon become exciting again and the problem will solve

itself. But as things are, the present is mainly a collection of discomforts and man's natural reaction to it is to live himself out of it, to live himself away into futurity. Proceeding from the assumption, 'We shall win (*how soon*) the war,' he goes on to aftermaths. He mustn't.

It is comforting to reflect, however, that the future-livers are still in the minority; the man in the street is still for the most part chained fast to earth and attempting no experiments with time. The war is a bore, the war is a curse; all right, *bien entendu*, let's face it, let's get on with it. Drab, dreary, dull, disagreeable, dead—the present must be lived through. We must stick this out, we must see it to a finish. There is nothing in the air to-day more emphatically assertive than that grim determination. 'This is hellish but it's got to be endured; we're not going back now.' There could be no more illuminating contrast between now and September, 1938, than this; that whereas then a premature and illusory peace—which many of the rejoicers *knew* to be premature and illusory—was hailed with a relief that bordered on hysteria, to-day the news of peace—peace without accomplishment—would be met, I verily believe, with one universal bellow of dissent.

HILTON BROWN.

THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM

The growth of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem is one of the miracles of our time. It is the crown of the Hebrew Renaissance in Palestine, and the intellectual centre of the Jewish people; and, more than any other institution in the National Home, it embodies the spirit of reconstruction which, since the last war, has transformed that land of continuous and unlimited impossibilities. The foundation-stones of the University on Mount Scopus were laid during the campaign in July, 1918, to the accompaniment of the firing of the guns on the Turkish front twenty miles away. But the University had been conceived long before by Gentile as well as by Jewish dreamers. Rousseau, in his *Emile*, prophesied that 'we shall learn what the Jewish people have to say to us when they have schools and universities of their own where they can speak out safely.' And a century later Cardinal Newman, in a famous series of lectures, pictured a university in the Holy City which should rival Oxford, 'exercising an influence as potent as Jerusalem is strong, and wide as her sway is world-wide.'

The decision to go forward with the establishment of the University was taken at the Zionist Congress in 1913. The plans had not been realised when war broke out. But he site was acquired during the war, on the hill of the Watchman, part of the ridge of the Mount of Olives, high above e turmoil of the city. Here was the house and garden of n English lawyer, Sir John Gray-Hill, which commanded a upendous view over Judea and Jerusalem on the one side, d the wilderness, the Jordan Valley, the Dead Sea and the ountains of Moab on the other side. On this very hill us was encamped when he besieged Jerusalem and troyed the Temple; and it was significant that, when usalem was redeemed by the British army, the first act of Jewish leaders was to lay there the foundation of a new ple of learning and science.

The ceremony in 1918, which was attended by General Allenby, the heads of the Moslem and Christian communities, and an assembly of Palestinian, English and Egyptian Jews, was moving. The foundation of the University, said Dr. Weizmann, in the midst of war, meant that the Jewish people were determined to go beyond restoration, and to create something in Palestine which would be an instrument for a better future. Learning was their Dreadnought. 'In the University the wandering soul of Israel would reach its haven, and remain at peace with itself and with the world.'

Some years passed before steps could be taken to build upon the foundation. The first institutes for research were opened in 1924, one for Jewish studies, the other for chemistry. It was decided that in its first stages the University should be concerned with research rather than with teaching; it should seek to add to knowledge before imparting it. In 1925 there was another of those striking ceremonial events in which the renascent Jewish nationality rejoices. Lord Balfour, the author of the Declaration about the National Home, came to inaugurate the University in the presence of representatives of science and learning from all parts of the world, and to gather the first fruits of his planting. Facing a great audience in the natural amphitheatre, he spoke of the uniqueness of the present position. Western methods and a Western form of University were to be adapted to an Eastern site and to an education in an Eastern language. He was convinced both of the contribution to thought which the Jews in their land would make again, and of the fitness of Hebrew as an instrument capable of dealing with the highest aspects of imaginative literature, and as rich and capable of adaptation to every possible realm of knowledge as any other language.

From its two small institutes of research, with half a dozen scientific workers, the University, like most things in Palestine, grew quickly. The Institute of Jewish Studies was supplemented by an Institute of Arabic and Oriental Studies, and one of the General Humanities, comprising philosophy, history, the classical and Romance languages. The Institute of Chemistry was supplemented by institutes of microbiology, hygiene, botany, zoology and mathematics. If a grandiose plan of buildings, designed by the late Sir Patrick Geddes, was far from achievement, one part, the University and

National Library, arose on a commanding pinnacle of the site.

The principal aim in the first decade was to develop studies and sciences for which Palestine offered some special quality. They were, obviously, on the one side, the Hebrew and Jewish heritage, and the civilisation of the other Semitic peoples who were associated with the lands of Israel; and on the other side, those natural sciences which concerned the well-being of the country and the neighbouring lands. From the beginning those responsible for the University as an expression of the universal idea were anxious to bring out that, while Jewish studies lay at the heart of the intellectual revival, they can form but part of a broad humanistic discipline looking beyond the Jewish mind. Stress was laid also on the growth of the Institute for Arabic studies, which is better equipped than any other of the kind. The Royal Commission, which reported on Palestine in 1937, noted that

> the University on the fringe of Asia maintains the high standards of Western scholarship. It wisely concentrates in its research work on such exhaustive study of Palestine and the neighbouring countries as cannot be made elsewhere, and so has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Near East and particularly of Arab life and culture.

The Faculty of the Sciences was concerned largely with the biology of Palestine and the Middle East. Palestine, it has been pointed out, is one big laboratory, and serves as a cross-roads and boundary between two great areas of nature. In the latest years there has been a striking development, also, of medical research. A large hospital and a medical centre, which comprises a post-graduate medical school, has risen on Mount Scopus, and is far the largest building in the University complex. It is the gift of the Jewish physicians and the Jewish women of America: it was designed by one of the leading exiled architects from Germany, Erich Mendelsohn, and is an example of his most austere style: and it was built by Jewish hands. It includes in its research staff, Dr. Bernard Zondek, the gynæcologist, Professor Halberstaedter, the radiologist, and Professor Saul Adler, who is recognised as an authority on the diseases of the Mediterranean region. New departments of the University which are

contemplated, and for which the building will be begun during the war, are an institute of agriculture, which will be attached to an experimental station already working in Rehoboth, and a museum of archæology, which will be a treasure-house of the records of the Jewish people through the ages. Both these new developments are due to the legacies of Jews of South Africa.

Teaching has become in recent years as important an activity of the University as research. As often in Palestine, events were stronger than theories, and the intention to concentrate on research had to be modified. The University of Jerusalem has become an intellectual haven for Jewish students from abroad, who were exiled or debarred from the University in their native country. In 1933 it took on a new function and a new stature. The catastrophic expulsion of the Jewish mind from Germany, the displacement of a thousand 'non-Aryan' academic workers by a stroke of the pen, the complete exclusion of Jews from all institutes of higher learning in what was a principal intellectual centre of Jewry, roused the Jewish and the general public. The expansion of the University of Jerusalem was the answer to Hitler's barbarism. The academy on Mount Scopus had a part to play in the battle for academic freedom; and Jerusalem must be one of the principal places in which exiled scholars and students would find a home and be enabled to salvage their talents for the world. The national poet, Bialik, called for an ingathering of Jewish brains and not for a new dispersion.

The opportunity could not be grasped as fully as might have been hoped. Other calls on Jewry for the assistance of the myriads of exiles from Germany had priority. While England gave a permanent or temporary home to 200 of the displaced scholars, and Turkey took over 100 to re-man the universities of Stamboul and Ankara, the one Jewish university in the world has been able to engage hitherto only fifty of the exiled professors and lecturers. But during the last five years, the number of academic workers has more than doubled, and the number of students has been quadrupled. To-day it musters over 120 on its academic staff, half of them exiles from Germany, Austria and Italy: and 800 undergraduates and research students, of whom the majority are from Germany and Central Europe. The English Society for the

Protection of Science and Learning has recognised the peculiar place of the University of Jerusalem as a new intellectual centre for the exiles; and last summer it organised a dinner on behalf of the funds of the University for refugee scholars: The Archbishop of York and the Right Honourable H. A. L. Fisher graced the occasion with memorable speeches.

The increase in the student body has surpassed the intentions, as it has also exceeded the physical accommodation, of the University. But another new building, which has been begun this year, will house adequately all the institutes of the humanities. A living hostel for the students, contemplated for some years, has still to be realised; but a gymnasium that will allow the beginning of the physical training of the students is now in course of construction. The University has to cope this year with the grave problem caused by the cutting-off of a large part of its students from their families and their slender resources in Central Europe. It proposes to meet that problem by taking a large temporary hostel in the town, and by expanding its *mensa* with free meals for those students who are without means. Many of them earn a livelihood, while they study in the afternoon and evening hours. The International Students' Service has generously come to the aid of a number. For the rest, God and the community will provide. The lamps of Jewish—and not only of Jewish—thought and learning are going out in one country after another in Europe. The Jewish people are determined that the lamps shall be relit in Palestine. At the opening of the new academic year at the end of last October, the President and the Rector of the University, Dr. Magnes and Professor Fraenkel, and Mr. Schocken, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, declared their faith that the University should continue its growth and development in these tragic times, and that the work of gathering learning and scholarship should be continued by the teachers and the students. They welcomed for the first time students and teachers from Italy. They will strive to salvage, if they still can be saved, some of the distinguished professors from Poland. Jerusalem is more than ever the Feste Burg of the Jewish people. It is noteworthy that though during the long-drawn troubles in Palestine two of the staff and ten of the students were killed, the work of the University was not interrupted.

The University is not preparing its students for any profession, except that of teaching. It has no schools of law or medicine for undergraduates; but Palestine has no lack of qualified lawyers and doctors. Teachers are wanted for the country and for Jewish communities outside Palestine, who will carry there something of the living spirit of the Home. Most, however, of the students follow their courses for the sake of knowledge, and not for a livelihood. The University is open to all, without distinction of creed, sex, or nationality. Before the outbreak in 1936 of the Arab revolt, a few Arabs were regular students; but the pressure of their own people compelled their withdrawal. To-day several Christian Europeans attend lectures, particularly in the institutes of Jewish and Oriental Studies; and it is hoped that in the loosening of the tension which the forcible teaching of the war has brought about in Palestine, Arabs will again take their part.

The Hebrew University serves also as a Hebrew Academy. All the ordinary lectures are given in Hebrew; and the professors develop a terminology for modern ideas and modern science. For example, the professor of philosophy is editing a series of Hebrew translations of the philosophical classics, ranging from Plato to Muirhead. At the same time, the scientific researches of the staff are published in the learned journals of the Western countries; and in this way the University is the link of Palestine with the larger world of science.

The University of Jerusalem has only a slender endowment. It receives the slenderest of subventions from the Government of Palestine. It has been sustained during these past fifteen years principally by the annual offerings of Societies of Friends in many countries. During those fifteen years it has spent over £1,000,000. Its budget this year and last year has reached the sum of £100,000. It is to-day second only in importance to the Government and the Army in creating activity in the building trade of Palestine. It has built up during these years, again largely from the freewill offerings of friends in many countries, far the largest and most scientific collection of books in the Near and Middle East; for its library now comprises over 350,000 volumes in all languages. The collection is particularly rich in Hebrew and

German books, but it is growing rapidly in its English and its French sections. Among its treasures are Einstein's manuscript of the treatise on *Relativity*, which he presented. The University has attracted also the most complete collections in the world of the botany, the geology and the zoology of the Bible lands.

During the last war an English writer, Victor Branford, put forward, in a book with the picturesque title of *Janus and Vesta*, the idea that the spiritual leadership of the world should be assumed by the Universities, which should be the instruments of international understanding. At the head of the Federation of the Universities a world-university should be planted at Jerusalem, where the Jews would carry out the functions of harmonising the civilisation of East and West. Dreams, he said, must precede drama. Drama has now followed the dreams. The University of Jerusalem is in being; and it is a world University by reason of the international composition of its academic body and its student body, as well as by reason of the universality of its aims. As it started its destiny during the last war, so it will enter on a larger destiny during this war. It is not only the symbol of the spiritual regeneration of the Jewish people, it is the place in which the Jewish genius has again taken roots in the soil; and a soil is needed for cultural as well as for physical excellence. It is also as its President, Dr. Magnes, once described it, 'a lighthouse of science, shining out to the sea westwards and to the desert sands eastwards.' It takes the place to-day as a modern form of the Jerusalem Temple in the days of old, as the outward embodiment of the universality of the Jewish message.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

SOREN KIERKEGAARD

Knight of Faith

The steadily appearing translations in English of Sören Kierkegaard's writings is something more than a literary event, great and excellent as that event is through the enterprise of the Oxford University Press and its team of first-class translators. The work of this sombre, but withal sprightly, genius (1813–1855) is one of the major items in the spiritual chronicle of modern Europe. He wrote in a language and in a land which isolated him from concourse and disputation with his intellectual and spiritual peers. To write in Denmark at that time the most penetrating religious insight was like punching a feather pillow.[1] This struggle in a void, externally, undoubtedly affected Kierkegaard's attitude to his own work, not as an explanation but as a sign that his mission was to show what it meant to live on the edge of the spiritual void. But it was this literary quarantine which also caused a delay of three generations before the outstanding character of his genius was discovered in Europe and America.[2]

Fear and Trembling, though it cannot be taken as a summary, is in some sense a key to Kierkegaard's thought.[3] Even so, it can be admired for itself, for its poetical grace, its psychological acumen, its terrifying statement of the paradox

[1] I, who am half a Dane, well remember the kind of [illegible] with which the name of Kierkegaard was greeted when it came up in Copenhagen as late as twenty years ago. It seems to me that this embarrassment was a sign not of indignation at his attack on the Danish State Church, but of awareness that his career was a sharp pin-prick even more to the complacency of non-Church Denmark.

[2] 'In the first fifty years of the nineteenth century, the Church renewed everywhere with astonishing vitality, and it renewed not in morals, or in humanitarianism but in doctrine . . . There were no Calvins or Dominics or Augustines. The man who was most like these great ones was a Dane. . . . Sören Kierkegaard had to wait for his (considerable repute) through some seventy years. It has taken Christendom that long to catch him up. It took it fifty years to catch up St. Thomas, and it has not caught up Dante yet.' Charles Williams, *The Descent of the Dove* (Longmans, 1939), p. [illegible].

[3] Sören Kierkegaard, *Fear and Trembling*, translated by Robert Payne (Oxford University Press, 1939).

of faith. In it we find the whole Kierkegaard, artist, moralist, believer, and the dialectic tension of the aesthetic, the ethical and the religious moments, with which he was always wrestling in spirit and in print. But *Fear and Trembling* is a key which can be used to open the door to the febrile mind of its author only with some assistance from his wider prolific output. He himself offered one drop of lubricant for turning the lock when he wrote in his *Journals*[4]:

> Oh, once I am dead—*Fear and Trembling* alone will be enough to immortalise my name. People will shudder at the terrible pathos which the book contains. But when it was written, when the man who was looked upon as the author went about incognito, as a *flâneur* and appeared to be lively and frivolous, wit itself: nobody could grasp its true seriousness. Oh, you fools, never was a book more serious than at that moment. And that was the perfect expression of the terror. . . . But what has already been said in the book is true, where the difference between a poet and a hero is stressed. The poet in me predominates, and yet the mystification really was that *Fear and Trembling* actually reproduces my own life. (Entry 965.)

It has become customary among commentators to take this passage as saying that *Fear and Trembling* was a philosophic and religious veil in which Kierkegaard transparently wrapped his personal tragedy when he broke off his engagement to Regine Olsen. They appeal to a sentence he penned much later: 'If I had had faith, I would have remained with Regine.' It is true that the book is about faith, and that in it faith is declared to be—not resignation, which is only the heroism of ethics—but the demand for and the receiving of what has been taken away. And it is also true that his refusal, from an inner compulsion, to fulfil his promise of marriage, with the pain of which he agonised until death, was the central crisis of his life.

But to take this book as a *lettre-de-cachet*, a cryptic apologia for his apparent breach of faith meant for Regine's private understanding, is to admit that Kierkegaard was caught lying. I refuse to believe that his secrecy about his real motive was broken until the *Journals* were published. It was a strenuously maintained purpose that she should think he

[4] *The Journals of Kierkegaard*, 1834–1854, translated and edited by Alexander Dru ([illegible] University Press, 1938, [illegible]).

had behaved meanly to her—for only by belief that she was the generous one would her loss of him and her marriage to another be tolerable to her. If we read *Fear and Trembling* as a mythological discourse on the pathos of the broken engagement much of it appears merely sentimental.

That this tragedy wounded him to the spiritual marrow is undeniable, but it was but one thrust of a much bigger catastrophe which is the real problem of Kierkegaard, and to which he sought some answer in the groping after faith. The catastrophe was that a series of compulsions were laid upon him which cast him out of 'the universal' and made him a particular, isolated, individual. He was compelled, as by God, to bear a load of melancholy from birth; it was under God's compulsion that he became engaged and also that he broke it off; he was compelled to receive and to use gifts of genius—so hard to use and be a Christian too—he was compelled to use that genius in an unresponsive and suspicious human environment. He longed again and again to be one with the universal run of men. But he accepted the divine compulsions. And then the question poignantly arose: What is it to be the individual, to be cast out 'of the universal.' Is the casting out also an election? Kierkegaard was pressed from an early age to ask the question: 'Who am I?' which most men who ever ask it never do till they reach the age at which Kierkegaard died.[*]

To be 'the individual' as Kierkegaard knows it is nothing like the subjective and individualist corruption of liberalism, in which it was considered to be the natural state of man and therefore a temptation to anarchy. To be 'the individual' is terror; it has no standing ground in 'the universal' and is therefore a hard fate. To bear it one must pass beyond the universal disciplines of æsthetics and ethics and arrive at faith. Unlike most men who have come to find their meaning to hang by a thread from God alone, Kierkegaard continually felt the pull of artistic and moral demands. His struggle was that he knew himself to be both poet and moralist, but that as neither of these could he give meaning to 'the individual.' Only as believer could he find it. *Fear and Trembling*, with its

* "Oh what a hard fate, to be as old as eternity makes one when one is a man, before all else a man, and when the whole world speaks to one in the language of youth . . . I was an eternity too old for her." (*Journals*, Entry 183.)

title from St. Paul's salvation doctrine is, as he calls it, a dialectical lyric. With superb literary and psychological finesse it discloses the stormy passage from ethics to faith. It has remnants of the jargon of Hegel in whose philosophy Kierkegaard had been bred and from whom he had turned away precisely because Hegel betrayed reality by explaining the particular in terms of its function in the universal. Kierkegaard had found in Job a thundering protest against the sophistries of his friends, the Biblical Hegelians. Now, in *Fear and Trembling* he transcends his debt to Socrates, the superb master of resignation, and chooses to walk with Abraham to Mount Moriah. The book is a meditation on Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, and Kierkegaard opens it with four different tellings of the story each with a poetic stress of its own. Job's faith has been shown to lie not in his resignation: 'The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord,' but in his tears, curses and howlings against fate. But Abraham's faith was a more severe test than Job's; more was demanded of him. It was through foreign forces from outside that Job had been bereft of all his good things; Abraham himself lifted the knife to the child who was to him the most precious thing on earth. Kierkegaard means us *not to* seek the key of the story in the restoration of Isaac, but in the fact that morally speaking the deed was done and at the bar of ethics Abraham is a murderer.

It is from this point that Kierkegaard develops his philosophic myth. 'If ethics are supreme Abraham is lost.' Because ethics demand the submission of the individual to a universal law they cannot give reality or meaning to 'the individual.' Faith is the paradox that the incommensurable, the particular, the individual, is in a nearer mode to the source of meaning in God than the general, the universal, the abstract.

'The paradox of faith, then, is that the Individual, recalling a mly used dogmatic distinction, determines his relation to the niversal by his relation to the absolute, and not his relation to the bsolute by his relation to the universal.'

rhaps it was not legitimate for Kierkegaard to take Abraam out of his biblical context in order to typify this paradox, r there was a *universal* recognition in patriarchal society that

the father had rights over his children even unto death.[*] Kierkegaard, however, does not lay the stress on the transcendence of the tribal law but upon the abrogation of the universal law that the father should love the son more than himself. Can it be God who desires this sacrifice of him? Yes, just that, and the most heartsearching passages in *Fear and Trembling* are those which construct the dread, the distress and terror for a whole three days with which he accepts that demand.

'Either there exists this paradox that the Individual as the Individual stands in an absolute relation to the Absolute, or Abraham is lost.' But Abraham is the father of Faith, because his story presents 'a teleological suspension of ethics. Beyond ethics lie both sin and faith. Abraham is either a murderer or a believer. In other works Kierkegaard has declared that the opposite of sin is not virtue, but faith, opposites in the same dimension beyond ethics.

In order to convince us that by religious faith only can the individual dare to transcend the universal demands of ethics, Kierkegaard reiterates the difference between the man of faith and the tragic hero. Agamemnon, Jephthah and Brutus each sacrificed his own flesh and blood. They were tragic heroes. Their action was one of infinite resignation. This is the last stage that goes before faith, but it is still within the domain of morality. The individual maims himself in the cause of the universal. The Knight of Faith performs a further movement: 'he likewise renounces in an infinite sense the love which is the content of his life, he is reconciled to suffering; it is then that the miracle happens,' he says. I shall have my love all the same 'by virtue of the absurd, by virtue of the fact that all things are possible to God.' He recognises the impossibility and in the same moment he believes in the absurd. The absurd is the private relationship with the divinity which the tragic hero does not know; which to him is the divine. It is this faith that all things are possible to God, that is the meaning of Isaac's restoration to Abraham and the ram given as surrogate victim.

The character of this faith is no complacent assurance, but tribulation. It comes out of 'temptation,' a trial in fear and

[*] Theodor Haecker has pointed this out. Søren Kierkegaard (Oxford University [illegible], p. [illegible]).

trembling, not a temptation which tries to stop a man doing his duty, but a temptation of ethics to prevent him doing God's will. For the Knight of the Faith is always haunted by the doubt, what if ethics are after all supreme, what if Socrates and Hegel are right that the individual is subordinate to the universal. So Kierkegaard tells us that he can understand the tragic hero but cannot understand Abraham, although, 'in an insane sort of way,' he admires him more than any other man. He cannot, he says, perform the movement of faith. The infinite movement of resignation can be carried out by any man in his own powers, and whoever does not do so is a coward. He thereby renounces the finite for the infinite. But the Knight of Faith knows that he obtains the finite good by virtue of the absurd.

'By faith I renounce nothing, on the contrary I receive everything. . . . It needs a purely human courage to be able to renounce all temporality in order to gain eternity . . . but it needs the paradox and the most humble courage to seize upon the whole of temporality by virtue of the absurd, and this courage is the courage of faith.'

At this point Kierkegaard's thought passes beyond the domain of communication and it is impossible to make an argument of it. The book closes with a treatise on the fact that faith cannot be communicated, for if it could it would come under the category of a universal truth. Hence the secrecy of Abraham to Sarah, to Isaac and to the world. Hence also the secrecy of Kierkegaard himself to those who clamoured most for an explanation, Regine Olsen, his friends and the Danish public. *Fear and Trembling* is an allegory written with deliberate intent in indirect speech.[1]

It is now perhaps possible to see why Kierkegaard has such a real piquancy in the religious thought of our time. He represents a recall to religion in terms of dogma and faith, addressed to an age bored with a rancid moralism cut off from its religious roots. He is the originator of that 'existential' philosophy and theology which places man by his actual existence in relation to reality closer than that which he realises through his attempt to comprehend it by general ideas. Philosophically his work has contributed a stimulus to this

[1] Cf. Leon Chestov: *Kierkegaard et la Philosophie Existentielle* (Paris, J. Vrin), ch. V.

thought of Heidegger and Jaspers, and in theology to the 'existential' teaching of Karl Barth. By his insistence that man in his actual existence is as much a creature in doubt, struggle and tribulation as he is a being craving for certainty, he has close links with Dostoyevski and contemporary Russians like Chestov (recently dead) and Berdyaev.[8] 'The subject,' the inner mystery of you and me, of Tom, Dick and Harry, is a much more ultimate reality than any general ideas about man. In that inner mystery is the dimension in which man stands in relation to God who is absolute subject.[9]

The main reason, however, why the voice of Kierkegaard is being listened for in Europe many years after his death is that we to-day are confronted on all hands with the demons of the irrational. In society men feel themselves in the throes of irrational forces which they have unsuccessfully hoped to cope with rationally: unemployment, mechanised meaninglessness, nationalisms, bombs, poison gas, wars that conform to no rational pattern. Totalitarian politics find their sanctions in the irrational and blind biological urges of life. Literature reflects the *homme riches* whose real problems were left outside the liberal and classical thought modes. Perceptive spirits eagerly turn to those who, like Kierkegaard, have looked at the demons unflinchingly and can yet remain sane.

At the same time Kierkegaard represents a moment in the dialectical fulness of Christianity which must be recognised as a moment and not as the whole. The ever-renewed vitality of the faith—which is always dying according to the world and the despairing Christians—consists in the tension between its theology of affirmation and its theology of negation. 'This also is Thou—This is not Thou.' The natural life speaks of God, and yet it separates man from God. Aquinas built his theology on the first—Luther on the second. Both moments are in dialectical interaction in Augustine. Kierkegaard is on the line which proceeds from Augustine, through Luther and Pascal, the line of those for whom 'knowledge and love of God is over and against all other knowledge and love.'[10] 'Before God man is always in the wrong.' But

[8] Cf. Chestov, op. cit., *En Guise d'Introduction, Kierkegaard et Dostoievski.*
[9] See N. Berdyaev *Spirit and Reality* (Geoffrey Bles).
[10] See the illuminating essay: *St. Augustine and the Modern World*, in *A Monument to St. Augustine* by Erich Przywara, S.J. (Sheed & Ward.)

there are also in Kierkegaard the other notes which are heard in him as occasional overtones, whereas in the theologians of the 'affirmative way' they make the central melody. Kierkegaard's quest for purity of heart and mind, and his sublime religiousness, at which this article has hardly hinted, are the final impression his prolific gifts as an author leaves upon us. 'God is that which demands absolute love.' And while he drags us wriggling towards the abyss where he compels us to look at the tremendous opposition between the divine and the human, his greatness lies in the fact that there is in him also the contrasted note which rings out only at rare intervals: 'Christianity is the perfection of the really human.'

V. A. DEMANT.

THE NATURE OF THE LYRIC

It is not easy to feel any sort of profound satisfaction with the *Oxford Dictionary* when it defines the Lyric as being 'of or for the lyre, meant to be sung; of the nature of, expressed or fit to be expressed in, song.' But, whatever a discussion of the technical duties of a lexicographer might bring forth in its favour, it is still more disturbing to find that the definition coincides with most of those quoted by Mr. E. B. Reed in his *English Lyrical Poetry*. If, as sometimes happens, the emphasis is on the formal aspect of the Lyric, we find ourselves cut down to 'a form or style considered lyrical by the Greeks,' to 'a small number of simple metres,' or even to 'small poems' merely. If we are confronted with a too common, but nevertheless very questionable, development of the second part of the original definition, we arrive at a vague and comprehensive subjectivity which the Lyric shares in any case with several other types of poetry.

'To sing with the infinite harmonies of rhythm and the melodies of rhyme: to move by dim suggestion or to appeal with overwhelming passion directly to the feelings, to present thoughts suffused with emotion or ideas that concern the reason chiefly: to summon before the reader's mind by the "magic incantation of a verse" exquisite colours and forms: to touch the memory and stir the imagination—this is but a faint description of the art of the lyric poet.'

Quite so! But, then, why *only* 'lyric poet'?

Clearly the problem must be considered much more deeply. And in its consideration room must be found for the broaching of other and allied problems. What relation is to be established between the incidence of Lyric and that of other literary types, whether in periods or in individual poems? What is the element which makes the expression of identical ideas or emotions recognisably at one time lyric

and at another time non-lyric? How much of any given class of material—philosophy, satire, description, psychology—can the lyric absorb and yet remain true to its own nature? How far is a poem's susceptibility to musical treatment to influence our classifying it as Lyric? How much personal emotion can be accepted without cracking the lyric shell? Why does the lyric appear to be a type of poetry which has been produced with increasing difficulty during the last hundred years? Is there such a thing as a 'lyric poet'?

In the first place it is probably true to say that too great an elasticity has been given to the term 'lyric' by an undue emphasis on details of subject-matter and form, and by a failure to appreciate the fact that all such points are definitely and finally controlled by the attitude which the poet is adopting towards his material. A definition of this attitude is therefore the first duty of a critic. Strictly speaking, in writing Lyric, the poet should sink his own carefully cultivated personality and appeal to as wide an audience of his fellows as possible. He should thus be nearer to the writing of pure or absolute poetry than at any other time in his career. The rhythm he selects will therefore have a song quality, because song is the poetical expression of collective emotion, and the 'colour' of the emotion, however intimate, needs to be such that it is understandable by a majority audience. For it to do this, the long-cherished personal feelings and intellectual preoccupations of the poet must be subordinated, but by no means subdued, to the all-directing song rhythm of the words. This is only achieved when he is able to treat these conceptions and emotions, vitally important as they are to him as an individual, with something approaching frivolity. Hence the true lyrist needs to see his material through the glass of irony, or even comedy, in order to reduce to their right proportions the things which he himself finds so obsessive, and which would otherwise swamp the essential song quality.

Viewed in this light, the deftness of rhyme, the dance of rhythm, the lightness of touch without which the 'glorious words' go dead, the whole accepted technique of the Lyric falls into its place as nothing but a spontaneously evolved mechanism for enabling the poet to make his ironic comment on the seriousness with which he tends normally to take his

emotions and his ideas. And the fact that he is by this device cutting himself free from all contact with his personal and immediate problems, and dealing with life on the disinterested plane of play, means that the Lyric, in spite of an apparent lack of comprehensiveness, may justly be classed with the Epic and the Drama as major poetry. But before this can be so, there must be, or must have been, a definite background of poetic tension, for the highest Lyric note can only be attained by those who have already beaten out with the most painful seriousness the details of their emotional or intellectual system.

The poetry of this background is generally that which interests most strongly a man's own contemporaries. In it they see their own immediate reactions analysed and expressed. And so long as the poet has not succeeded in seeing his material from the ironic angle, the poetry will remain non-lyrical, and will retain its overpowering seriousness. The exact tone of this non-lyrical poetry of any given period will vary considerably, and it is one of the fascinating points to be considered, how much of this non-lyrical material can rightly take its place in the actual Lyric. Naturally its prominence gives greater immediate importance to second-rate writers than their actual performance would warrant. But it frequently embodies itself in poets, great poets, who themselves lack the specific qualities demanded by the Lyric, and who tend to construct and give validity to the bastard form of the 'Grand Lyric,' in which these poets can express such of their emotions as they wish to exploit with their public.

In it they can adopt a sort of ennobled stateliness of manner which is far removed from song, and which may be said to appeal to man not as man but only in his quality of great poet. The Ode in the Grand Style seems to provide a sort of outlet for poets like Spenser and Milton, who for no reason that one can see, find themselves unable to write genuine Lyric. They, and poets like Chaucer who even more mysteriously falls short in the same respect, set the tone for their Age in their poetry generally. But in the 'Grand Lyric' they provide models for a special type, adapted indeed to their own needs, and adopted frequently for completely non-lyrical purposes by a long tradition which extends through Dryden, Collins, Gray, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley,

Arnold, Swinburne and Francis Thompson, until it suffers a possibly temporary eclipse in modern times.

Spenser undoubtedly dominated his period. The Lyric could not absorb all his qualities; his rich and gorgeous eloquence, his majestic trailing narrative, his grotesque and even eerie masquerading, his outbursts of splendid vigour, and his wonderful language—' no language,' indeed, but an expressive diction ranging over all the possibilities of the tongue: and he himself was compelled to fall back on a substitute, as I have suggested, to expound his own lyrical impulses. But the Lyric of his period *could* absorb a good many of these qualities, and with the increasing emphasis of philosophy we have the main character of the Lyric of the succeeding Age firmly established.

It is not, however, merely a question of one dominating poet. Every time, behind the recognised ' songs ' of the period, we have with each poet masses of work in which he moulded and remoulded his ideas, and it is from this interesting but amorphous mass of conceits and meditations that the true Lyric poems take their rise. Such for example is the case with Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Herbert, Vaughan, Waller and Rochester, to name but a few of the more important in relation to whom the evidence has survived. And when one considers the vast amount of poetry which most poets turn out, and how carefully selected is their most casual publication, one is justified in assuming that frequently the amount of discarded ' background ' material is even greater. In some writers, Randolph, Donne, Dryden, and among those mentioned, Herbert and Rochester, for instance, a good deal of the material, and not necessarily discarded material, will be satiric. And it is fascinating to study how these varied strands of philosophy, of luscious eloquence and satiric matter-of-factness, of classical masquerade and defi ' modernity,' are woven into, and used to colour, the dancing poesy of the Lyric.

These writers belong truly to the High Period of the Lyric. The Nineteenth Century had not yet stepped in and insisted that one should take one's own ideas and emotions with such deadening seriousness. The Types of poetry were maintained in a reasonable distinctness still. The tragic mood was still felt to be a relatively limited reaction to life.

Its expression was subject to its own laws. The Tragic World, established by Shakespeare with pre-eminent authority, was yet, as Bradley insisted, no absolute reality, but only a sort of 'champ clos' within which the tragic genius of Shakespeare consented to work. It was possible to move outside it, to a point from which the wider Comic Synthesis prevailed. This is what happened to Chaucer at the end of *Troilus and Criseyde*, where the whole pathetic tale was suddenly seen from 'the erratik sterres' by the dead Ector, who thereupon 'lough right at the wo.'

There are grounds for thinking that the sort of genius that excels in Lyric may also excel in Comedy, on this account. The conflict of ideas, or of sections of the personality, which forms the basis and justification of the Lyric, and to the solution of which it owes its final harmony, its elegance and its fundamental gaiety, can well be embodied and worked out in personages. Stephen Spender has recently suggested the possibility of considering each of Shakespeare's sonnets, and evolving from its imagery the material of the clashing elements in his personality from which the tragedies have been constructed. Where the Lyric and the Comedy are, to my mind, so closely related, is in the fact that in each the formal pattern is so much more insistent than it is in the Tragedy, and the Elegiac or Meditative poem of the sonnet type. Comedy has something diagrammatic or mathematical about it. There is, as with *Love's Labour's Lost*, a slight distortion of life, which gives it a clearly intellectual quality, and places it with what I consider myself to be the highest form of art—abstract art. And it is this imposed and intellectually-based abstraction which constitutes Comedy, in its real sense. The intellectual merriment of Shakespeare's only pure Comedy echoes itself in his lyrics. The cynicism and passion of the Restoration Lyric reveal the same patterns and the same power of abstract thought as the Restoration Comedy. And it is a fact that in both cases the ironic impression results from, and the irony expresses itself in, the imposition of the formal pattern which makes me suggest that irony is an element no less essential to the Lyric than to the Comedy.

Lyric in the eighteenth century continued to be cultivated as a special art, but a certain thinness kept it for the love poem

or the song of good life, and made it avoid contact with the higher thoughts or emotions of the poets. Its lack of content was due partly to the thinness, but only a surface thinness, which the Restoration poets had introduced, largely to enable the words to ripple through the slick melodies of the new French composers, and partly to their use of their predecessors as models of style rather than of technique. Where one is conscious of complexity and conflict of thought being resolved and fought with behind the simplicity of the seventeenth century, there was just surface simplicity in the eighteenth century. Many of the greatest poets used the impure lyricism of the Grand Ode, so that it is to be reckoned a source of praise to Collins that he was able to produce a true song in his *Lament*. Song in its full sense came back with Burns: but here again in his method of writing he was following ancient and non-English traditions. He invariably allowed the tune to strike the keynote for the dramatic situation through which he conveyed the emotion: and his work is interesting for the brilliant effects he obtained by setting his emotions in a solvent of irony or comedy.

The decline of the Lyric as a poetic form may be said to synchronise with the tendency to wallow in one's personal emotions which came with that world-wide adolescence-fixation which is called the Romantic Movement. Instead of producing genuine social poetry—Christopher Caudwell would say poetry addressed to that Mock-Ego which is the 'bourgeois' substitute for the real Folk-Ego—instead of setting all his emotions carefully into relation with the eternal type poems, and bringing a certain humour or lightness to their handling, the poet, no longer Classical, made it his job to express and convey simply the mood of the moment. Hence the psychological basis of most of the poetry of Wordsworth and his contemporaries. The type of writing most suited to this was the Elegiac. The era of Meditative Verse therefore set in, the emphasis varying, as the century advanced, from the emotional to the impressionistic element. The emotions were so limited and the impressions, in the hands of the French Symbolists and their successors, could be made so subtle and so meaningful, that when the Surrealist doctrine relieved the poet of any need to plan his work, he found

himself in the happy position of being able just to stack together the images as they pursued each other across his mind, in order to produce his poem. A further heresy, traceable to Browning, allowed the poet to spread out before the reader, not only his images but his very loose thinking, and with this fascinating profusion to invite the reader's collaboration in the creation of the poem. The poet was thought of less as an artist than as a producer of psychological data. A snapshot, or 'rush,' of his mood was all that was required. The less conscious the poet, the more truly poetic.

The writing of the Lyric contradicts all this. It demands strictness and clarity. Many poems admired to-day are really only studio pieces. They share of course with all poetry their psychological interest. They might be made to contribute to the shaping of the major types, and among them the Lyric. But they take no account of the vast anonymous audience, the 'Mock-Ego,' the audience which demands that its poet shall have no axe to grind, that he shall produce that æsthetic pleasure alone which derives its power from its final disinterestedness. Into the Lyric must go only that amount of strangeness and eccentricity, of emotional stress and philosophical concept which such an audience will stand. Each poet has his own problem as to what degree of his poetic personality can be poured into the mould of the Lyric. The severest test is whether his most characteristic moments can colour sufficiently lightly, and yet with sufficient originality, the anonymous lyrical poem, to survive the contact of its fundamentally ironic mood. Under this test it is surprising how the most splendiferous mouthers among the Moderns crash, Abercrombie and Messrs. Masefield and Squire, for example, and how everything that gives value to them at all is squeezed out of them in the process. On the other hand, it is interesting to see how despised 'Georgians,' like Brooke and Gibson, could on occasion sublimate their more fervid emotions and intensities into the light and elegant charm of manner which is the hall mark of the Lyric. And, more than in their extravagances of technique and brilliant improvisations in looser and more commonly allowed styles, I find a greater reason for admiring Messrs. Auden and MacNeice in their ability to maintain their originality of tone

and the integrity of their poetic personality under the ironical contact of the modern Lyric form.

The poet must, then, use in the Lyric, necessarily, the natural rhythms of speech, but he must give those rhythms just the emphasis that will fit them for song. He must, as to patterns of rhyme at least, and the elements of his stanzas, yield precedence in a general way to the simple singing forms that are immortal in English verse. The problem of the Lyric in fact must be attacked as a special one in itself, but not to the exclusion of all others. There is 'no sich animal' as a purely lyrical poet. The term is, in the psychological sense, 'nonsense.' The most successful poets when they write Lyric seem simply to modify their prevailing mood and mode to fit in with its demands. Wordsworth's '*Lucy*' poems are a good example of the control of intractable material by form: and his later work offers experimental samples in this manner in the *Odes to May*. Coleridge always submitted his poetry to certain standards of language: he insisted on keeping within the limits of that used by an educated gentleman. The result is that his Lyric is free from the exaggeration and absurdity of the later Romantics, and preserves, with all the strangeness and unexpectedness of imagery and emotion, something of the Classical simplicity of the previous Age.

Scott and Byron both had a clear-cut Lyric style. The dainty exquisiteness of the former's songs, anonymous, almost folk-song in tone, reveals a gaiety and sparkle far above the pedestrian outpouring of his narrative muse. The latter's are free from the harsh though vigorous crudities of his more massive work, and are of course balanced by a great ability to write purely frivolous song, of an almost popular tone. One has in considering their work, more than that of the others, the same shock as one feels in the case of Shakespeare, when one compares the rich complexity and abrupt efficiency of his dramatic style with the pellucid and limpid manner of his Lyric. It is possible to think of him as being affected by some sort of external influence peculiar to his period, a kind of 'lyrical spirit' which walked abroad through the Elizabethan Age, and from whose touch no writer of the time was wholly free. But what explanation is to be offered for the fact that most of his contemporaries, who produced

beautiful Lyric, became crabbed beyond imagination when they wrote in other and non-lyrical styles?

Would it not be a more reasonable solution to say that poets, *all* poets, provided they have in them the power to write Lyric, perfect their power of song out of a mass of heavy and clogging stuff, much as flowers grow amid manure? Even a writer like Herrick gains his title and colours our conception through the failure of critics to study him in his entirety, and their concentration on a mere selection or anthology. In the *Hesperides*, all the intelligence and mind of the Age, all its most complex emotional reactions receive expression of some sort or another. But when he writes Lyric, they are all touched by his genius and irony, and given an immortality which removes them from the personal to the general and universal. For to Herrick indeed the Lyric is the point outside the immediate problem of self-expression at which all poetry aims. It provides in its very form its own ironic comment on the intricacies of the mental states of the day.

The case of Shelley is even more convincing. His complete works present us with a vast accumulation of carefully designed and implacably thought-out visions of life. Nevertheless his actual lyrics are penetrated through and through with the Comic spirit. Whether they deal with poetic theory (as in the third spirit-song in Act I of *Prometheus Unbound*), the scientific conception of the Universe (as in *Heaven*), the personality of the poet (as in *Chameleon*), or with the relative incidence of suffering in the passion of love (as in *When the Lamp is Shattered*), the light and playful treatment imposed by the form enables Shelley to move towards what he, to judge from the last act of *Prometheus*, must have regarded as the final perfection of poetry: the ability to handle frivolously, joyously and confidently, his most cherished idealisms.

More and more one finds oneself forced to admit that there is, in fact, a definite song or Lyric style, which, while it is coloured by the fashions of each Age, manages to persist in its course apart from the main stream, and to which all writers, all poets, if they are good or courageous enough, if they are prepared to chance their carefully cultivated Ego, can and should contribute.

Benjamin Gilbert Brooks.

CATHOLICISM AND SOCIOLOGY

The article by Mr. Reginald J. Dingle, entitled 'War and the Catholic Conscience,' in the October issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, was very interesting in itself, and also raised, by implication, some questions with which it did not specifically deal. The present article will attempt to deal with them.

Mr. Dingle's article was, so far as it went, a correct as well as timely statement of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to war, peace, and pacifism.

> War [he said], as might be expected of an activity almost as old as the race, has been studied very minutely by Catholic theologians, who are agreed that it is licit to take part in a just war and obligatory to do so if commanded by a competent authority.

He added that 'defensive war is a natural right, standing in no need of justification,' while, as to 'an offensive war,' 'five conditions are commonly laid down as necessary for [its] legitimacy': It must be (1) decreed by legitimate authority; (2) for a righteous cause; (3) with a right intention; (4) conducted by legitimate methods; (5) as the only means of redressing the wrong. These conditions, however, need amplifying beyond Mr. Dingle's brief statement of them. To quote Addis and Arnold's *Catholic Dictionary* (ed. 1917, pp. 867–868):

> A State may justly declare war in order to recover territory of which it has been unjustly deprived, or to reassert its authority over subjects who have declared themselves independent, or to punish gross and wanton insults to its citizens while invested with a public capacity, and for several other causes. The canonists hold that a State may lawfully make war upon a heretic people, which is actively spreading heresy, and stirring up dissension and rebellion within its own subject provinces; or upon a pagan people, which prevents the preaching of the Gospel, and refuses free passage to missionaries

who desire to carry the light of faith to regions beyond. . . . It is no just cause of war that a State desires to rule over its neighbours, or to enlarge its dominions, or add to its wealth and power, or to preserve a certain balance of force and prevent another nation from becoming dangerously powerful, unless the aggrandizement feared tend manifestly and indisputably to the subjugation of other nations.

It is therefore evident that any Roman Catholics who take up an uncompromisingly 'pacifist' position, and condemn all war as intrinsically unjustifiable, may fairly be said to be opposed to what hitherto has been the traditional attitude of their Church. On the other hand, there is a certain plausibility in the argument of the Pax Society school of Catholic pacifists, that, whatever may have been the case in past generations, the horrors of modern mechanised war are so great as to have produced a new position: namely, one in which those evils outweigh any possible benefits, so that no *modern* war can be justifiable. Even here, however, the argument is by no means self-evident. Are the calamities of modern wars really worse than those of former ones to such an extent that they make all wars unjustifiable now if nevertheless it was not so of old? At the Siege of Jerusalem (A.D. 70) mothers even ate their own infants. In the Albigensian Crusade (1209–1217) the horrors were indescribable. In the Thirty Years' War (1618–1648) a third of the population of Germany perished. Both the last-named wars were supported by Popes: indeed, Innocent X refused to accept the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 because he thought the conditions inadequate—although the strife had lasted a whole generation. In our own days Popes Pius XI and XII supported General Franco's Spanish campaign. Catholics are found in the armed forces of all (or most) nations; including the 'bomber' air sections—and the Church raises no objection.

Nevertheless, it is true that the great elaboration of modern mechanical means of destruction has so added to the terrors of war as to a great extent to raise new issues; and that is even more clearly seen to be the case when it is remembered that, whereas past wars, however great, extended to comparatively limited areas, a great war nowadays affects disastrously practically the whole world. Mr. H. G. Wells

probably is near the truth when he says in *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*:

> Either the human imagination and the human will to live rise to the plain necessity of our case, and a renascent *Homo Sapiens* struggles on to a new, a harder, and a happier world dominion, or he blunders down the slopes of failure through a series of unhappy phases, in the wake of all the monster reptiles and beasts that have flourished and lorded it on the earth before him, to his ultimate extinction. Either life is just beginning for him or it is drawing very rapidly to its close. This is no guess that is put before you, no fantasy; it is a plain and reasoned assembling of known facts in their natural order and relationship. It faces you. Meet it or shirk it, this is the present outlook for mankind.

The world, when the present warfare has subsided, will have to reorganise, and, in the process of its so doing, many traditional ideas will have to be recast. That some of those of the Roman Catholic Church may undergo such a modification is probable. It has happened in the past. It may happen in the future, for (apart from articles of faith) the Roman Church has a great capability of adapting itself to new conditions.

The question of that Church's attitude to war and peace is only a part of that of its general attitude to politics and sociology. There is, however, a difficulty in deciding what that attitude exactly is. The Roman Church makes a fundamental distinction between 'articles of faith,' which are absolutely obligatory on belief, and opinions (however long and widely accepted) which are not in that category. The former are irrevocable; the latter may be modified or even possibly in some cases reversed.

The Vatican Ecumenical Council of 1870 did not complete its work. The outbreak of the Franco-German war caused it to be prorogued (not dissolved) after it had passed the celebrated decree defining that the Pope is infallible when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*, defining doctrine to be believed by all; but no clear rules had been laid down for distinguishing between which Papal declarations are *ex cathedrâ* and which are not. As a result, there are many differences of opinion amongst Catholic theologians on the subject, and these differences are found to some extent also amongst the most

of the laity. A writer in the English Catholic newspaper, the *Universe*, September 20th, 1935, said: 'There are eleven Papal utterances which are usually looked upon as infallible pronouncements.' On the other hand, a writer in the *Catholic Gazette*, September, 1936, replying to the question: 'How many such infallible pronouncements have actually been made?' said: 'Many hundreds.'

Since 1870 no Pope has made any decree which is clearly and definitely *ex cathedrâ*. Pius IX had done so, in 1854, by his definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; but that was previous to the Council. Since the prorogation of the Council, several Papal pronouncements have been issued which have much appearance of being within the category of what is *ex cathedrâ*. For example, the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* of Leo XIII on Anglican Ordinations (1896; in the crucial declaration, 'Of our own motion and certain knowledge we pronounce and declare that ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite have been and are absolutely null and utterly void'); the Encyclical *Dominici Gregis* of Pius X on Modernism (1907; in the clause: 'We define it [Modernism] to be the synthesis of all heresies'); and the Encyclical *Casti Connubii* of Pius XI on Marriage (1930; in the clause saying that 'the Catholic Church, standing erect in the midst of the moral ruin which surrounds her, raises her voice in token of her divine ambassadorship and through our mouth proclaims anew' a condemnation of artificial birth-control). These declarations do seem to comply with the conditions which would make them *ex cathedrâ*: but it cannot be said to be absolutely certain that they are so. Yet questions of great importance are dealt with in these Encyclicals. Moreover, the above-mentioned are only three out of very many Papal declarations to which a similar remark applies.

In addition to his Bull on Anglican Orders and his other many pronouncements, Leo XIII, the immediate successor of Pius IX, issued during his long pontificate a large number of Encyclical Letters on a great variety of subjects: *Inscrutabili* (April, 1878: on the Evils of Modern Society); *Quod Apostolici* (December, 1878: on Socialism); *Arcanum Divinae* (February, 1880: on Marriage); *Immortale Dei* (November, 1885: on the Christian Constitution of States); *Libertas* (June, 1888: on Human Liberty); *Sapientiae Christi-*

tianae (January, 1890 : on the Duties of Christians as Citizens); *Rerum Novarum* (May, 1891 : on the Condition of the Working Classes); *Graves de Communi* (January, 1901 : on Christian Democracy); and others. Pius X, whose reign (1903–1914) lasted less than half as long as had that of Leo, naturally had fewer opportunities of encyclical-writing; but he issued several: in particular the Encyclicals *Fin dalla Prima* (December, 1903 : on Christian Social Action); *Il Fermo Proposito* (June, 1905 : on the same subject); and the very important *Pascendi* (September, 1907 : condemning Modernism). His successor, Benedict XV, was Pope during the 1914–1918 war period, and naturally had small opportunity for Encyclicals, those he wrote being mainly on Peace and War. The next Pope, Pius XI, who died this year, resumed the encyclical activity of Leo XIII. His chief Letters were: on Christian Unity (*Mortalium Animos* : January, 1928); on Education (*Rappresentanti* : December, 1929); on Marriage (*Casti Connubii* : December, 1930); on the Social Order (*Quadragesimo* : May, 1931); on Catholic Action (*Non Abbiamo* : June, 1931); on the Economic Crisis (*Nova Impendet* : October, 1931); on the Council of Ephesus (*Lux Veritatis* : December, 1931); on the Troubles of our Time (*Caritate Christi* : May, 1932); on Mexico (*Acerba Animi* : September, 1932); on the Priesthood (*Ad Catholici Sacerdotii* : December, 1935); on Foreign Missions (*Rerum Ecclesiae* : February, 1936); on the Cinemas (*Vigilanti Cura* : June, 1936); on the German Church (*Mit brennender Sorge* : March, 1937); and on Communism (*Divini Redemptoris* : March, 1937).

What is the exact degree of binding force of Papal Encyclicals? Addis and Arnold (*Catholic Dictionary*, p. 298) say:

> Encyclicals are not necessarily *ex cathedra* pronouncements, though the Pope could, if he so willed, issue definitions in that way. The faithful are bound to give them a religious assent, interior as well as exterior, and obedience and respect.

That is a perplexing statement. What is 'a religious interior assent'? An interior assent is the agreement of the mind to such and such statements as being true. A *religious* interior assent is the agreement of the mind to such and such statements not merely as being true, but as being true [illegible]

coming from God. How can anyone be *bound* to give religious interior assent *unless it is impossible for the statements to be wrong;* unless, in short, they are infallible? The degree of assent required from Catholics to at least the essential parts of Encyclicals, then, seems such as would be applicable only to infallible *ex cathedrâ* pronouncements. No one, however, says that all Encyclicals are infallible in their entirety; or that any particular Encyclical is so except in special clauses. Encyclicals are long documents, full of argument; and often rhetoric. In many cases they have more the appearance of sermons than of formal definitions of belief; though, as has been noted earlier in this article, some of them contain clauses which, taken by themselves, might well be *ex cathedrâ.* The whole question of the degree of binding force possessed by these documents is clearly a problem needing clearing up.

That it is not merely an academic problem, of interest only to theological students, but is of real public importance, is plain when one considers what the subjects are which are dealt with in Encyclicals. For example, Leo XIII's condemnation of Anglican Orders; the same Pope's Encyclical (*Providentissimus Deus:* 1891) on Biblical Inspiration; Pius X's Encyclical against Modernism; and Pius XI's Encyclical condemning all ideas of Christian reunion except on terms of unconditional submission to the Papacy; it is surely important to know whether these are infallible utterances or not. They all affect vital questions of learning, theology, and Church government.

There are also, however, numerous Encyclicals which deal with political and social questions. It is here that problems of gravest importance arise.

As has been remarked, Encyclicals generally are long documents, full of detail, and of which the statements as often as not are expressed in terms which are full of verbal qualifications. That being so, there may be wide differences of opinion as to their exact meaning. That is decidedly so in regard to the many Encyclicals which deal with social and political questions: matters which themselves are so intricate. The Popes, however, in dealing with these complicated problems, have the added difficulties of adjusting them to the dogmas of Catholic theology. It is not surprising, therefore, that Papal Encyclicals on these matters are open to various

interpretations according as the reader stresses one, or another, part in studying them.

The 'sociological' Encyclicals deal not only with general principles, but also with particular issues: fair wages, trade unionism, Communism, Socialism, War and Peace, and so on. We may here pass over those particular matters, however (important though they are), and may consider only some fundamental principles which raise important issues of the very basis of political and social philosophy. After careful study of these Encyclicals, the writer of this article thinks he can safely say that, according to them, the following fundamental principles form the ideological basis of the Papal outlook on social and political affairs as expressed in Encyclicals :—

The (Roman Catholic) Church and the State are independent powers, but the State's independence is conditional on its agreeing with, or deferring to, the Church. State laws, if opposed to those of the Roman Church, have at best only a *de facto* force, and not that of laws which bind the consciences of the faithful; and it may be a positive duty to disregard them. The State should establish and support the Roman Catholic Church because 'it alone is true.' Toleration, by the State, of beliefs opposed to those of the Roman Church, is an evil, permissible only from reasons of 'promoting a greater good, or avoiding a greater evil,' and therefore such tolerance should be as limited as possible. The Roman Catholic Church should have complete freedom in the State, and such freedom means not only a right to teach her doctrines unhindered, but also 'to judge and punish.' The civil power should repress with diligence all false teaching: and anything opposed to Roman Catholic doctrine is false teaching.

Although [as Leo XIII said in *Libertas*], in the extraordinary conditions of these times the Church usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, she does so not as preferring them in themselves, but as judging it expedient to allow them until in happier times she can exercise her own liberty.

As to freedom of the Press, of opinion, and of propaganda, they become evils if carried beyond the limits approved by the Church. With regard to Democracy, it is an allowable

form of government, but it must conform to 'the Catholic doctrine as to the origin and exercise of power.'

The chief Encyclicals which deal with these problems are Leo XIII's *Inscrutabili* (1878), *Immortale Dei* (1885), *Libertas* (1888), *Sapientiae Christianae* (1890), and *Rerum Novarum* (1891). Leo's Encyclicals have been adopted and reaffirmed by his successors—especially by Pius XI, who did so by naming the chief of them specially at the beginning of his own Encyclical *Quadragesimo*, issued in May, 1931.

It must also be remembered that the Roman Church claims jurisdiction over marriages of all baptised persons, the wide apparent exceptions to that claim—as in the cases of marriages of parties both of whom are Protestants—being simply dispensatory (see Leo XIII's *Arcanum*; Pius XI's *Casti Connubii*, and the 1917 'New Code of Canon Law'). The Church also claims wide rights over education, as to which 'no power on earth can stand in her way': (Pius XI's *Rappresentanti*). Finally, it is an offence, punishable by excommunication, to call any member of the Roman Catholic clergy before a civil judge without previous permission of the Bishop: (Pius X's *motu proprio* decree, *Quantavis Diligentiâ*, issued in 1911, and 'New Code,' canon 120).

It will be seen that the Papal principles raise the question of 'liberalism' or 'authoritarianism' in the affairs of States. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to discuss which of these opposed conceptions is the true one: or whether either of them is wholly true. In favour of the Papal theory this argument might be advanced: Truth is one and indivisible; the teaching of the Roman Church, being revealed by God, is true, the State should be guided by truth; therefore, the laws of a well-ruled State should conform to the teaching of the Roman Church.

On the other hand, a 'liberal' would say: Whether true or not, the doctrines of the Roman Church, as received by men in this world, are only one system amongst many which claim to be true, the State is not competent to form a judgment as to which, if any, metaphysical system is true; citizens of the State consist of persons of many beliefs, all of whom think their ideas true and can offer plausible arguments to that effect; efforts by the State to uphold one system as 'alone true' lead to persecution, injustice, hard-

lectual repression, and strife; and the wise course is therefore simply to leave 'a fair field and no favour,' in which what is true can vindicate itself by its own evidences.

While the Vatican Council was being held, in 1870, the very problems alluded to in this article were souces of perplexity. As 'Quirinus' said in his contemporary *Letters from Rome on the Council* (Eng. trans., 1870, p. 425):

> The Governments have made it quite clear that it is only encroachments on the secular and civil domain, such as the relations of Church and State, which give them anxiety. They disclaim all intention of meddling with questions of pure dogma, and therefore leave untouched the infallibilist theory, which Count Beust regards as a mere internal question of Church doctrine.

The Council, however, adjourned without finishing its work, and, since then, the long series of Papal Encyclicals has been issued, and those documents are used as the guides of Catholic thought. Obviously, here are two questions clamouring for answers: What are the exact limits of Papal *ex cathedrâ* definitions?—and: How far are Encyclicals binding on Catholics as matters of faith?

History shows that the existence of a mass of undefined theological problems, of a widely controverted character, means that probably a Council will meet to deal with them. The 1870 decree of Papal Infallibility did not do away with need of future Councils: for if it had done so, the Vatican Council would have been closed—not merely adjourned. The settlement of intricate problems such as those glanced at above would call for an immense amount of 'sifting' in the light of world-conditions. Such sifting would seem to call for an assembly of the Catholic Bishops of the whole world, constituting a Council. The possible reassembly of that of 1870 was hinted at by Pope Benedict XV in 1925, on the occasion of the 1600th anniversary of the Council of Nicæa; but his very tentative suggestion was avowedly dependent on a further manifestation of God's Will'—and, in fact, no one was heard of the matter. Since then, the menace and reality of widespread war have caused any possibility of such assembly to recede into remoteness.

J. W. Poynter.

PANTOMIME

Pantomime is still the most popular form of stage show in this country. Our satiric Shaws, clever Cowards, musical Novellos and profound Priestleys are in comparison as nothing. This is not quite true of London, though it was in Grimaldi's time and indeed in days within living memory, as when the Hoxton Britannia, which held over 4,000 people, and Drury Lane and the Lyceum ran pantomimes for at least three months each year. But London is not England and West End audiences do not represent the British or even the London playgoer. In cities outside the metropolis all the larger theatres will from Christmas until late February or March be crowded nightly with people enjoying pantomimes. It is an odd kind of theatrical entertainment peculiar to our shores, the only art-form originated by our stage, and so, though its content is generally beneath or beyond criticism, it deserves more critical attention than it receives.

We pretend, of course, that we attend the pantomime only as a parental or an avuncular duty. We aver, as once again we watch Cinderella rise from the kitchen to the palace or Jack climb in a literal sense up the beanstalk, that our pleasure is vicarious. We do it to please the children. Perhaps we do. But let us admit, if only in an aside, that we enjoy for their own sake the free movement of characters almost unconfined by plot, time, space or even normal standards of behaviour; the mixture of prose with verse, of sentiment and drama with broadest comedy, song and dance—a mixture that has always pleased primitive playgoers; the glittering pageantry of the scenery and the exaggerated colours of the costumes. The pageantry will as usual err on the side of vulgarity; tinsel rather than taste will be the thing. The characters will be of pasteboard, the dialogue pedestrian, the sentiment oversweet, the comedy stereotyped. All the same, the pantomime has one virtue that outweighs many short-

comings. It is vigorously, blatantly, unashamedly different from the everyday scene of a theatre that to-day is largely devoted to everyday people in everyday dress; whose comedy is always in the parlour and even romance must go clad in mufti.

Those who marvel over the popularity of musical plays, with their silly songs and stories, forget that together with the pantomimes these are almost the only theatrical performances that deserve to be called 'shows.' For they do indeed appeal to the eye and so to that general love of pomp and parade that is as rarely satisfied in the theatre as outside it. One therefore notes with regret that on this point of spectacle the pantomime producers are becoming somewhat absent-minded. Is it the box-office that restrains the old lavishness? The decline from the days of Augustus Harris at Drury Lane, to take a well-known example of one who spent princely on spectacle, has been gradual enough to pass unobserved, but decline there has been. There is not the glitter that there was and the gusto of the scene painters (no less than of the comedians) is a trifle faded.

In the matter of costume the change is particularly noticeable when, as one did the other day, one examines a large private collection of original drawings and sketches covering stage productions over a period of a century. Here was evidence that for the big pantomimes great attention was given to the dresses; costumes were specially designed each year. To-day most producers are content to buy costumes, except for the principals, ready made from departed musicals and revues. Another odd point that becomes clear as one turns the pages of these drawings is the gradual change in style. Had the question been raised one would have said that the costumes of our Dames and Principal Boys were changeless as the stories of the pantomimes, that if tradition in dress lingered anywhere it was at the courts of Prince Charming and the King of Hearts. In fact, the pantomime costumes of the 'forties or the 'nineties were as different as were the street clothes of those times from those of our own. The Principal Boy still wears tights? Most certainly. But if one could reproduce here a picture of, say, Marie Lloyd in pantomime the point would be obvious. Her high sweeping ostrich feathers, her corseted waist, her generous

curves—goodness, any actress might well envy Marie Lloyd her genius but would sooner retire than come upon the stage looking—there is only one word for it—such a frump.

This is a minor matter. One's point is that pantomime being an art-form specially adapted to and developed from our English idiosyncrasies deserves to be taken in hand by artists of some stature. What is *Midsummer Night's Dream* but a pantomime in our sense of the word? That it is allowed to be used only by hack writers and second-rate producers is surely lamentable. If not the heights at least the upper levels of romance, comedy and satire are open to it. Its prose might have style, its verse real feeling, its characters dramatic motives without losing a dash of popularity. No need to invent a story—the legends are there—it would be foolish to dispense with them—but upon that basis what could not be erected? Gorgeous fooling, topical satire, wit, beauty, romance and the terror of the supernatural, all free from those bugbears, the dramatic unities, and adorned with the arts of music, dance, song and spectacle. What opportunities, too, for imaginative stage management! Fancy what an artist-producer might achieve with such moments as the entry of the Giant in *Jack and the Beanstalk*? Whoever saw—and no one could forget who did see—the first entrance of the giant figure of the prophet in the Jewish Habima Players' production of *Jeremiah* will know what one means. The actor was probably little taller than his fellows; it was the imaginative arrangements of the stage that caused the overwhelming sensation of size. Though this was tragedy, the same effect is possible in the grotesque or in the comic style. Those who despise the pantomime for its dullness, vulgarity and stupidity do not consider how deeply the pantomime suffers from those who handle it. It remains an enigma that no genius of the stage, since Shakespeare, has tried to exploit its possibilities.

Having complained that pantomime was never what it might have been, it may seem churlish to add that it is not even what it was, but that seems to be so to judge by standards set up within living memory—that is, since our Christmas pieces began some eighty years ago to be performed by music hall rather than theatre artists. The decline in the lavishness of the spectacle may be due partly to financial reasons, partly to the fact that the cinema has almost killed the spectacular

drama, and partly due to a mere optical illusion in the critic who saw the scenery once with more enraptured gaze. Still if one cannot trust one's own memory of the scenic masterpieces of pantomime, can one fancy a critic of such taste and intelligence as G. H. Lewes, writing to-day of the scenery as he did one Christmas of a Lyceum pantomime of *The Good Woman in the Wood?* Of the piece itself he wrote that it was:

> everywhere agreeable, often funny as well as fairy-like, with some capital writing—neat, easy, punning and epigrammatic; several excellent songs and concerted pieces; an excellently grouped ballet; costumes of perfect taste and varied splendour.

But of the spectacle he exclaimed that

> the Greeks would have boldly spoken of the 'flabbergastuality' of the piece. The Lyceum itself affords no standards of comparison. Never on any stage was there a scene of such enchantment and artistic beauty as that which concludes the first act.

This praise, one should add, was written by one of our best English dramatic critics, probably one of the finest minds that has been applied to the study of theatrical art in England.

But, whatever may be the explanation of the decline of spectacle in our pantomimes, if it be admitted, the falling off in the vigour of the songs and the general robustiousness of the comedy is a matter of fact that will not be disputed by those who knew the late Victorian or even the Edwardian pantomime. And here the explanation is a transformation (to use no unkinder word) in the music hall itself, where first-rate comedians come—when they come at all—in single spies rather than in battalions; where the suave, sniggering innuendo of the night clubs is reflected rather than the rough rabelaisian humour of the people; where the melancholy crooning of American jazz replaces the heartening rhythms of our native street-notes wild; where massive thighs and swelling bosoms of serious and comic songstresses are shrunk to skeleton proportions, and roof-lifting voices have dwindled to such thin pipes that microphones must amplify them if they are to carry beyond the footlights. Do the people—and the music hall was pre-eminently the peoples' theatre—enjoy this change? The youngsters do not know what they are missing.

but the older ones do, as you may see when some survivor from more vigorous days—such as Florrie Forde, who has lost none of her skill or power, appears before them. This Falstaffian figure enshrines a voice and spirit that can still 'knock them in the Old Kent Road,' or, indeed, in any other street you care to mention. Here is a voice that makes the welkin ring, and here are songs that make the audience join in singing them in a way that no jazz composer could hope to imitate.

The senility of the music halls is a separate theme and one mentions it here only as one explanation for the decline in pantomime. But certain it is that with a company of Florrie Forde's stature—and one does not mean that punningly—one could revive pantomime even on such a gargantuan scale as that which once brought the whole of the East End of London swarming to the huge auditorium of the Old Britannia, and which made Sara Lane, from whom Lupino Lane is descended, the most famous of all London managers. That description is not mine, but Bernard Shaw's, who remarked of the 4,000 people who nightly paid to see her pantomime that

> the spectacle of these thousands, serried in the vast pit and empyrean gallery, is so fascinating that the stranger who first beholds it can hardly turn away to look at the stage.

The taste in humour of Hoxton, wrote Bernard Shaw, was not fastidious. It is not now, but it is scantily provided for. Would not such an audience still enjoy—and others, too—such a scene as Shaw describes 'in which the horrors of seasickness were exploited with great freedom?'

> As the climax [he adds] when four voyagers were struggling violently for a single bucket, I looked stealthily round the box, in which the Church, the Peerage and the Higher Criticism were represented. All were in convulsions.

One has quoted Shaw on a pantomime of the music hall era and G. H. Lewes on a pantomime that belonged to the period when it was still largely performed and arranged by the theatres. What English pantomime was like before those days, how this quaint, insular form of entertainment was begot and nourished, we can only surmise. As in the case of the British Constitution, our pantomime seems

never to have been formally invented and drawn up, but to have grown haphazardly from various and tangled roots. Even its very name confounds the pedant and misleads the stranger. If one cannot say what English pantomime exactly is, one can say quite definitely what it is not. It is *not* dumb-show, it is *not* mime. The only silent persons on its stage are the dancers and the acrobats. Does its origin lie in the fairy tale that is now the basis for its story? Are the acrobats, dancers, singers, comics, merely excrescences allowed to grow upon the nursery fiction by the various and changeable demands of popular taste? One must not forget the harlequinade, the tale of Harlequin and Columbine pursued by Clown and Pantaloon, nowadays either omitted or sketchily remembered in deference to tradition, which for a time was a main part of the show when Grimaldi's genius expanded it from the harlequinades that invariably accompanied, again for antiquity's sake, those extraordinary mixtures of classical fable, opera and ballet that our seventeenth and eighteenth century forebears, full of reverence for Greece and Rome, regarded as adequate copies of the ancient pantomime. Thus the fairy tale seems to be merely the equivalent for an audience of children of the stories of the gods that were more to the taste of an adult and well-educated audience. The foreigner wonders to see the Principal Boys of our pantomime played by the leading actress of the company, and the Dame by the leading comedian. Perhaps this, again, can be explained only by the fading memories of tradition, by remembering that in the Tudor and Caroline theatre heroines were frequently supposed to change into male costume and to 'play' a man's part. The Shakespeare comedies provide examples enough, and as the heroine was played by a boy actor the idea was the more acceptable. Old women, too, in those days, were performed by male actors and here, perhaps, we have the explanation of the pantomime Dame. And the Demon King coming from the cellarage in fire and smoke? Is he not a survival of the mediæval religious play? The whole thing is a fascinating puzzle. Pantomime is a much queerer jumble of traditional theatrical pleasures and race memories than our literary stage historians seem to realise.

JOHN SHAND.

BOOK REVIEWS

New Writing. New Series 3. Christmas, 1939 (The Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d. net.)

It is one of the most irritating habits of this age for certain groups to see, and write about, themselves as forerunners of a new social order, exclusively aware of the real problems of our time, and with a monopoly of infallible recipes for solving them. They see themselves not only as John the Baptist but also as Christ. There must be a good deal of pleasure to be got out of seeing oneself already as a significant name in a history book.

This glorified magazine is the third and last number (for the time being) of a new series. It calls itself *New Writing;* and we can only assume that the word ' New ' has nothing to do with hitherto unpublished work, but refers to the quality of ' dawn-consciousness ' we have just been deploring. Here, we are immediately led to believe, is not only the *dernier cri* but also the first cockcrow. The old writing is dead (last year's? or that of the year before last?); whatsoever is vital for the new world in literature (probably with a strong taste of vodka and caviare about it) is going to be found amongst these contributions. The book soon bears this out.

There are poems, short stories—most of them with a strong proletarian tang about them—a Russian section with the inevitable essay on the Russian cinema, and the inevitable photograph of Health and Beauty Russian women (in uniform this time), and a certain number of essays on such matters as History and the Poet, Popular Poetry, and English Films. At the beginning of the book there are some potted biographies with the right dates, so that the literary historians of the future shall be given no trouble, and the ' fans ' of the present the appropriate human framework for their ecstacies.

Mr. Swingler's essay on History and the Poet is particularly revealing in its shoddiness and superficiality and

condescension. He seems to be one of our 'history conscious' gentlemen (oh! for a moratorium on the teaching of history for about twenty years!). He talks of the poor escaping poets who 'look out through closed windows at history moving inexorably by, and know with a pathetic sadness and resignation that if they are separated it will simply destroy them.' The poet finds his fulness, we gather, when he achieves 'the extension of social consciousness to find a community of interest with the majority of mankind, that is the potential energy in social development with which the poet must always be concerned,' for example, we presume, as Mr. Clough, the later Lord Tennyson, Mr. Wordsworth (but no! he was an old reactionary), Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Mr. Martin Tupper did. Mr. Swingler wants, side by side with the poetry that can be read at home, 'the poetry that can be cried in the streets, from platforms, in theatres; that will be sung in concert-halls and in pubs and in market places, in the country and the town.' We are sorry to find Mr. Swingler living behind 'closed windows,' as we seem to have heard a good deal of such poetry already; and obviously he never goes to church.

Mr. Madge's essay on Popular Poetry is much subtler, much more understanding of that particular problem, although he too finds it necessary to talk of 'that historic quality of time by which chance becomes significant.' The book blazes into glory with a beautifully made poem by Mr. Auden, 'The Leaves of Life,' remote from all Mr. Swingler's ridiculous polemic.

'Underneath the leaves of life
Green on the prodigious tree,
In a trance of grief
Stand the fallen man and wife:'

But later in the book the poetic excitement is dissipated in the charming 'almost-nothings,' with their Irish brogue, of Mr. MacNeice. It must be grand to be able to pick up rhythmical and colloquial phrases such as

'Will he give a champion
Answer to my question . . .'
'This is on me and these are yours'

and dump them into poems. It gets one anyhow to the door

of the Saloon Bar of Mr. Swingler's pub. The enchantment is caught up, entangled, and again lost in Mr. Barker's dithyrambics. What is happening to Mr. Barker? His poetry seems to have become the juxtaposition of what is not properly understood and what has not been clearly felt. He comes through, mournful and measured, with his

'Heaven is not heavier on our heads than the world is,
Nor is truth brighter to see than sin to obscure.'

but very soon we hear about

'the suicidal weeds of liberal thinking'

and

'. . . the Junker that coughs across space
Dropping its blood clots on your roof . . .'

Here and there are some twisted echoes of Wordsworth, and there is too much Hopkins. With Mr. Tessimond we are outside poetry and in the middle of irritating argument; and with Mr. Lovejoy we say 'How d'ye do?' again to Walt Whitman and amorphousness. Mr. Spender struggles towards something—he is still looking for himself, and Mr. Gascoyne spins out, with much prose padding, part of a narrative poem. We liked almost best of all, however, a saucy and wicked ballad by Mr. Plomer, Hoodsian in manner, but hardly Hoodsian in theme!

We read the Russian section at the wrong moment. It was just after the B.B.C. had quoted a passage from *Pravda* attacking the aggressive and unaccommodating Finns, inviting them to overthrow their Government, and gloating over the economic stress they must suffer through continued mobilisation. It was therefore rather hard to be fair when we got from Mr. Wright, as a conclusion to his very interesting account of the evolution of the Russian film, the following: 'The vast possibilities of creative freedom still exist in Russia; elsewhere, they run daily danger of being stifled more and more.' It was harder still to go on with Marina Raskova's 'An Airwoman over Mayday,' when almost at the beginning of her diary we came across this: 'Our hearts overflow with pride and joy at the sight of the hundreds of winged machines, as harmoniously, in strict military order,

they fly over the city. . . .' Why this excerpt from a Diary should have been included at all passes our understanding; its girlish and stupid excitement is nauseating, and particularly at this moment. The essay on Mayakovsky: Poet of Russia, might have been all very well if Mayakovsky were a poet translated and familiar to the English and significant to them. It is, however, uncritical, gossipy, and written with the fervour of a film-fan. The work, we are told, 'is classic, because a whole nation unquestioningly accepts his genius.' 'There are no big or little subjects where Mayakovsky's poetry is concerned.' 'Stalin . . . who knew and knows the genius of Mayakovsky . . . considers Mayakovsky "the finest, the greatest poet of our age".' 'Those few posthumous poems [are] almost unearthly in their perfection.' We should have been better served, not for the sake of vulgar curiosity, but because of the really deep implications involved, if we had been told how this poet was led to commit suicide in the new society, so lauded as the embryonic Earthly Paradise. How could he, we ask ourselves, have found himself, as distinct from society, so important, when for him 'the indispensable factors at the beginning of a poetical work [were] the existence in society of a problem, the solution of which is inconceivable except in terms of a poetic work' (his own words)?

The stories make up a mixed bag. Mr. Pritchett writes with his customary aptness and liveliness. The certainty of his touch makes his characters living—he is *engaged* by them. In so many of the other stories it is the writer who has engaged his characters. There are too many haphazard 'slices of life'; and we are often forced to ask ourselves what impulse set them going at all; and suspect that the 'desire to be a writer,' rather than the necessity to write, was the mainspring. Of 'newness' we discern no trace. We do not ask for it, to be sure; but, in the old manner, most of these stories are the parings of Zola, or Dostoevsky, or even Gissing. They have, however, one attractive quality—the prose has escaped the 'dark' pretentiousness of the Lawrence school, the pseudo-depths of poetic prose. At least, there are plainness and good reporting, although sometimes what is reported lacks interest. The people and their unselected conversation are dull. What does the 'proletarian' story

aim at? If we are being conducted through the imagination into the workers' world so that our own world is persistently impinged upon by the awareness of poverty and misery and hopelessness, another imagination continually steps in to remind us that this is not enough, that there is also something else in that world. The story that reforms must also recreate and persuade us through the 'livingness' of its creations; and 'livingness' in a story is not 'livingness' in life. It must create within us love or hate, and therefore be symbolic of total human beings in their uniqueness. Most of these stories seem to be illustrating a thesis—they are morality stories, and do not stay with us long; we have made no friends or enemies. The characters pass from the stage into the wings, but not the world, when the curtain falls.

L. AARONSON.

Katherine Mansfield. The Scrap Book of Katherine Mansfield. Edited with an Introduction by J. M. M. Constable, *7s. 6d.*

Nearly two decades have passed since the death of one of the strangest figures in English literature—Katherine Mansfield. Since 1923, opinion of her work has seen many changes varying from extravagant praise to a general depreciation. This controversy—if such a wide diversion of opinion can be called a controversy—still exists, and will perhaps always exist. Those who love her work, will always be delighted with its rare qualities of freshness, beauty, and human understanding. But against those for whom it appears slight, ill-written and emotional, it would be useless to defend it. For many years a vast conflict raged about the names of Wagner and Brahms. Both the composers have outlived the conflict. It is perhaps natural that young and passionate admirers of Hemingway and of the American school should resent Katherine Mansfield's lack of sophistication. She does not confront the readers with death in battle, with mud, hairy chests, and with alcoholic gallantry. But she, too, will outlive the conflict.

An addition to her published works has now appeared under the title of *The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield.* It is a collection of short stories—mostly unfinished, quotations,

hitherto unpublished letters, and pages from her journal. It is a tragic record of failure. Apart from its small biographical interest, one is at loss to understand why Mr. Middleton Murry should have thought fit to publish it at all. Miss Mansfield herself, one feels certain, would never have wished the public to see these pages. There is so much in them that is small, incomplete and unsuccessful. Only occasionally is there a flash of the magic that is so much her own. Page after page is filled with quotations from other writers. It may be that Mr. Murry intended to show Miss Mansfield's deep veneration of Tchekhov and Tolstoi. In this he has succeeded. Her own affinity to the Tchekhov is amusingly expressed on the fly-leaf of her volume of his works :

> 'By all the laws of the M. and P.
> This book is bound to belong to me.
> Besides, I am sure that you agree
> I am the English Anton T——.'

Underneath she adds : 'God forgive me, Tchekhov, for my impertinence !'"

The scrapbook taken as a whole, cannot detract from her fame as an artist, but it will certainly not enhance it. It is difficult to judge her as writer proper. Her gifts were natural and instinctive. She has a strange quality where her work approaches more closely to music or painting than to pure literature. Mr. Middleton Murry writes : 'She saw and wrote in flashes . . .' That *saw* is very significant. While her vision was clear, and she accurately recorded its reflection, she could not fail. If it faded, she floundered and was lost, for all that was creative in her became forced and sterile when it was stimulated by intellect and not by instinct.

She died before she could obtain what she most desired from life, a deeper understanding, and complete freedom in her work. Towards the end she wrote in her journal :

> 'By health I mean the power to live a full, adult, living, breathing life in close contact with what I love—the earth and the wonders thereof—the sea—the sun. All that we mean when we speak of the external world. I want to enter into it, be part of it, to live in it, to learn from it, to lose all that is superficial and acquired in me, and become a conscious, direct human being. I want by understanding myself to understand others . . .'

As a human being, a woman, she knew herself incomplete. She was aware of the occasional false notes, the discords which jarred on her as much as they jar on us. But she knew the cause and something of that barrier which stood between her and absolute freedom. That emotional unbalance which she recognised as her special enemy, and which crept into so much of her work, was certainly the result of intense unhappiness. Nothing she ever described in her most poignant stories can approach that sense of utter desolation and spiritual loneliness which she betrays in her letters and journal. Being primarily an emotional writer she was quite unable to impose on her work any strict intellectual control. She became more and more aware of a lack of maturity, and of a static quality in her development as an artist. She attributed this weakness not to her illness, but to her limitations of character. Once convinced of this, she felt that no doctor could save her, but that she must root it out herself—even at the price of her life. That price she paid.

It would be pointless to speculate on what she might have achieved, had she lived. But it is fairly certain that what she intended to write would have been very different from what she had already written. In a letter to Countess Russell, on December 31st, 1922, she wrote: 'I am tired of my little stories like birds bred in cages . . .' This dissatisfaction with her work had grown through the last years of her life. In the end she felt, that without a complete spiritual rebirth, she would be unable to continue her task as a writer. In her quotations from Cosmic Anatomy one feels her constant search after an inner discipline. This search created in her mind a ruthlessness when dealing with her own faults, a ruthlessness proportionate to the courage in which she faced the grave physical and moral problems from which she was so seldom free. Her disease put barriers of iron around her. But yet, when she speaks of her illness, which she rarely does, it is always with an objective interest. In her harsh analysis of herself she gives no quarter to pity.

What distinguishes the supreme from the merely successful artist is not only his triumphs, but also his great and tragic failures. The bad work of an artist of genius can be so very very bad, while there is something unreal or dubious about the man who has never failed, and who takes such infinite

pains to succeed. There are few critics who are able to judge their contemporaries dispassionately, for the mediocre writer will often show exceptional skill in avoiding detection. The emptiness within is disguised by an artificial originality, genuine emotion is replaced by intellectualism, and facility is so brilliant that it blinds us to flaws and falseness. . . . How successful the deception sometimes is! But Miss Mansfield's artistic integrity never allowed her to compromise. She was great by reason of her best work. Some of the writing contained in *The Scrapbook* is frankly bad. But she was never mediocre.

E. SCOTT-MONTAGU.

Mrs. Miniver, by Jan Struther (Chatto and Windus, 1939, 188 pages, 7*s*. 6*d*.)

'If this war goes on for a long time,' a woman said to me suddenly in a London shop, as people waiting together do speak to each other suddenly now, 'I'm afraid I won't be myself any longer. What with my husband in France and the children evacuated and all this worry, I feel different somehow,' she hesitated, 'I don't feel the things I used to feel. I used to be really excited in the autumn when the leaves on the little tree in our back garden changed colour.' She flushed slightly, afraid that she had said too much, but I think that everyone in the shop knew exactly what she meant. We are all so absorbed by the anxieties of the war, by the pressing problems of every day, that everything which once meant a great deal to us has receded into the background. Unconsciously this woman in the shop was afraid that she might be deprived of the enjoyment of the small things which remain small unless they are made bright by imagination. For if we are not careful we shall indeed lose the ability to enjoy these things. And no matter how victorious we are in the war, we should be left the poorer.

From this point of view *Mrs. Miniver* is a war book, not one of 'those escape from the gloom of the black-out books' recommended in so many publishers' advertisements, but a real antidote to that feeling of dull insensitiveness which is a part of war. Mrs. Miniver's account of the simple everyday events which concern her happy and healthy family, the

intense delight she creates for herself out of occurrences which are in themselves insignificant, seem to heighten the consciousness of the reader. One enjoys everything with her, not vicariously, but actually, in one's own memory, for we have all seen children's little ships floating on the pond at Hampstead Heath or felt the wind blowing against our faces as we approached the river at Westminster. We can all remember the pond at Hampstead Heath as she saw it on a 'clear, clean, nonchalant kind of day, with a billowy south wind. The scene round the pond, as they burst upon it suddenly up the hill, would have made an admirable opening for a ballet—a kind of English *Petrouchka* or *Beau Danube*. The blue pond, the white sails, the children in their Sunday clothes, the strolling grown-ups, the gambolling dogs, the ice-cream men (hatched out prematurely by the unseasonable heat) tinkling slowly round on their box-tricycles—it all had the air of having been rehearsed up to a perfection of spontaneity. . . .'

Though in every chapter Mrs. Miniver makes the reader realise anew the importance and the vitality of little things, the author never preaches. She never uses Mrs. Miniver as a peg from which to dangle her ideas of life. The book is entirely spontaneous, Mrs. Miniver is absolutely real, in her humour, her poise, her human reactions. There is humour in this book in even those passages, like those about the fitting of gas-masks, which are overcast by the shadow of war. And one is sure when one finishes this book that all the Mrs. Minivers in England, no matter to what class of society they may happen to belong, will be equal to any emergency. That is perhaps the author's greatest achievement; she has written a book which is positive, buoyant—and not 'escapist.'

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

Walter Bagehot, by William Irvine (Longmans, Green & Co., 12*s*. 6*d*. net).

Mr. Irvine's study is the first biography of Walter Bagehot, if we except Mrs. Barrington's life printed in the *Collected*

earlier, for Bagehot's great and varied abilities deeply impressed his contemporaries and he would have made his mark in almost any walk of life. Family connections made him a banker. But banking by no means exhausted his energies. He combined a keen intellect with a rich and many-sided experience of affairs, and although he never held any official position he became a real power continuously consulted by Ministers and Heads of Departments. Apart from his business, he found time to edit the *Economist* and to write upon a wide variety of subjects. Yet his main interest was perhaps literature, and it is to the *moments perdus* of his busy life that we owe his *Literary Studies*. Mr. Irvine recognises that his literary theory is the least impressive part of Bagehot's criticism and the space allotted to a consideration of it seems a little out of proportion. It was based upon Aristotle's doctrine of the universal. The highest literature was that which created characters whose qualities were those of the generality of normal people. Unhappily the application of this principle led Bagehot to a certain disparagement of those forms of literature to which his conception of 'pure art' could not be applied. The *Studies*, as Mr. Irvine points out, possess the stimulating qualities of good conversation, and in writing them he doubtless felt less responsibility than in discussing politics and economics. They were a diversion and he allowed himself liberties which he did not take in other fields. For a man as distrustful of theory as he was, he theorises too much, and his passion for opponencies leads him to force his subject-matter into categories into which it will not always fit.

Bagehot's political writings are of greater interest. His *English Constitution* has become a classic. It still remains the best popular treatment of English government, and, it may be added, the most faithful reflection of its author's philosophy. He was deeply distrustful of political theories, holding with Burke that politics are 'a piece of business . . . to be determined by sense and circumstance' and our own constitutional system gave him ample opportunity for developing this theme. Thus he pointed out that the efficient secret of the Constitution did not lie in the separation of the legislative and the executive, as the 'literary' theory of the eighteenth century had proclaimed, but in their nearly complete fusion.

The Cabinet formed the link between the two and if constitutional theory failed to recognise the Cabinet, it was only a further proof of the danger of following constitutional theory too closely, as the Americans had done, to their great disadvantage, when they framed their own constitution on what they took to be the English model. Into this error they would never have fallen had they attended less to conventional dogmas and more to the observed facts of political reality.

It was Bagehot's delight to show that the British Constitution was a mass of fictions by which theory was adapted to practical necessities. Such a development is only possible however in a society which has a strongly traditionalist bias. As he explains in his *Physics and Politics*, the first attempt to apply to politics the methods of psychology, the most essential quality for a people 'is much stupidity.' Every society, under the influence of imitation, must acquire 'a cake of custom' if it is to attain solidity, 'a comprehensive rule binding men together and making them do the same things.' What the rule is does not much matter. If there is to be any progress, the 'spirit of discussion' will ultimately break this 'cake,' though this spirit has manifested itself only at certain times and in certain areas of the world or there would be more progress to-day than is observable. What, however, prevents it from disrupting society, as it would do if allowed to run riot, is that quality of 'stupidity' which he finds pre-eminently in the English people. It was, in fact, Bagehot who first explicitly brought against us the accusation which has now become a commonplace that as a nation we have no care for logic. The charge, indeed, requires examination. If it means that we do not form important judgments by conscious reference to 'first principles' only, we have every reason to be thankful that this is so. Yet a judgment is not the less logical because it takes into account imponderable elements which are not amenable to the processes of formal logic. Bagehot does not perhaps make this quite as clear as he might. None the less, by 'stupidity' he does not mean imperviousness to ideas but that ideas must be checked by their plain practical application, and the quality which he most admires both in life and literature is what he calls 'animated moderation,' in which action is restrained by reflection and reflection by action.

English Dissent, 1763–1800, by Anthony Lincoln (Cambridge University Press, 1938, 8s. 6d. net).

Mr. Lincoln's able and well-written essay is an appreciation of the Dissenting 'interest' during the second half of the eighteenth century. The expression 'interest' is used advisedly, for the Dissenters never narrowed into a party nor had they, as Priestley continually insisted, any political principles *qua* Dissenters. It may be, as Mr. Lincoln suggests, that they differed too widely on theological questions to be united on a political programme, and such uniformity as they achieved may be attributed to the fact that their history was very much the same and that they laboured under the same religious and civil disabilities. Dissent thus bred a certain general attitude to political questions which was shared by men whose principles were as different as were Priestley's from Price's. The demand for liberty of conscience had come in fact to imply a good deal more than the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. It expressed the natural right of freedom of enquiry, the right to pursue knowledge wherever it might lead and freely to discuss its conclusions. Certainly the ability of the Nonconformist leaders made their 'interest' a formidable body. They controlled the best-edited journals. Their 'Academies' gave the most liberal education in the country, as was recognised by the many members of the Church of England who sent their sons to them. In politics they delighted to call themselves disciples of Locke, and only differed from his disciples in the Establishment in their refusal to accept the settlement of 1688 as the final word in political wisdom. The American Revolution first brought them into open opposition against the Government, for their sympathies were naturally enough with the colonists who were 'nonconformists' like themselves. It was natural, too, that they should have hailed the French Revolution with an enthusiasm which raised about their ears a furious commotion and postponed for many years the long overdue repeal of the Penal Laws; though it is worth recording as an illustration of the independence of the 'interest' that the Calvinistic Dissenters had consistently opposed the repeal of these measures, preferring to endure their application rather than assist in the emancipation of their anti-trinitarian brethren. If we sometimes detect in the political theory of

the leaders a doctrinaire tendency, we must remember that they were excluded from those public offices in which experience is best gained, while the optimism with which they proclaimed belief in their often too simple diagnoses of the evils of the world may be held to their credit when we consider the social and political conditions of England under the Enlightenment.

Prophet of the Mass Age—A Study of Alexis de Tocqueville, by J. P. Mayer (J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 8*s*. 6*d*. net).

Mr. Mayer is to be congratulated on this excellent study of de Tocqueville, a writer who has been unduly neglected and whose importance seems to have been better appreciated by the Germans than by his own countrymen. He was born under the shadow of the French Revolution, which nearly cost both his parents their lives. To analyse the new principles which were everywhere spreading became his ruling interest, and his work on the American Constitution was undertaken to gain comprehension of the institutions and philosophy of democracy and to show 'that it may be reconciled with respect for property, deference to rights, security of freedom and reverence for religion.' His method followed, and improved upon, that of Montesquieu. His analytical intelligence led him to hold that:

> Political societies are not the product of their laws, but are governed from the first by the feelings, modes of belief, ideas and habits of heart and mind of the people who live in them, and who in their turn are formed by nature and education.

De Tocqueville was not, however, primarily concerned to describe institutions. His real interest was in the dialectic of revolution, and here the French Revolution provided what was, for him, the central problem. For the French Revolution had given men equality without giving them freedom. 'They had sought to be free in order to make themselves equal, but in proportion as equality was established, freedom itself was thereby rendered more difficult of attainment.' Equality without freedom was as untenable as freedom without equality. Yet how were the two to be co-ordinated? The French Revolution had led directly to the autocracy of

Napoleon, while even the Americans might ultimately fare no better, for, as it seemed to him, the danger of democratic institutions in that country lay not in their weakness but in their overwhelming power.

What then de Tocqueville most feared was that under democracy, with its over-insistence upon equality, liberty might be destroyed. Before his eyes there arose the vision of a society of men all equal and alike, and all working to satisfy material demands, which were for ever increasing, and above them an absolutist state 'which provides for their security, foresees and supplies their needs, directs their industry . . . and spares them all the care of thinking and the trouble of living.' He was the first to see the danger, upon which Mr. Christopher Dawson has insisted, that democracy may come to use the technique of the 'totalitarian' state. It was the fear of this, reinforced by his knowledge of the *ancien régime*, which made him an opponent of undue centralisation. He records a conversation with an Englishman upon this matter.

England [he reports the Englishman as saying] is the land of decentralization. We have a central government, but not a central administration. Each county, each borough, each district looks after its own interests. Industry is left to itself. . . . It is not in the nature of things that a central government should be able to supervise the wants of a great nation. Decentralization is the chief cause of England's material prosperity.

It is a tribute to this country that de Tocqueville found in our constitution the norm of his ideal state. Yet his thesis may well be pondered by those who hold that the identity of liberty and democracy is a self-evident truth.

R. N. Carew Hunt.

The Collected Verse of Thomas Thornely (Heffer, 6s.).

University verse is one of the byways of poetry which is, of all, the least explored, particularly by the very young, and therefore in spite of themselves very professional, poets. Yet it should be, strictly speaking and by their own proclaimed definition, the only really satisfying poetry, since it is

written by men whose major business is clearly other than poetry. The poets do not, of course, mean that, and they would resent that conclusion. They would probably say that University verse, for all its accomplishment, is in its very nature bad poetry. What happens then when an intellectual man, breathing the peculiar atmosphere of Cambridge, occupies himself with this diversion of verse-making?

Mr. Thornely has, in his own person, a delicate though mannered lyrical gift. There are poems here, poems such as *The Sedge and the Willow*, *Winter in the Lap of May* and *The Owl*, which 'sing,' and which have just that irony, either in the turn of phrase or in the technical handling of the rhythm, which is possibly an even more important element in the creation of a genuine lyric. They are mannered, too, because, as with most of these 'verses,' the backbone of thought, the rough plan of development with its headings and so on, is always there, checking spontaneity. Great poets besides Coleridge have worked from the prose sketch. The problem is rather *how* they did it. Coleridge occasionally left his prose sketches because for him the transmutation was so much more exhausting than it was for other poets. But the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which saw an increasing tendency simply to tack poetical phrasing on to the direct statement, offer us an explanation of the distinctly 'classical,' even Horatian, effect given by most of Mr. Thornely's work

'Poems or Metrical Exercises' the dust cover wisely says. The presence of such a phrase as 'Far from the flaming fervour of the West' amply justifies this second description. It is not therefore surprising that, apart from the rare lyrical impulse, some rather over-careful descriptive pieces, mostly East-Anglian in subject, which derive from the same models as Mr. Blunden's poetry, but lack his childlike unexpectedness, and a few domestic incidents rhymed in the manner of Cowper or Gray, this book consists mainly of versified opinion.

The poetry of opinion had in Dryden its master. But Dryden possessed, what hosts of lesser rivals have lacked, an imaginative approach to his opinion. He conceived it passionately and in terms of imagery. The opinions of Mr. Thornely have their value in revealing the reactions of the 'donnish' mind to an all-but-contemporary world. Our

gathers that he sees the intellectual landscape somewhat as the late William Watson saw it. In his fling at the *Ultra-Modernist Poet* he is fairer than his predecessor, but the successful epigram eludes him more frequently. One wonders vaguely what was meant to be the point of *Cubism* or *A Parallel*. There is neatness in *Liberty*, poetry in *Silver Eyebrows are the Latest Novelty*, but surely 'Nature does all, they say, but—is it so?' has claims to be recorded as the most bathetic last line in literature.

To the concoction of the limerick, philosophical, observational, bookish, argumentative or satirical—in short the Cambridge limerick—Mr Thornely brings his best skill. Swinburnian alliteration, first exercised in the ode to *The Amoeba*, and a Pope-like mockery of echoing vowels, must have made those printed here a joy to many a Common Room, in spite of their occasional thinness.

The Collected Verse of Thomas Thornely is, in fact, a volume of varied content, pleasant and readable for anyone who is not perpetually demanding the illuminating word and the living phrase. It moves too much in the margin of modern thought and the modern consciousness for most of us, and it echoes too many past masters. But it has its charm. The late Mr. Locker-Lampson would probably have classified much of it as 'light verse.' Mr. Auden almost certainly would not.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS

WORLD OPINION

A Press Survey

Germany

The fact that German Press propaganda is almost exclusively directed against Great Britain is common knowledge. It cannot be said that this propaganda has increased in violence—simply because such an increase is no longer possible. Every conceivable term of abuse the German language is capable of producing is being used in condemnation of Britain and the British. Vituperative adjectives are spent without restraint. Unfortunately for the Nazi leader-writers the German language has but a poor stock of really scathing adjectives, so that the few 'good ones' have to be used over and over again.

But the tone of the German Press has, in one respect, undergone a most significant change. The new theme-song is 'Socialism *versus* Capitalism.' It is no exaggeration to say, that the leading articles, the choice of items, and the general make-up of the Nazi newspapers are to-day more akin to the Soviet Press than to anything else. It is far more than a merely temporary emphasis—(for obvious reasons of war propaganda)—on social problems. Even papers like the *Berliner Börsen Zeitung* and the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* contain long articles whose style and contents are a cross between good old Prussian Kasernenhofton and the familiar jargon of communist penny pamphlets.

The 'Socialism' propaganda has of late risen to such prominence that other pet subjects—as for instance: Britain's designs on neutral countries—have been pushed into the background.

The impression of a general bolshevisation of the Nazi Press is made even stronger through frequent (almost daily) quotations from Russian newspapers which appear in heavy print on the front pages.

Völkischer Beobachter (November 20th) writes: 'German Socialism will force British capitalism to capitulate! Many new social improvements have been put into practice in spite of the war. . . . The war forced upon Germany by Great Britain has lasted ten weeks. What is the balance, and what are the prospects for the future? Our aim is Victory, Victory, and once more Victory, the final destruction of England's power, and its financial domination of all other nations of the world. Socialism against Capitalism! That is our war cry.'

Der Angriff (November 21st) contains another typical example of the new propaganda for 'German Socialism.' It says: 'Germany has never before been in such a good position, and Britain has never been in such a tight corner. . . . For many years we have worked extremely hard until we made it impossible to be defeated at the home front. During the last war, the German people had to suffer so much under Britain's blockade, that it used all its energies now with the result that Germany has been made blockade-proof. . . . While in the camp of our enemies rising prices and rising wages are apt to disorganise the entire economic system, our own disciplined German economy avoided all that through the simple introduction of the 'Lohn-Stop' (Decree forbidding the rise of wages.—Ed.). Despite the war, very essential new improvements could be introduced. Indeed, the home front has had to make but small sacrifices and it is of course the duty of every toiler to do his utmost to enable us all to reach our aim: the defeat of England, and thereby the absolute guarantee for Germany's Lebensraum.'

Berliner Börsen Zeitung (November 29th) contains a leading article which sums up the reaction of the entire German Press to Mr. Chamberlain's declaration of war aims in the House of Commons. It says: 'Yesterday Mr. Chamberlain made a speech in the House of Commons which can only be explained by the utter confusion that has followed the heavy blows dealt out by Germany. He made an attempt at convincing the neutrals that Britain's reprisals against Germany's export trade would, in the end, also help neutral countries. Obviously, he wished to imply his hope for Britain's final victory. We doubt that—after the events of the past eight days—the prophecy of Britain's final victory will convince anybody in neutral countries. Secondly, it

seems doubtful to us that—after the experiences of the past centuries—neutrals feel inclined to be over-enthusiastic about the prospect of a further strengthening of British imperialism. . . . Sooner or later the gentlemen in London will be forced to descend from the lofty heights of their arrogance with which they (they of all people!) now pretend to plan a new and better world.'

The following brief analysis of six important German newspapers will speak for itself. The Russian invasion of Finland began on November 30th.

Berliner Börsen Zeitung (December 1st) publishes, on its front page, a small notice headed: 'The Russo-Finnish Crisis,' summarising an article from *Izvestia*. It says: 'On November 26th Soviet Russian troops became the victims of a bandit raid from Finland. The Finnish Government had rejected the just demands of the Soviet Government. . . . In thousands of meetings the Soviet people demonstrated that their patience was at an end.'

One quarter of the same page is taken up by a leading article entitled: 'Asia makes its appearance.' It describes 'India's struggle against British imperialism,' and contains the following passage: 'The leaders of the Indian Congress movement threaten England with the alternative either to recognise a free, independent India or else to face a catastrophic rebellion . . .'

Westfälische Landes Zeitung (December 1st) says: 'In view of the provocative threat by the Finnish army to invade Soviet Russian territory, the High Command of the Red Army issued an order, on November 30th, to the Red Forces to advance over the Finnish border.'

The whole of the front page, however, is headed: 'Britain's betrayal of India!—Ghandi threatens immediate action.'

Der Angriff (December 1st) carries a headline in heavy print saying: 'Stalin declares: Havas lies.' It consists, mainly, of quotations from the *Pravda* saying that 'Germany did not attack Britain and France, but France and Britain made war against Germany.' On p. 2 *Der Angriff* quotes the official communiqué on Finland issued by the Soviet Press agency *Tass*.

Völkischer Beobachter (December 1st) has on its front page

a small paragraph repeating, without comment, the Moscow version of the Russo-Finnish conflict.

Half of the centre page is filled by a long article on India entitled: 'India's growing resistance against British oppression.'

National Zeitung (Essen) (December 1st) merely prints the official *Tass* communiqué on Finland. The remaining space on the front page is taken up by three columns on India under the headline: 'India takes up the struggle.'

Frankfurter Zeitung (December 2nd) makes no exception from the rule.

A fifty-line paragraph is headed: 'Fighting in Finland' and contains the Moscow communiqué. It is followed by a long two-column article entitled: 'India waits in vain.'

Germany's political and economic co-operation with Soviet Russia is frequently the subject of leading articles. In the first weeks following the German-Russia Agreement the Nazi Press seemed content to emphasise the importance of Russian economic help. Recently, the 'harmony of views' has come more into the foreground.

Pommersche Zeitung (December 4th) devotes a leading article to a survey of the first three months of war. It writes:

'We have no illusions. Aware of our strength we need not belittle the strength of the enemy, nor his will to surmount resistance in his own country, which opposes the attempt to destroy the German people. England had always tried to use other nations, and if necessary to send them to their death. France is her chief milk cow and the dictatorship of Daladier takes precautions that have not been rivalled in history. Great Britain sacrifices countries and independences, and breaks her pledged word, if it happens to suit her stupid wishes for power. London was ready, after war had broken out, to give at least the eastern parts of "guaranteed" Poland to Russia, if Moscow would have let itself be caught by the democracies at that stage. London was just as ready to sacrifice the Baltic States, and it would have been satisfied if Finland had been taken into possession of Moscow as the price of Soviet Russian support. . . . Such an action is not only in conformity with British tradition—England obtained her strategical bases all over the world at a cost of freedom and independence of other nations. . . . London tried to link up

Soviet Russia with the anti-German front. It is not necessary to go into the individual chapters of democratic wooing of the Kremlin. The plan was by no means secret. It was celebrated in Parliamentary debates and in the French Chamber. It was said that only with the help of Soviet Russia could the guarantees given to Poland and other States be fulfilled. Soviet Russia was to make war on Germany and, to do so, Russia would naturally have to march through the countries with whom it has now made agreements—agreements which strengthen the strategic position of the Soviet Union in the Baltic but which also contain trade and friendship treaties. . . . But Moscow did not join the game of the Western Powers. It recognised that Russia would lose her blood for the democracies. Moscow made a treaty with Germany and in the ensuing period she strengthened her position. The Kremlin knows well enough what the plans of power-hungry Britain are: After a defeat of Germany, England would settle down in the Baltic and prepare for a clash with Soviet Russia, which would be the next obstacle to British world domination. . . . In the past few days there have been hostilities in Finland, exploited by England, and particularly by several neutral States against Germany—yes, Germany. As if we had betrayed Finland! It is therefore necessary to take up a position with regard to these matters. . . . Finland came more and more under British influence, as the Russians declared repeatedly during the past year. She became a danger as a possible base for the Western democracies. We only have to look at the map to recognise that the south-east frontier of Finland is within jumping distance of Leningrad. The aims of Moscow were to reach a peaceful settlement with Finland, a solution acceptable to both sides and allowing for changes in the possible frontier opposite Leningrad. A few naval bases on several islands were to go to Russia and a similar concession of territory would be made to Finland further north. . . . England agitated unceasingly against this solution which lay in the interest of both peoples. The Swedish Foreign Minister, Sandler, who cuts no good figure in international affairs and who has been a tool of British policy for many a year, contributed his share. He did everything to drive Finland into the arms of the democracies, just as he played an unfortunate rôle in the Danzig problem and

agitated against Italy during the Abyssinian crisis. We have already said what England is prepared to do for her own interests. If they were not affected, we would hear nothing of the independence of Poland, nor of any other people, just as we do not hear of the independence of India. Where the interest of England is concerned the English feel suddenly a wild thumping of the heart for the cause of freedom. Thus she is trying to hide her real *Machtpolitik*. . . . The German people know what is at stake. They do not allow themselves to be led astray by any sentimentality but follow their own interests which they are defending against Great Britain. The attempts to reach a settlement in Eastern Europe were wrecked by Britain, which has tried for years to incite South-Eastern European countries against Germany. Germany knows full well how hard this war is going to be. Her victory will mean the end of British domination. Several bastions have fallen already—the Czechoslovakia of Benes and the Poland of Beck. If London sheds tears for Finland it only does so because it fears that it is losing one of its bases. Otherwise the destiny of any people is quite immaterial to London. It let the Poles bleed to death after promising help to Warsaw. Great Britain will leave the Finns in the lurch in exactly the same manner. But she would like to score a success by making the world believe that Finland is the victim of Germany. In actual fact the Eastern parts of Europe have been freed from an unfortunate influence of Great Britain. Moscow intervenes against the Western democracies. . . . The German people know how serious this hour is. They will not barter away their right to live against a so-called "freedom" hypocritically vaunted by Great Britain. We are waging this war with determination and hardness. We do not abandon our aim for one moment: the destruction of British domination.'

SWITZERLAND

Basler Nachrichten (November 21st) writes in a leading article: 'The entire British Empire is on the march. Year after year the Nazi Press declared the British Empire incapable of any lengthy resistance. Berlin must have been the more surprised when not only the Dominions came into line as by a word of command, but when even States like Egypt, Irak

and Palestine declared themselves for Britain. These States are not even members of the Empire. In the case of Palestine the common sympathy for Britain proved stronger than differences between Jews and Arabs. Indian troops have already crossed the seas. Britain and the Dominions are making an enormous effort not only to ward off the danger but to turn the scales by securing the command of the air. . . .'

Tribune de Genève (November 27th) comments on Britain's measures of economic warfare, and states: 'British reprisals are preventing Germany from buying overseas. But they also affect the neutral who are still doing business with the Reich—although the Germans are sinking their ships. Germany is to-day virtually cut off from American, Asiatic, and Mediterranean markets and not in a position to procure foreign exchange for payment of purchases from European neutrals, who are not likely to sacrifice their own trade with the Allies for the purpose of aiding Germany.'

Journal de Genève (November 27th) writes: 'It is true, the neutrals are in a disagreeable position. However, Great Britain's export reprisals are being tolerated because, without them, the respector of international law would be in a position of inferiority compared with the breaker of law. . . .'

Basler Nachrichten (November 29th) says: 'From a false conception of neutrality, Germany is making exaggerated demands on the neutrals. An intensification of economic warfare by export control against Germany is certainly not a breach of international law. The Reich has not the slightest claim to be allowed to carry on her export trade under a foreign flag. Therefore it has no right to tell the neutrals how they should defend their rights.'

Gazette de Lausanne (December 1st) comments on the Russian invasion of Finland, and says: 'The Russian act of aggression is purest brigandage. In Switzerland perhaps more than elsewhere, this act has provoked the deepest indignation. . . . Our ardent sympathies are with the heroic martyr Finland which is morally infinitely greater than her colossal aggressor.'

Gazette de Lausanne (December 7th) added the following remarks: 'It is believed that Russia and Germany do not merely contemplate dividing the North but also the entire Danube and Balkan region. This is a monstrous plan—

totally opposed to the modern European spirit and national sentiment. It is, indeed, without parallel in history.'

Berner Tagwacht (December 12th) writes: 'Germany is finding it hard to become reconciled to a Russian thrust into Rumania or the Black Sea coast. Either would be a serious blow to Germany's imperialistic plans in South-Eastern Europe, and would certainly affect the possibilities of Germany's war supplies most unfavourably.'

Sweden

Göteborg Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning (November 22nd) contains a remark which is typical of the outlook of Sweden to-day. It reads: 'It can be said that civilisation has been broken by a single man. Many helped him to reach his present position, and all who put up with him must bear the blame for the condition of the world. What has happened is a sign of weakness of our entire civilisation.'

Nya Dagligt Allehanda (November 23rd) comments on Nazi Germany's claim to fight Capitalism, and writes: 'At present, we can only note the fact that the anti-Capitalist watchwords are designed to create a camouflage of Nazi ideologies — since the old anti-Comintern line is bankrupt and shattered. . . .'

Ny Tid (November 25th) refers to German mine-laying activity and writes: 'There cannot be the slightest doubt that German mines sank by far the largest part of neutral shipping last week. The Germans themselves do no longer maintain that the *Simon Bolivar* was sunk by an English mine. In spite of everything it remains highly problematical whether Germany can, in this way, hope to paralyse British shipping.'

Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning (November 27th) adds: 'The extension of German mine-laying in the region of the Oresund is so far the unfriendliest act against this country by a belligerent nation. It will for a long time affect the relationship between our countries. Its purpose is, of course, the control of sea communications between Sweden and Finland.'

Göteborgs Morgenpost (December 8th) comments on the Russo-Finnish war: 'Such action as Russia's against Finland is unknown in history. Russia's speculation that Germany, England, France and Italy should hold hands is a mistake.

. . . The worst that might happen to Moscow is a European coalition against Communism which unofficially becomes fact at the same moment that English and Italian 'planes are fighting together in Finland. . . .'

NORWAY

Tidens Tegn (November 24th) writes in a leading article: 'That in the future, without any sort of previous warning, the Germans are to lay mines wherever it suits them is a threat to our shipping to which we cannot submit without action. When the Germans point to England's convoy system and the arming of merchant ships, we can only reply that this has nothing whatever to do with Norwegian shipping. . . . Nevertheless, we are to suffer by the reprisals of a mine warfare. . . .'

Norges Handels og Sjøfarts Tidende (November 29th) writes: 'The Germans' conspicuous lack of friendliness towards Sweden and Norway has taken a new turn in the extension of the Falsterbo minefields inside Sweden's four-mile limit. . . . In addition, the German-Russian understanding has of course created a chilly feeling towards Germany in all Northern countries. The disappointment is not the weakest in Finland and Sweden. It would be wrong to believe that Swedish exports can be stopped at Falsterbo. They may be rendered difficult—but they will not be brought to a standstill. . . .'

Aftenposten (December 1st) writes on the Russian invasion into Finland: 'Telegrams from all countries show the strength of sympathy for the Finnish people and their struggle. Even Germany is anxiously watching the outcome of the dispute, and the German man-in-the-street feels a traditional sympathy for Finland. Norway's position is that war has been brought right to our very frontier in the North. The brutal war in all its earnestness has come nearer to us than ever before. Let us with cool decision and firmness face what developments will bring and what the situation may demand of us. . . .'

Arbeiderbladet (December 4th) contains the following comment: 'Germany remains a passive spectator of all these events. Indeed, it is asserted in Berlin that the Russians have a just claim to recover what they lost in the Great War. Such pronouncements show that the demand for national

self-determination which Berlin has been so fond of using is a mere mockery. Germany's present attitude raises once again the question as to how far the German-Russian co-operation is likely to remain solid. The stronger the strategic position of the Soviet becomes the more difficult is it for Germany to resist. It is therefore quite probable that there exists a plan to establish on the European continent a Russo-German domination.'

Morgenposten (December 11th) says: 'It is most significant that the German newspapers do not mention the Soviet Union's attack on Finland and Finland's application to the League as the cause of the League's meeting in Geneva. From the German Press one would get the impression that the League is, without any reason at all, taking steps directed against Germany and the Soviet Union.'

DENMARK

Social-Demokraten (December 2nd) comments: 'The Nazis have learned a good deal from Communism. Their methods are to-day identical down to the smallest detail. Just as Germany's occupation or conquest of Austria, Czecho-slovakia, and Poland can never be legitimate according to normal human views, Russian action against Finland is nothing but a violation of the weaker by the stronger. . . .'

Politiken (December 2nd) writes: 'If the Nazis really support and believe in the theory of the superiority of the Germanic races, the Moscow Pact is a fresh error. Certain German quarters may have thought the Pact would act as a deterrent to war; if so, then that was another mistake. In fact, the present war gives Russia a chance of promoting her world revolutionary aims.'

Social-Demokraten (December 7th) publishes a leading article commenting in an embittered tone on Germany's support of the Soviet invasion of Finland. It says: 'Great military powers can of course easily subdue smaller nations, force the people into silence, and gag the Press. They can make war and slaughter thousands. They can do anything—but they will never have the right on their side.'

National Tidende (December 10th) says: 'The reason why the Danish people did not welcome the rise and victory of Nazism in Germany is not because it happens to be foreign.

Many German ideas have in the past come over from that country to our shores: Lutheranism, Romanticism, Socialism. But Nazism does not suit us. Before our wondering eyes this new gospel spread all over Germany. In Danish soil it finds no nourishment.'

National Tidende (December 12th) comments on the meeting of the League in a way which shows more clearly than anything else the fears of the small neutral countries. It reads: 'When Germany, who is herself not a member of the League, so identifies herself with Russia in connection with the Finnish war as to hurl insults at all participants of the Geneva meeting, it is easy to see the difficulties of the two smaller neighbours of these great powers whenever it comes to voting on the motion of excluding Soviet Russia from the League.'

Belgium

Vingtième Siècle (November 27th) comments on the decision of the British Government for reprisals against German export trade. Its comment (and the tone of resignation in which it is made) are typical of the Press reaction in Belgium and Holland. It reads: 'Neither Belgium nor Holland can hope to escape the consequences of their geographical position. It would be foolish to think that Britain would sooner lose the war than cause temporary damage to Rotterdam and Antwerp. The real question is whether Britain's defeat could possibly be desirable for Holland and Belgium. It is as well to face facts: if an invasion of Holland gave Germany a substantial chance of victory the respect for neutrality would hardly stop her.'

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

1877 1940

FEBRUARY

[illegible]

BERNARD SHAW

[illegible]

JAMES BRIDIE

[illegible]

HAROLD NICOLSON

[illegible]

LEONARD Q. ROSS

[illegible]

HECTOR C. BYWATER

[illegible]

IRWIN EDMAN

[illegible]

F. A. VOIGT

[illegible]

WICKHAM STEED

[illegible]

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY *AND AFTER*

No. DCCLVI—February 1940

THE SITUATION

The Allies are still waiting for Germany to pass from the defensive to the offensive. She has been compared with a besieged fortress that can be reduced by shortage and, when the shortage has weakened her sufficiently and the investing forces are strong enough, by assault. Meanwhile they wait for her garrison to make sorties against Sweden or the Low Countries, or Rumania, sorties of such a formidable kind that they make the Germans seem like the besiegers and the Allies the besieged. The initiative, in any case, remains with the Germans.

Let us consider the war in terms of military operations in western Europe, for it is in those terms that the Allies prefer to think, though a reluctant concern for northern Europe is being forced upon them by the Finnish war.

In the air the Allies have shown a certain qualitative superiority, but the Germans still have an immense numerical superiority that would make an Allied aerial offensive very hazardous. In any case, the decisive character of the air-arm is questionable even when the enemy has an inferior air force, provided he is not hopelessly outclassed as the Poles were. But the moral effect of aerial attack may be considerable, even if it cannot be decisive. This effect varies from country to

country, but all who know the German mind and character will agree that whereas Allied air raids on German cities (even if confined to military targets) would have weakened German moral resistance, German raids on British cities would have hardened the British people against everything short of decisive victory.

Impregnability is a relative term, but it may be that the Westwall (Siegfried Line) is impregnable to direct assault by Allied forces. The German North Sea coast is made invulnerable by fortified islands, long and winding estuaries, and shallows. The configuration of the Baltic coast is less favourable to the defence, but the Baltic Sea can only be reached through narrows that can be made impassable. Germany may well appear just as invincible a year hence as she appears now if the war is considered *only* in terms of economic pressure and of military operations in the West. The German shortage of food and raw material shows little promise of becoming decisive for a long time to come. It is not even certain that it will *ever* be decisive. Rationing is severe, though endurable, in Germany (no German goes hungry to-day), because she has to reckon with a long war. She does not seem to fear a long one. There is no sign that German rationing will grow appreciably severer for many months to come if she continues to draw supplies from territories that extend to the Arctic Ocean and to the Black and Ægean Seas. It may even be that if she refrains from major military operations and so economises in petrol and other material essential to the conduct of war and only obtainable from overseas, she will be able to establish an adequate, even if frugal, all-round permanent economy on that comprehensive territorial basis, especially if she can carry out at least a partial reorganisation of Russian industry and draws on the Russian output (and there will always be a certain leakage through neutral countries). She certainly has to restrict her consumption of petrol severely, though expert opinion differs as to the amount she has been able to store. It may be that she could not maintain an intense general aerial offensive for very long. It is therefore in the interest of the Allies that *they* should intensify aerial warfare if only to impose a maximum consumption of petrol on Germany. She obtains most of her iron ore from northern Scandinavia—

this, as well as the strategic importance of the Norwegian coast, make it impossible for the Allies to ignore events in northern Europe.

The defeat of Germany cannot be brought about by revolution. Revolution may help to make defeat irretrievable, as it did in 1918, but it is the consequence, not the cause, of defeat itself. Defeat can only be brought about by victory on land, on the sea, and in the air, this time, as last time. Psychological warfare, including propaganda, can only be effective as an *accessory* to the operations of the armed forces and to the 'blockade.' So far, Allied propaganda has been most unpromising because it is unrelated to these operations. The German people were profoundly apprehensive when they went to war with Poland lest they should find themselves at war with the Western Powers also, especially with Great Britain. It is true that the Allies were unable to give the Poles direct effective help. They fulfilled their obligations under the Polish Treaty by going to war with Germany, but they refrained from extensive aerial attack and so convinced the German people that the Allies were not seriously at war. This conviction was all the stronger because the Germans had felt the transition from peace to war hardly at all, seeing that they had lived under warlike atmosphere and a war economy for years, whereas the Allies had passed abruptly from one to the other. This conviction was further strengthened by British propaganda which explained that the Allies were not fighting the 'German people.' The 'German people,' therefore, had little to fear. As for the 'Hitlerism' which the Allies were resolved to overthrow, its prestige was raised considerably. It had not only made itself master of Czechoslovakia and Poland, but was keeping the Allied forces at such a distance that they were unable to engage in anything more than a fictitious war. Hitler, in fact, had 'got away with it'—as usual. And as for the 'democracy' for which the Allies professed to be fighting, it is an abstraction that has little, if any, meaning east of the Rhine (and perhaps not overmuch west of it). Besides, if, contrary to German expectation, the Allies are victorious in the field, that slight change of Government known as 'the overthrow of Hitlerism' can be accomplished without much difficulty—indeed, it will, in the event of defeat, come by itself (Hitler's régime

could stand the collapse of its prestige under defeat even less than the *régime* of the Hohenzollerns could stand it in 1918). The change would, if anything, be welcome to the 'German people,' while the 'just peace' promised by the Allies, and the various Utopian war aims proposed by Mr. Attlee and others, make it a matter of relative unimportance even if Germany does lose the war, seeing that she can count on winning the peace.

The war is felt *less* by ordinary people in Germany than in France and England. Life in Germany goes on much as it did before—rationing and other restrictions are nothing new. Only the black-out is new, and it is mainly over the black-out that there is grumbling in Germany. In this country the war has transformed everyday life even if the sacrifice in material comfort is still a very small one. For the Germans the war is but the prolongation of a state that, although abnormal, had begun to seem normal years ago, a prolongation which has, in German eyes, been brought about not by Hitler but by the British plutocracy which used the Polish campaign as an occasion to stir up general warfare against its most dreaded political and commercial rival, Germany, in the confident hope that this rival would be destroyed by the effort and sacrifices of countries other than Great Britain, of France above all. That this view is a mistaken one is beside the point. The point is that British propaganda has, on the whole, helped to strengthen rather than weaken the spirit of resistance in Germany (German propaganda can have had little effect in England so far—it has almost certainly had more in France—but it is, nevertheless, much more skilful than British propaganda in Germany, as comparisons between the broadcasts in English from German stations and the broadcasts in German from the B.B.C. show very plainly).

The psychological situation is of greater importance in Germany than in other countries. This was evident in the last war. The Germans lived on official optimism which was made easy by their prodigious victories in the field. They live on a kind of subdued optimism now. If they are pessimistic it is because they see no end to restrictions and discomfort and not because they anticipate a disastrous defeat. The Germans welcome victories with an exuberance that

draws heavily on their nervous capital, while reverses fill them with a despondency that exacts as heavy a wastage of that same capital. The English tend to take victories for granted and are not particularly surprised if their generals suffer defeat. They tend to repudiate official optimism—the Germans demand it. The lies told by Hitler, Goebbels and Goering are not mere impositions; they are, very largely, a response to the public craving for hope. That craving could, perhaps, be stilled by lies less impudent, but those told by Hitler and Goering, more than by the other German leaders, have a certain popular appeal. Goebbels is not so competent a liar. His words are not believed as Hitler's and Goering's words are believed, although he is not any more mendacious. Hitler is believed because his demagogic cunning is enormous and because even if what he says at the moment may be untrue, or seem to be untrue, events will prove it true (that Hitler is 'always right' and that he 'always gets away with it' is a very common assumption, even amongst those Germans who dislike him).

About the fighting qualities of the Germans there can be no doubt. Their strength lies in their physical courage. Their ultimate weakness in their lack of moral courage. There is no reason to believe that German prowess has deteriorated and that the spirit of the German army in the present war is at all inferior to the spirit of the German Imperial army in the last war. There are millions of youthful Germans to-day who would gladly die for Hitler. Nevertheless, the Germans take reverses badly—not in the field, but at home, whereas the English can stand defeat on defeat, at home as well as in the field. What they do not stand as well as the Germans is boredom and inactivity, so that an eventless war is more likely to have a demoralising effect in England than in Germany. The working of even the best propaganda is slow and Allied propaganda could not have achieved much in four months of war. But it could have deepened the forebodings that gnawed at so many German hearts, it could have conveyed the sense that the initiative would not always remain in Hitler's hands, and that the supposedly all-powerful German air force was not all-powerful, that the war might be a long one, but that the longer it is the more calamitous it will be for the Germans. English

propaganda in Germany is too much like the talk of nice people to nice people who wish one another no ill. It may well be that the broadcasts in German from the B.B.C. are *liked* by many German listeners—what is wrong with them is that they are not *disliked* sufficiently. What is lacking in English propaganda, and is essential if it is to have any effect in Germany, is the *menacing* tone or undertone. It also lacks what is so conspicuously present in German propaganda, namely, cunning ('Lord Haw-Haw' is much more cunning than his many English listeners appear to imagine).

The view that the deadlock in the West is permanent and that the war can only be won by economic pressure, by propaganda, and perhaps by an aerial offensive which could hardly be undertaken before the end of next year, has engendered a good deal of pessimism with regard to the ultimate outcome (a pessimism found side by side with an equally unjustified optimism based on the belief that 'Hitler is cornered' and that the war will 'fizzle out'). So high an authority as Captain Liddell Hart—who is a patriot as well as an expert—has proposed (in the *Sunday Express* of December 10th) that the Allies should declare that they are 'renouncing military assault as a means of curing aggression.' If we understand him correctly, Captain Liddell Hart is of opinion that the deadlock in the West leaves the Allies with no alternative to a negotiated peace.

We do not share this view. We are convinced that the Allies can win the war—and win it decisively. Indeed, we venture to assert that if the Allies make a military and industrial effort comparable with the one made by the Germans and if they show but half the initiative Hitler has shown, they cannot conceivably fail to win the war—and win it in less than half the time it took them to win the last war.

A victory that is not decisive will not be a victory—or will not remain one. A negotiated peace, or a peace based on compromise, will not remain a peace and will become a German victory. To win the war it is not enough to 'overthrow Hitlerism.' The war cannot be won unless Germany's armed might is destroyed. If Germany sues for peace, she will do so on condition that her armed might be preserved—indeed, it will be her Officer Corps that will sue for peace so as to save itself because of its conviction that the Officer Corps

is Germany. If that condition is conceded by the Allies then their victory will be in vain. 'Hitlerism' without the army is nothing. But the army without 'Hitlerism' will be more dangerous than 'Hitlerism' without the army. If the peace is to be won as well as the war, if the Allies are not to lose by negotiation what they have achieved on land, on the sea, and in the air, and by economic pressure, then the terms of peace must be *dictated*. And the terms must be such that Germany's armed might remain broken for ever, so—and only so—giving the Allies permanent security and liberating the nations of Europe (the Germans included) from the menace of conquest, spoliation and oppression.

Anything less than this may bring peace, but peace will then be no more than a truce which Germany will use to prepare for the Third World War. And that war she will win, for neither France nor Great Britain will again, within a period of only a few years, go through the whole process of industrial and military mobilisation and once more make the effort and sacrifice they are now making. The Germans, however, will.

If the Allies win the war, the future historian may hold that Russia helped to win it. The German-Russian coalition may turn out to have been Hitler's greatest mistake—provided the Allies exploit the many opportunities it will offer. The skill and valour of the Finns have stirred the civilised world and have given new courage to many a threatened nation. But the Finns have done more than set an example. Had they failed, the Russians would have been at Narvik in the northern Atlantic by now and the German-Russian coalition would have been master of northern Europe. It would then have prepared to strike at Allied maritime communications from the north-east. The Finnish war has not only awakened the Allies to that danger, it holds out the prospect that the Allies and not the German-Russian coalition will be established in northern Europe and deny Germany access to the northern Atlantic, threaten to cut off her supplies of Swedish iron ore, and harass her Baltic communications (the importance of Swedish ore to Germany is generally overrated—as is shown by Mr. Gerard de Geer, in the current issue of *Le Nord*—but it is considerable, nevertheless). It will, therefore, be a major disaster if Allied help to Finland is inadequate or arrives too late.

We touched on these possibilities in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, and do so again because they are becoming less speculative than they seemed to be then. And what is true of northern Europe is true of south-eastern Europe, though with the difference that the situation is not maturing as rapidly in the south-east as in the north and that it will require action of a more comprehensive kind on the part of the Allies. Apart from the specific importance of northern and south-eastern Europe, it is, as we tried to show last month, generally true that the longer Germany's lines of communication are and the vaster the territories she has to hold down, the better for the Allies, seeing that the enemy will be more exposed to aerial attack and to the pressure of sea-power—always provided that the Allies maintain a constant offensive and initiative. Germany in control of northern and south-eastern Europe will win the war. Germany excluded from northern and south-eastern Europe cannot win it. The Allies, solidly established in northern and south-eastern Europe, will win it quickly and decisively.

The war is paradoxical in so far as Germany's military strength is shown to be greater than her economic strength. The more she is compelled to fight on land, on the sea, and in the air, the more rapid and certain will be her defeat. It is true that her military power is immense and that, if she take the offensive, as she may do soon, that offensive will try the endurance of the Allies—of their armed forces as well as of their civilian populations—to the utmost. But Germany will be *more* dangerous if she does *not* take the offensive but 'calls the war off,' so to speak, and consolidates and extends her conquests and her political and economic influence by 'peaceful' means—that is to say, by every kind of concession that will not impair her ultimate armed might, and by every form of pressure short of actual warfare. She would then exploit the tedium of a war that would be eventless, and therefore appear to be meaningless, if the Allies remain on the defensive; she would turn neutral statesmanship and opinion against her enemies, especially against Great Britain, the 'blockading Power.' The fear of rising prices, of declining trade, of social upheaval everywhere, divorced from the sense of combat and the prospect of decisive victory, would create a powerful movement for peace both at home and in the

world at large, a movement which, sponsored perhaps by transatlantic statesmanship, might lead to negotiations and to a settlement that would appear all the more acceptable if it were to provide for the renewed independence of Poland, of Czechoslovakia, and even of Austria. The settlement would be a sham nevertheless, for the independence of these countries, be it ever so plausibly guaranteed on paper, will remain unreal as long as the armed might of Germany remains unbroken. As long as that might is preserved (and for the Germans such a peace would have no other purpose than its preservation), there can be no such thing as genuine and lasting independence for the central and eastern European nations and no security for the Allies. Such a peace would be but the transition from the Second World War to the Third. And the Third World War would make Germany master of Europe—and perhaps of the world.

To win the war rapidly and decisively three things are needed—a maximum industrial effort, a maximum military effort, and a maximum initiative. There is a dangerous tendency—in this country rather than in France, and in high places rather than in low—to hold the opposite view, namely, that there must be a minimum industrial effort, which would mean a minimum military effort, and a minimum initiative, even if the war lasts a few years longer in consequence. This tendency is encouraged by the belief, which we regard as wholly mistaken, that Germany is vulnerable to economic pressure and invulnerable to military assault. What makes this belief seem attractive is that if it were to become the policy of the Allies, that policy would hold out the prospect that financial instability and the dislocation of trade will not be excessive in the post-war period and there will be no sudden outbreak of peace followed by social upheaval. Those who hold this view would perpetuate a condition that is neither peace nor war, or, given the continuation of a formal state of war, a condition that approximates as closely as possible to a state of peace.

This view seems to us defeatist, in any case, but also foolish, for nothing would be more likely to bring on social upheaval, at least in England, than a long-drawn meaningless war, which would impose great material sacrifice even if the war were waged with minimum intensity. Besides, the

reality of the defeat would very soon be made manifest by the renewed demands and menaces of the Germans, who would lose no time in re-establishing their hold over the supposedly liberated countries and in preparing for the renewal of hostilities.

There will always be some defeatism in every country at war, but most of the defeatism existing in this country could have been averted—and can still be dispelled—by that political guidance which is lacking. The Russians have to be driven, the Germans led. The English will not be driven, they are not dependent on leadership, but they must have some guidance. The fault lies with the Government, with the heads of the political parties, and with the B.B.C. (the failure of the latter to provide explanatory and inspiriting guidance is lamentable). The essential war aim of the Allied Powers is that Germany shall be defeated and that the peace shall be such as to make it impossible for her to wage another war. To announce war aims beyond this would be difficult, unnecessary and perhaps harmful. But what is necessary is that the public should be deeply and clearly convinced that this aim must be achieved, and passionately determined that it *shall* be achieved. The public will never be sufficiently convinced and determined if they have no clear perception *why* this aim must be achieved. The English are, on the whole, determined that German aggression must stop, just as the French are convinced *qu'il faut en finir*. But the fearful consequences of failure to achieve the essential war aim are *not* understood with sufficient clearness, although the public as a whole is nearer to understanding them than the defeatists and the pacifists.

It cannot be said that defeatism has eaten into the heart of the Allied nations. But it is widespread, even if it does not go deep. It crystallises around the Fascist and Communist parties. The latter is gathering strength from general pacifism and is becoming a pronounced 'Peace Party' without any prejudice to its pro-Russian bias (it openly supports Russia in the war against Finland). The pacifism which is a kind of semi-defeatism permeates the B.B.C. and has a considerable following amongst the clergy, amongst men of letters, and in the universities.

For the defeatism and pacifism that are so widespread in

some of the universities the undergraduates are, perhaps, less to blame than their spiritual teachers (not necessarily their professors) who have been corrupting them with every form of political sentimentalism for the last twenty years—these twenty years have been a sort of national 'silly season' as far as politics are concerned. Amongst men of letters to-day there is very little understanding of the simplest issues in foreign affairs. Writers with a considerable following like H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Harold Laski, Norman Angel, Julian Huxley, Lancelot Hogben, Yeats Brown, Dean Inge and Middleton Murry do not appear to have any perception of what the crisis that has culminated in the war is about or of its true nature. It is an outrage that Mr. Middleton Murry, who was selected by the B.B.C. to give a series of talks under the heading of 'Europe in Travail,' should address undergraduates as follows:

> This is a war of 'self-preservation.' But who and what is the self that is to be preserved? In the last resort, nothing but our imperial power. Why is that worth preserving? I see no reason at all.

These words are *defeatist*. They are also untrue (they occur in the current issue of *Kingdom Come*, which calls itself 'the Magazine of War-time Oxford').

According to Mr. Middleton Murry, it would seem that England is not worth preserving from the abominations that are being committed daily in Poland and Bohemia (and, for that matter, in Germany). There is no reason at all for supposing that if the Germans were to win the war they would treat the English any better than they are treating the Czechs and Poles (or their own broken 'Opposition'). Indeed, the likelihood is that they would treat them even more brutally.

All that has been published about the German concentration camps is but a fraction of the truth—the worst is constantly omitted because it is simply unprintable. The stomach is turned, no less than the heart, by the fearful things that are being done under German rule. The defeat of the Allies will mean inconceivable horror and misery, the utter destruction of all their happiness, well-being and freedom. This is being demonstrated before our eyes to-day by events in Poland and Bohemia (the Czechs did not even resist the

Germans but were 'peacefully' conquered as the result of 'peaceful' negotiation). Are Mr. Middleton Murry and the undergraduates who read him unaware of what has happened at two of the oldest universities in Europe? Has Oxford no fellow-feeling for Cracow and Prague? The wrong done at Cracow is fearful enough, but nothing that has happened in any European seat of learning for generations is comparable with what has just happened at the University of Prague, where hundreds of students, many of them mere boys *and girls*, were done to death or maltreated with every beastliness and cruelty, some of them being left to lie dazed or unconscious from kicks and blows amid the blood and vomit that marked the scene of previous abominations. That there should be any indifference to such things amongst the undergraduates of any English university is shameful. It is also stupid to the last degree, for even if a narrow heart rule out any sympathy with fellow-creatures, even if a mean spirit regard the greatness and the civilisation of France and England as nothing at all, it should nevertheless be clear that the fate of the murdered and horribly maltreated students of Prague will be that of English students if Germany wins the war.

Far too little is being said and written about the terrible massacres and deportations, the hunger, ruin, and the misery that are being inflicted on Poland by her conquerors. These things are the realities of the war, though some people find the war 'boring.' It is to the eternal dishonour of the B.B.C. that it has evaded almost all mention of these realities which will go down into history and stamp our age as one of the most barbarous that ever was.

The war is, unhappily, not at all 'boring,' even if its worst abominations have not visited western Europe as yet. It is, even now, an epic of superhuman magnitude. Its hardships and its horrors transcend the powers of the human imagination. The public can stand the truth if it is presented in a sober manner and with a due sense of proportion. The Government did not hesitate to publish an official account of the treatment of prisoners in German concentration camps (rightly or wrongly omitting the cruder details). It should authorise the issue of a sober, detailed record of the things that are being done in conquered Poland and Bohemia to-day —so that the English people may know why the defeat of

Germany must be rapid and final, above all final. The defeatists and pacifists would be reduced to a small remnant, many of our most distinguished men of letters would be shamed into silence, and the 'home front' would be strengthened if these truths were made more public.

The combined material and spiritual resources of the Allied Powers are far greater than those of the enemy. Germany has not a real friend in the world (nor has Russia). All neutral nations and nearly all neutral governments want an Allied victory. And, whereas no Englishman or Frenchmen, except a few traitors, desire the defeat of their own countries, there are many thousands of Germans who, without being traitors, do not wish their own country to win.

After the war there will be a new European order. Whether it will be a good one or a bad one cannot be foreseen. Europe has no innate principle of order and there can be none that is not safeguarded by the armed preponderance of one or two Great Powers. If the nations have to choose between the armed preponderance of the Anglo-French alliance and of the German-Russian coalition, there is no doubt at all that they would choose the former; indeed, the mere prospect of the latter is a prospect of ruin and desolation to all. A German victory would mean world-wide mourning—an Allied victory world-wide rejoicing. All this being so, the defeat of the Allies is inconceivable unless it come by their own fault. It is not certain that the Allies will win the war. But that they can win it is quite certain.

THE EDITOR.

HOW ARE WE TO WIN THE WAR?

This is a question that is frequently on our lips. It is not by any means one that can be answered easily, or even briefly, for quite a multitude of considerations enter into the solution of the vital problem.

Even in discussing its purely military side there are a great number of considerations, many of them contradictory, which have to be sorted out, put in their proper places and balanced up, before any final conclusions or decisions can be arrived at. One thing, however, is certain, that the correct military solution cannot be reached by the glib use of strategical phrases, nor by a pedantic adherence to any one theory, however sound it may be in a certain set of circumstances. Maxims, even when they have the authority of the great Masters of the Art of War, are not of themselves sufficient to ensure the wise or the successful conduct of a campaign.

This depends on a study of war and a knowledge of its various and varying principles as a foundation, and then (these qualities being by far the most important) on a clear mind and a practical common sense, inspired and supported by a courageous, intrepid heart and firm, resolute character. When these latter qualifications are united in one man, they are usually summed up by saying he has genius.

But on analysis it is the qualities of practical common sense and a valiant soul which are the real claims to greatness.

Field-Marshal Mannerheim has established by his successful operation against vastly larger numbers a more solid claim to military genius and greatness than any commander for more than a century. Yet his dispositions have been merely based on practical common sense and on using the means to hand, supported and inspired throughout by courage and an energetic spirit.

He has not been misled by the half-baked use of such phrases as 'concentration on the decisive point,' 'first things

first*, for he has fought his opponents on at least four points, separated from each other by 100 to 150 miles. Nor has he been misled by the theories of some of our modern military historians into believing that 'decisive victory of the battle-field is a mirage,' for he has won great victories on more than one field. Neither has he given any support to another modern theory, that the attack is doomed to failure and the defence is the only method which can be relied on to achieve success, for his offensive operations against superior numbers, and, what is more illuminating, against superior armament, have been most striking.

The fact is that the conduct of successful war cannot be based on principles and maxims, for every one of these depends on circumstances. The circumstances being very different in each case, maxims which are quite sound in themselves in one set of circumstances are the worst possible guides in another set.

To lay down maxims which must never be departed from is the hall-mark of the pedant and the narrow mind.

So when we come to look at the broad, general outlines of our problem in this war it is important to avoid the use of strategical maxims, and to look at them with a clear conception of the practical difficulties to be overcome, the common-sense use of the means at our hand, based on and inspired always by a courageous heart and a resolute, energetic will.

The war can be won; but it will only be won if the problem is dealt with in the above way.

During the first week of the war I had to write on quite another subject to an official, but ended up my letter by pointing out that our strategical problem was a difficult one, because Hitler, having locked his front in the West, was free to trample over Eastern Europe more or less undisturbed. I received this thoughtless, indeed stupid, reply: 'The future is in the lap of the gods; and anyhow, the people are in great heart'!

The future was not in the lap of the gods, but in the hands of responsible men in the Government of either side, and the fact that the people were confident only affected the solution of the difficult and complex problem before us to the extent that the country could be relied on to make the necessary sacrifices which the war demanded.

The war will not be won if the problem of winning it is dealt with in the spirit displayed by my correspondent, which, unfortunately, is not entirely uncommon.

The problem must be seriously studied and the correct decisions taken with a resolute will and at the right moments.

To be 'too late' in deciding and acting can be quite as fatal as acting without due consideration.

However, before we go into the question of the possible operations on land, it is as well to consider some of the other factors, all of which play important parts in the struggle, and in their separate spheres and their cumulative effects are going to profoundly influence—in fact are influencing—the final decision. These factors are Sea Power, Air Power, political actions and motives, financial and economic resources and methods.

Of these Sea and Air Power are playing a very great part. Although Hitler's principal arm is his army, the overwhelming strength of which he never tired of using as a threat, it is this arm which so far he has not been able to bring into action; and the war so far is a sea and naval war, which fact is of immense advantage to Britain and France, for it is here that the Allies are strongest and the Germans weakest.

For the inability of the German High Command to make use of their principal arm we have to thank the French. By building their powerful line of defences in time, equipping it with every modern accessory, and providing a fully trained army to hold it, France has closed the door in the German face quite as much as, if not more so than, the Siegfried line may lock the door, for the time being, in ours. Although the existence and strength of the Maginot Line was well known to the German High Command before the war broke out, they had no thought-out plan, studied and prepared, to deal with the problem, ready to put into instant execution when war was declared. They have been forced to look at the French and British armies and to think what they can do now. Instead of having a clear-cut plan and seizing the initiative as they have always done in every previous campaign, wherein has lain their strength and to a great extent the secret of their success, they are forced into the position of mere opportunists—hoping that something will turn up to enable them to use their very large surplus of troops, or

seeking to create an opportunity for their use. Such an attitude has its dangers for the Allies, and we will turn to these later when we come to the question of the war on land; but the lack of a plan for the immediate and full use of their army is not only something new in German military history, but it is a weakness which seems to show that Hitler and the High Command never believed that France and Britain would go to the length of war, and have met with a very unpleasant surprise in consequence.

At sea the aeroplane has brought a new weapon besides the ships of the Navy into play. From the very commencement of the war our Air Service took its place in sea warfare by successfully bombing ships of the German Navy lying in Wilhelmshaven. That gallant act of initiative was far more valuable in its moral effect on the Germans than the material damage it may have done to the German ships. It at once opened their eyes to the danger from the air to which they were now exposed and which only their weak and defenceless victims had so far experienced; but it also caused them to wake up to the fact that they were not dealing with a poor decadent race, but a race which was still amply endowed with the spirit of daring courage and vital energy. Since then our ships, both of the Navy and Merchant Service, in co-operation with our Air Service, have been carrying on a successful war of elimination against the German submarines, mines and raiders. This kind of guerrilla warfare at sea received a most encouraging stimulus by the splendid victory of our small cruisers over the 'pocket battleship' *Graf Spee*. Here again the moral gains far outweigh the material ones, great as were the latter.

In the economic and commercial field much is being done to undermine the structure of the Nazi State, and, though much remains to be done, it is satisfactory to note that the business world is fully aware of its importance and are bringing their brains and influence to bear on helping the Government to still further improve our methods. The Prime Minister in his speech at the Mansion House emphasised this side of the war and warned us that we must be prepared for further sacrifices. He need have no fear—the people of this country will meet all the calls he makes cheerfully for the great cause of winning the war.

It must be recognised, however, that neither the blockade

by sea nor the effects of our economic war will by themselves win the war. Germany, though her people will suffer great hardships, and there will be an increasing difficulty in producing all the articles required for her home and export trade, restricted as it is, as well as for her requirements in war material, has open to her sources of supply in the surrounding countries and from Russia which will enable her to carry on for quite a time.

What the naval and economic warfare of the Allies is doing, however, is to undermine and weaken the powerful dam provided by the German army which bars the entry into Germany and the road to victory. In time serious fissures will become evident in the foundation of the dam, but it will not collapse and break down until pressure is applied to it, until it receives a good push. To give that push is the task of the British and French armies, in collaboration wherever possible with the armies of any of Germany's neighbours who are attacked and to whose support and rescue we should not hesitate to go.

If to say that Hitler has bolted and barred his front door in the West is a simple and accurate simile, then it can be said that it is sound strategy or common sense—which is much the same thing—for the Allies to seek an entry into the house through one of the side or back doors.

But this can only be done with the consent of one or, better still, several of Germany's neighbours. Such a contingency, however, can hardly arise unless Germany's own actions threaten their independence, or unless the realisation that our war is their war, that their future existence is absolutely dependent on the victory of the Democracies, and that the burden of war is no longer tolerable, is so strongly borne home to them that they decide, singly or *en masse*, to take up arms for the cause of freedom and security. Then we shall see once more a great crusade inspired by the noblest motives—a war of liberation, such as that against Napoleon from 1812 to 1814. This war of liberation, however, will be against a tyranny which for ruthless thoroughness, for cruelty and brutality, far exceeds anything which that great man was ever guilty of.

For the moment, therefore, any military operations by the Allied armies can be left for the future, and the war

becomes one of statesmanship and diplomacy, supported, however, by energetic military preparation and increase of our military and air forces.

In this diplomatic field our greatest asset is the moral standard which Mr. Chamberlain unfurled when he declared war—that we were fighting to ensure the independence of the small nations. To flinch from upholding that standard, whatever the risk or however great the effort which it may call for, would not only be pusillanimous, but it would be foolish, for it is by such weakness and timidity that we lose valuable allies whose adherence to our cause is of incalculable importance, and whose destruction by the enemy would bring him great advantage in the influential and material field.

Shall we now look at the purely military problem? Unless Hitler is content merely to hold the Western wall and do nothing with his great army, hoping that the Allies will be defeated by economic causes, then the courses open to him seem to be four. An invasion of Holland and Belgium, an invasion of Scandinavia, to be preceded by the invasion of Denmark, or an invasion south-eastwards towards Hungary and Rumania, which, if successful, would aim still further at the Dardanelles and the Mediterranean. Finally, there is a possibility of an attack in great force on the Maginot Line, which would aim at the destruction of the French and British armies.

Of these, I cannot be brought to believe in the possibility of the last; and I have the greatest doubts of Hitler deciding to remain quiescent behind the Western wall, for the double reason that it would be contrary to the dictates of his own hysterical nature, and that his internal political position would probably demand some fresh display of activity and power.

It is possible that the attack on Scandinavia has been postponed or even abandoned owing to the brilliant successes of the Finnish armies. But if the Russians had reached, or ever do reach, the frontiers of Sweden and Norway, then it is highly probable that this threat will be carried out. Germany would not wish to see Russia in control of all Scandinavia. It is more probable that these two robber Powers have already made a military alliance, one of the objects of which is to divide up Scandinavia between them, Russia taking the northern and Germany the southern half.

If there is any foundation for this supposition, then war with Russia is certain, for not only have we declared that we stand against aggression anywhere, but it is inconceivable that France and England could see the whole of Scandinavia fall into the hands of Russia and Germany.

That being the case, one may well ask why we do not at once grasp the nettle, face the danger, if danger there is, and rescue Finland while there is yet time.

I cannot answer that question with any satisfaction to my own judgment, but these are not the moments for hesitation. We cannot speak with two voices, or call to the noblest efforts and sacrifices on the one hand while we limit our efforts under the guise of prudence on the other.

Nor is the effort required of us a great one. Russia can do little or nothing against France or England, and the latter have only to send a small naval squadron to the Arctic seas to clear the northern flanks of the Finns and to close Murmansk, which is being used as a harbour of refuge for German raiders and submarines. The advantages would not be limited to those of a military nature, for the political and moral reactions in neutral countries, especially Italy, would be most important and favourable.

The case of Finland is the first illustration of the course the war may possibly follow. The next attack may fall on the Low Countries, or it may be carried out in co-operation with Russia towards the Danube and the Black Sea.

Every small neighbour of Germany at present neutral is in danger. They may be attacked separately or two or more may be attacked simultaneously. But that they will be attacked before next autumn is almost a certainty.

These possibilities have a great bearing on our conduct of military operations. In discussing this problem we find the French and British armies serenely entrenched and facing a comparatively short line in proportion to the numbers engaged, a line which is equally strongly entrenched by the enemy.

An attack on that line partakes of the nature of siege operations against a fortress. It is well understood that an attack on a well-defended fortress is to be avoided if possible, for it has always been a very costly operation. It is wise and sound strategy to avoid the fortress—if possible, to turn it;

to attack elsewhere. But circumstances may be such that the fortress has to be attacked and taken. The siege operations before the final assault would then entail much preparation—the accumulation of stores, heavy guns and ammunition, the approach, and slowly working forward, the capture of one outwork, one bastion at a time. A great deal of time will be involved.

But there is no new principle involved in all this, though some military writers have endeavoured to lay down a new theory of war from the special circumstances of the last war. What has changed is that the fronts are much greater, the numbers far larger, the fire power, not only of the defence, but of the attack, considerably more formidable. The extended front, heavily entrenched, has taken the place of the isolated fortress.

As the fortress could be taken a century ago, so the defended line can be broken to-day. But in each case attacks will only be successful if the preparations are complete, the material and numbers adequate, and the defenders morally and physically weakened.

An old Latin adage on the conduct of war is as true as ever. I will not put it in Latin, for that is somewhat shaky, but translated into English it is, 'Not the walls, but the men, are the defences of the city.'

In certain circumstances the German defence can be broken through, if their forces are reduced by being employed elsewhere, if their morale is undermined by discontent, disappointment, shortage of food and supplies. We have only to shake ourselves free of maxims and phrases and look at the facts—to see how in August, 1918, after the costly ruin of their last hopes, due, I may be allowed to say, principally to the fighting of my own gallant army in March, the same trenches which had held us up for nearly four years were broken through in a day and advances were made by British troops on fronts so thinly extended that they could not have hoped to cross 100 yards of No Man's Land in 1917; and the German front was penetrated to a depth of ten miles.

Truly, Napoleon was right when he said that the moral was to the physical as three is to one.

The German defences in the West can be broken if there is no other course open, and we may be sure that the problem

is being studied and prepared for by General Gamelin and the Staff of French G.Q.G.

But that does not mean that the attack on this, so to speak, fortress is the strategy to be pursued.

Attacks on the Siegfried Line on any grand scale should be avoided, for the present anyhow, and a side door must, if possible, be sought round the flanks of the German front.

This is a subject for our diplomatic activities, and depends also to some extent on what action Hitler decides to take. If he launches an attack on the independence of any State, it must be our policy and our firm resolve to send effective support in ships, aeroplanes and soldiers to that State. The word 'effective' means that the support must be sufficient and also in time. It is the business of our military authorities to have that support ready.

Wherever the German army puts a foot across the frontier of a neighbour, there must be a British or, better still, an Allied army to meet it and defeat it. However great the effort, it must be resolutely made. To fail one neutral will be to lose the support of all. All these forces, sent to Scandinavia, to Holland, or into the Balkans, may be detachments, but they will be detachments which call out larger detachments from the Germans. At the same time the moral advantages and gains to be won by meeting every German undertaking and defeating it, on the German people and on the German army, will be tremendous. Such defeats in every field which the German action may offer us may well open even the front door on the West for us. It is certain that every check, repulse and defeat which the German forces meet with will have serious repercussions inside Germany. A measure of the importance of these repercussions may be judged more or less accurately by observing the effect on Russia of the defeats of their much-vaunted mechanised armies in Finland.

If Hitler decides on the improbable and confines his great army to inactivity inside the boundaries of Germany, then this siege of the fortress will have to be undertaken. But if the operations are conducted with adequate means and methods there is every reason to believe that the fortress will fall.

HUBERT GOUGH.

FROM VIENNA TO VERSAILLES

I

In time and space, the scene of nineteenth-century European history lay between Vienna and Versailles: the century opened in 1815 and closed in 1919, and Europe extended from the Channel ports to the western frontiers of Russia and Turkey. Great Britain and Russia were in Europe but not of Europe, and between 1815 and 1914 actively intervened in European conflicts only when Turkey was concerned, an Asiatic Power which in the Eastern Mediterranean held the key position between three continents.

European interests and entanglements have defeated the extra-European expansion of the Continental nations. The nations which stand at the two ends of the European chain—England, Spain and Portugal, and Russia—have given their languages to the 'white man's lands' outside Europe and have built up empires and supplied most of their population, while those in the centre, or facing inland seas, exhausted their strength in contests over strips of land on the smallest and most densely populated of continents. Spain, having turned her face to Europe, lost the oceans over the Mediterranean, and by 1815 had ceased to count even in European affairs; and so had Sweden, having during the preceding two centuries contested, conquered, and lost the Baltic. Between 1815 and 1914, more than ever before, European politics were focussed between Vienna and Versailles.

France and Russia span Europe from north to south—the one at its narrow, tapering end, the other where the European peninsula passes into the great Eurasian continent: France, marvellously diversified and yet coherent, articulated in her geographical structure, Russia, a vast empire, remarkably uniform and featureless for its size. In the centre of Europe the Alps interpose between north and south, dividing Germany from Italy. Between Central Europe and the great Russian plain, from Karelia to Morea, stretches a region broken

up by seas and mountains into a mass of geographical formations: the European Middle East, the belt of small nations.

In 1815 the West, North, and East of Europe were the spheres of nationally consolidated States: Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, the Scandinavian countries, and Russia—each practically of one language only,[1] comprising all, or almost all, who spoke that language and who could or wished to be included. The two great nations of Central Europe, the Germans and the Italians, burdened with a Pan-European past and with its heirs and exponents, the Habsburgs, remained in a condition of political disunion and dynastic subdivision; while the smaller nationalities of East Central Europe, which by 1920 came to form (not counting Turkey) twelve independent states (two of them, moreover, of a composite character—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia), were as yet all engulfed in the Habsburg Monarchy, the Ottoman Empire, and in the western fringe of Russia. Union (or separation) in monolinguistic national states became in the nineteenth century the political aim of the educated, and in time of the semi-educated, classes in Europe—of European nationalisms.

All the engulfed nationalities had, at some time, formed states of their own; and they all preserved the memory, though only some retained the social foundations and the intellectual habits, of an independent political existence. Numerous shadowy outlines of defunct states and empires covered the map of East Central Europe, cutting existing frontiers and inter-crossing each other: the heirs to these memories and traditions tried to put new life and contents into the ancient shapes. Two of these previous states were only half-submerged—Poland and Hungary; and even while half-submerged, the Poles and Magyars continued to assert claims to political dominion over territories inhabited by an alien population which had remained socially and economically subject to them.

II

Most frontier problems in Europe are due to incomplete conquests in the past; and most of the European conquests

[1] In 1815 Poland and Finland were joined on, but not incorporated in, Russia.

are part of a great overland expansion, an almost universal continental '*Drang nach Osten*.' The original tide of migrations, at the close of the Roman era and in the early Middle Ages, proceeded from east and north to west and south, pressing into the long bag of the European peninsula and overflowing into Africa. The movement continued on the circumference in the migrations of the Norsemen over seas and along rivers, of the Arabs across North Africa, and in successive waves of Mongol invaders (Huns, Avars, Magyars, Tartars, and Turks) which long continued to break over Eastern and South-eastern Europe, causing eddies and cross-currents after the direction of the main movement had been reversed. For the Romanised, or at least Christianised, West was the first to harden once more into organised nations which, one by one, proceeded to expand into the less populated and more backward territories to the east of their own; and this movement continued into the nineteenth, or even into the twentieth, century. The French pressed against the Germans and the Italians, the Germans against the Western Slavs (of whom only the Poles and Czechs survived as nations) and against the Lithuanians; the Poles and Lithuanians against the western branches of the Russian nation; the Russians against the Finnish and Mongol tribes of Eurasia; the Spaniards across the Western Mediterranean, the Italians across the Adriatic, the Swedes across the Baltic. The face of all these nations was to the east, at certain times to meet a danger, but more often to take advantage of the much greater opportunities for expansion and colonisation which offered in that direction; but expansion to the east entailed for these nations a weakening of their defence against pressure from the west.

Each conquest was integral within certain districts, partial over much wider areas. In the case of partial conquests the upper classes and the urban population were as a rule the first to be replaced or assimilated by the conquerors, while the peasantries retained their original nationality. Every Ireland had its Ulster, its towns of 'the Pale,' its Anglo-Irish gentry, and its peasantry, which, wherever it has survived, in the long run gets the better of the other classes—a returning, reconquering tide. There was a time when the Irish Protestants claimed to be the Irish nation; when to the

Swedes Finland was Swedish; when the Germans talked about '*das deutsche Baltikum*' and looked upon Austria, from Reichenberg to Trieste, as German; when in considering the Partitions of Poland, neither the Poles nor other nations distinguished between the carving up of ethnic Poland and the recovery by Russia of provinces with a mere Polish veneer. Every single one of these imperialist claims was justified so long as the nationality of the upper and middle classes determined that of the country, while the peasant masses, serf or semi-serf, counted politically for no more than their cattle. Even the French Revolution, while proclaiming the equality of all men, at the start divided them into 'active' and 'passive' citizens; under the Restoration some conservative thinkers tried to revive an ideological distinction between '*la nation*' and '*le peuple*'; and '*le pays légal*' of the July Monarchy still expressed the difference which, even in the most advanced countries, continued to exist in practice, long after it had disappeared from the law and from constitutional theory.

An ethnic map of the territories intervening between the Germans and the Great Russians, drawn in 1815 and based on the language of the upper and middle classes, would have been in four colours only. The Baltic provinces, the whole of East Prussia and Silesia, Bohemia and Moravia, and the Slovene provinces would have been counted as German; the Adriatic littoral as Italian; Lithuania, Latgalia, White Russia, and the Western Ukraine, including East Galicia, as Polish; and practically the whole of Hungary as Magyar. Here were four nations which over adjacent territories spread out fine-meshed nets embroidered with patches of solid material; every conquest had been accompanied by a certain measure of integral colonisation which followed lines of minor resistance or of greater economic advantage, and which left ragged frontiers and scattered settlements of conquerors among a subject population. The partial successes of the past have burdened these nations with doubtful, dangerous assets which they are loth to write off. It is hard for any nation to renounce territory which it has been accustomed to consider its own, and this is the harder the greater the proportion which such territory forms of its total area, and the more it still lives in the social and political ideas of the

privileged 'political nation.'[1] The Italians held but a narrow fringe beyond their solid ethnic settlements. The German octopus extended one arm far along the Baltic, another up the Oder, a third down the Danube, dominating, permeating, encircling non-German territories; still, considerable though the area was of partial German conquests (and beyond it lay an even wider area of haphazard, scattered German colonisation), it formed but a fraction of Germany's territorial holdings. In Hungary the part of the country containing Magyar enclaves or covered by a thin Magyar veneer exceeded in area and population that of the integral Magyar settlements; while east of ethnic Poland, the Polish aristocracy and landed gentry covered territory twice its size, with almost double its population.

III

What national states should arise in Central and East Central Europe, and in what frontiers—this was the main territorial problem of the nineteenth century. It was seemingly solved after the last war, and is reopened to-day.

There was a logic and a rhythm in the consecutive changes. The problem naturally first came up for discussion and solution in the terms in which it was envisaged by the 'master-nations.' They staked out their claims, demanding union of all their branches, and disregarding the interests and denying the rights of the subject races. The prescriptive rights of dynasties, especially of the Habsburgs, were at that time the chief obstacle to the national programmes of the Germans, Italians, and Magyars; the territorial claims of these three nations were non-competing, nor did they clash in Austria with those of the Poles. By 1870 the Germans, Italians, and Magyars had realised the essence of their national programmes, and so had the Poles within the narrow framework of Galicia. The Habsburgs, who in 1848 had played off the subject races against the 'master-nations,' now settled down to a condominium with these nations, and, while still at times using the others as a check upon their new partners, they never again seriously challenged the German-Magyar-Polish basis of their reconstructed empire. The Habsburg

[1] So long as the nobility and gentry were dominant in this country and owned most of the land in Ireland, it was difficult for Great Britain to renounce Southern Ireland, the inhabitants and possession of these classes.

Monarchy and the dominion of the Germans and Magyars in Austria-Hungary collapsed together. In terms of the Habsburg dominions the history of the nineteenth century can be summed up in three dates, of which the middle one bisects the period that intervenes between Vienna and Versailles, and in three names—1815, the Austrian Empire; 1867, Austria-Hungary; 1919, the Succession States.

Opposed to the Poles and their programme were Prussia and Russia. The conflict with Prussia turned on fundamental geographical contradictions: in Posnania Polish ethnic settlements cut deep between two of the arms which Germany stretches out to the east, and, following the Vistula, Polish settlements interpose between Pomerania and East Prussia. The conflict with Russia turned on Poland's dominion over vast stretches of land inhabited by White Russian and Little Russian peasantries. Destroyed politically in the Partitions of Poland, it survived in the complete social and economic superiority of the Polish upper classes over their peasant-serfs. Poland's dominion over these provinces was perhaps the main cause of her original downfall, and Polish demands for its re-establishment, pressed with passionate insistence, were the greatest obstacle to her resurrection. Tsarist Russia, perhaps because it did not concede political rights even to the upper and middle classes, combined, in a peculiar though contradictory manner, support for dynasties and serf-owning nobles with a protectorate over Slav and Greek-Orthodox peasantries: it thus sponsored the rights of 'subject nationalities' against their masters, opposed the reconstruction of Poland, and worked for the disruption of Austria-Hungary and Turkey. But by an irony of fate and a deeper logic, the problem of the entire European Middle East, from Karelia to Morea covering the Habsburg and Ottoman Empires and the western fringe of Russia, came up for discussion and solution in ethnic terms within the same decade. Together with the submerged subject nationalities re-arose Poland, drawing for herself a frontier across White Russian and Ukrainian territory in accordance with the ideas held by the 'master-nations' about the middle of the nineteenth century rather than with the principles of 1920.

Reviewed in terms of repose and action, the ninety-nine years which intervene between the Congress of Vienna and

the outbreak of the World War fall into three almost equal periods: 1815–1848, 1848–1878, and 1878–1914. The first was a time of peace and rest after the great convulsion of the revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars: it was the era of Metternich and of the Holy Alliance, of a Conservative settlement based on principles which favoured the Habsburgs but were supported by Prussia and Russia on grounds of a common anti-revolutionary, monarchical interest. The authority of the Habsburgs rested on dynastic property in states and territories; this was a negation of popular sovereignty, therefore of any right to self-government or to national self-determination. In Germany and in Italy the securing of dynastic rights meant a continuance of national disunion, which in turn safeguarded Habsburg predominance; within the allodial possessions of the Habsburgs it meant a continuance of their rule over a polyglot empire of which they were the bond of union.

Thirty-three years went by, the working life of a generation. In 1848, the *annus mirabilis* of European history, a movement arose which shook the core of Europe from Versailles to Vienna, and called in question the very existence of the Habsburg Monarchy. As in all true revolutions, there arose the illusion of infinite possibilities; a creative spirit seemed to brood over chaos, about to give birth to new worlds. Hardly a problem came up in Europe during the next seventy years, nor has a solution been tried or found, which was not adumbrated in that year of intellectual fervour and political failure. But at first the storm seemed to have passed away, leaving the international frontiers of Europe exactly as they had been before; and even all the previous rulers, except in France, were restored, though no return was possible to the spirit of the preceding period or of its Governments. This perished in the Revolution of 1848. A time of 'activism,' reactionary or revolutionary, now ensued. In the course of the next thirty years the map of Europe was re-drawn, the initiative coming first from France, next from Prussia, and in the concluding years from Russia. The major problem of Central Europe was solved by the exclusion of the Habsburgs and of French influence from Germany and Italy; and a new form was given to the Habsburg possessions in the Dual Monarchy. Moreover, the problem of East Central Europe

was opened up by the partial disruption of Turkey, the weakest of the master-nations; a line of independent states arose between Austria and Turkey which, with the backing of Russia, were to become a menace to both these non-national empires.

This process was, however, arrested in 1878, and a new period of comparative rest supervened, with a reconstituted 'Concert of Europe.' After another thirty-four years the problem of Turkey was reopened, followed closely by that of Austria-Hungary; and in the new cataclysm the small nations of East Central Europe, from Finland to Greece, achieved their national unity, independence, and statehood. Poland arose through the defeat of Germany and Russia, not through her own effort or achievement. Driven by historical reminiscences and drawn by doubtful assets, she plunged into abysmal policies and insane adventures; and there was no Great Power to guide developments with a firm hand and purpose. For the position of France, who at Versailles seemed once more to preside over the destinies of Europe, had in the course of the century undergone a profound change.

IV

On the map of Europe the France of Versailles was practically identical with that of Vienna—slightly enlarged in the south by the inclusion of Savoy and Nice, and holding exactly the same frontier against Germany as in 1815. But while at the beginning of the nineteenth century a coalition of almost all Europe was required to reduce France to that frontier, a hundred years later the Old World and the New had to combine in order to regain it for France. The frontier which had once been the mark of defeat now became the symbol of recovery, and while in 1815 international guarantees were devised against a possible recrudescence of French aggression, in 1919 they were sought to secure France against a fresh attack.

French predominance before 1815 was based on her superiority in numbers and organisation: on the relative size of her population and on the disunited condition of Germany and Italy. In 1815 France comprised about two-thirteenths of the population of Europe; in 1930, one-thirteenth. Barring Russia, enormous, inchoate, and distant, there are now pre-

excited and defeated by her size, France in 1815 had of all the Great Powers the largest population—almost 30,000,000, against 26,000,000 in the heterogeneous, ill-assorted Austrian Empire, 13,000,000 in Great Britain (without Ireland), and 11,000,000 in Prussia. Since then France has received far more immigrants than she has sent out emigrants; while the 13,000,000 who inhabited Great Britain have probably now as many descendants in the United States and in the British Dominions and Colonies as in this island. But at present France takes numerically the seventh place among the Great Powers: Russia still comes first, followed by the United States, Japan, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy. All the *élan* of the Revolution and the genius of Napoleon could not have established French dominance over Europe had the proportion of numbers been then the same as now, and had the Germans and Italians been organised in united national states.

It was therefore in the interest of France, both before and after 1815, to preserve the territorial *status quo* in Germany and Italy. But the conquests of the French Revolution and Napoleon, and the reactions to them, alike worked for the national consolidation of these countries. In 1789 Western and Central Germany was a collection of atomised principalities and free cities, with no one to hold an effective 'Watch on the Rhine.' Napoleon did for Germany what none of her own princes could have done: he drastically reduced the number of German states, which never again exceeded forty. Similarly under Napoleon Italy approached unification. After 1815 the ideas of the French Revolution continued their work. The principle of national sovereignty and rights, overriding the prescriptive interests of the dynasties, pointed to national union. The programme of national union threatened the predominance of the Habsburgs in Germany and Italy, and the predominance of France in Europe. France and the Habsburgs had thus a common conservative interest. But national policy is seldom determined, in the long run, by calculation and thought; the greater the body the greater its inertia; states, like planets, move in predestined courses. France was set against Austria by an old rivalry based on the rules of political geography, by the social and ideological contrast which arose from the Revolution, and by the urge to action inherent in the Napoleonic tradition.

International alignments are usually based on the system of odd and even numbers. A common frontier between two independent states is as a rule a disputed frontier (unless it runs across the partitioned territory of a third nation, in which case the two states are neighbours, but not the two nations, which, moreover, combine to keep down the interposing third). 'Les ennemis de mes ennemis sont mes amis'; neighbours quarrel; odds and evens are natural allies. This is the 'sandwich system' of international politics. If, however, a state is composite and stratified (as was, for instance, Germany before 1870), there arises also a vertical series of numbers. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Habsburg emperors were opposed by the middle-sized and supported by the small German states; France, therefore, in conflict with the Habsburgs, favoured the middle states. When Prussia under Frederick II entered the ranks of the Great Powers, European alignments were reversed in the so-called 'Diplomatic Revolution': Austria and France became allies. In 1815 it was their common interest to reconstitute that alliance. But under Metternich and his successors Austria remained suspicious of revolutionary France, while France, as in a dream, seemed to re-live the history of the Great Revolution and Napoleon.

Throughout the nineteenth century France was a 'shell-shocked' nation—until 1870 by her own past greatness, after 1870 by her defeat. Like a man who, to overcome the effects of an overwhelming experience, continually reproduces it in his memory and emotions, so during the years 1815–1870 France re-lived the history of 1789–1815. The leading statesmen of those years were historians, and supplied their own interpretations of the Revolution or the Empire: Guizot, Thiers, de Tocqueville, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Falloux, Napoleon III, and many others. The great drama of the twenty-five revolutionary years was reproduced and attenuated in the slow-motion film of the fifty-five years 1815–1870. The opening attempt of the Revolution, to reconcile the 'ancien régime' with modern ideas in a constitutional monarchy, was repeated under the Restoration. In the July Monarchy the bourgeoisie achieved the pre-eminence to which the Third Estate had aspired about 1790. The Second Republic was consciously linked up with the Girondins, and it had its pseudo-

Jacobins in the June Days, followed by a counter-revolutionary régime of disillusioned Republicans—like the Directory, bound to the Republic by their past, but no longer by faith. The Presidency of Louis Napoleon was a conscious repetition of the Consulate, and led up to the Second Empire. There was something singularly unreal and depressingly second-hand about this dream-play of French history, full of sadness, regrets and scepticism even during the apparent revival of national greatness. France had passed her zenith, without chance of return. But the past continued to dominate and predetermine the present. An alliance with Austria—support for the Habsburgs in Germany and Italy—was not in the records and traditions of the Revolution or the Empire. Far-seeing statesmen discerned the need of such a re-orientation: the diplomats *de carrière* saw it, from Talleyrand to Drouyn de Lhuys, Guizot recognised it towards the end of his political career, and Thiers under the Second Empire. He wrote to Victor Cousin on May 10th, 1866:

> . . . the gain of two or three additional departments would be nothing compared with the misfortune of putting 50 million Germans into the hands of Prussia, and 25 million Italians into the hands of Piedmont. To further the growth of Prussia, to hasten the decline of Austria, is to commit irreparable blunders . . .

When, after Sadowa, France sought an alliance with Austria against Prussia, the Dual Monarchy, built on the German-Magyar basis, was no longer able to respond.

The defeat of 1870 awakened France. It was the bankruptcy of the heroic legends: that of the Empire perished at Sedan, that of the Revolution in Gambetta's failure—the magic slogans of *la patrie en danger* and *levée en masse* had proved ineffective. France, after eighty years of dreams and fever, was seeking a way back to reality, to a routine of life. In international affairs she wished for security, or at the most reparation, no longer predominance. The Franco-Russian alliance was formed against the Central Powers, to restore the balance in Europe. In the Berlin-Baghdad programme and in naval armaments Germany was transcending the European arena; but in 1912–1913 the disruption of European Turkey, affecting and infecting Austria-Hungary, reopened European problems—the problem of the submerged nationalities of

East Central Europe. War between Russia and the two Germanic Powers unrolled the Polish Question. The nineteenth century was drawing to its logical close.

In 1914 two solutions of the Polish Question held the field: the programme of the so-called Austrian Solution, a union of Austrian and Russian Poland under the Habsburgs, possibly including some White Russian and Ukrainian territory, but without Prussian Poland; the other was that of a complete ethnic reunion of all undoubtedly Polish lands, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian, in conjunction with Russia. What actually happened no one could have foreseen: there remained not one victorious Great Power in Eastern Europe. The Habsburg Monarchy disappeared, and Poland arose in a void, at the expense both of Germany and Russia. But a nation of twenty millions cannot permanently form a barrier between one of one hundred and fifty and another of seventy-five millions hostile to both. In 1919, in the series of odd and even numbers, France obtained for partners Poland and the Little Entente; Italy and Russia were left to Germany. Each of the four Succession States allied to France was of mixed nationality, and each therefore was in a precarious situation. Largely through the fault of Poland, in the first serious crisis they failed to stand together; nor did France evince the necessary strength and determination to uphold the system which she had created.

The 'Vienna to Versailles' period has run its course. Whatever the weaknesses may have been of the system created in 1919, a return to previous forms is impossible. They have been broken, and broken for good. The rule of dynasties and the imperialisms of 'master-nations' are dead. The ethnic basis has been postulated for states, and if violated it will be violated with the ferocious brutality of the Nazis. The criterion of nationality was adopted in 1919, but was not pressed to its logical conclusion. Transfers of population carried through in a sensible manner will have to form the basis of future arrangements. If the national singleness of the migrating hordes is to be regained, hordes will have to migrate once more. The first task is to save Europe from the Nazi onslaught—a difficult task; but even greater will be the work of resettling a morally and materially bankrupt world on a new basis.

L. B. N[illegible]

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN THE SECOND GREAT WAR

There have been whisperings in Britain and in other democratically governed countries that the parliamentary system is out of date. The Dictators have shouted aloud that the whole machinery of democracy is unsuited to modern conditions. Their admirers echoed that some form of totalitarianism would have to be adopted by the English as the price of survival. Even some of the best friends of our Constitution believed that once the guns began to shoot the Mother of Parliaments would be put to sleep for the duration of the war.

What actually happened was that from the first days of the crisis which terminated in the present war, our Parliament took on a new lease of life and reasserted its power in unmistakable fashion. Despite the far-reaching emergency powers granted to the Executive, the censorship and the general upheaval as soon as war was imminent, the two Houses of Parliament asserted themselves with a power and resolution which few had foreseen or could have believed.

During what has come to be called the 'Munich crisis,' Parliament was in recess. Despite repeated efforts by the Opposition leaders it was not summoned until the very eve of the Munich Conference itself. There is some evidence that the arrangements to hold the Four-Power Conference at Munich had by then been agreed upon. Certainly Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler knew of it. During the period when the first of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's visits to Berchtesgaden was made, when the Fleet mobilised, preliminary precautionary steps were taken by the other armed forces, and the fateful second meeting at Godesberg took place, Parliament stood adjourned. Members and Peers were scattered about the country, while trenches were being dug in the public parks and gas masks served out to the lieges.

We were within an ace of finding ourselves at war during and immediately after the Godesberg meeting, as all the world now knows. If fighting had broken out Parliament would have had no say in the matter. When, finally, the Peers and the Commons were summoned, their part was negligible. The Peers, for the first and, I hope and believe, the last time in the history of the Upper Chamber, adjourned to hear the Prime Minister's speech which most people thought would be of the nature of Sir Edward Grey's famous pronouncement on the outbreak of the World War, relayed from the Commons through a loud-speaker in their own library. This was an experiment which is not likely to be repeated.

As for the Commons, the arrival of the famous telegram and the anti-climax swept them off their feet. A few perfunctory remarks by the leaders of the Labour and Liberal Parties, and the business was over.

Admittedly the circumstances were difficult. A considerable section of the population was in a defeatist mood. The country could have been rallied, no doubt; but it would have been in a mood of grim desperation. Such mobilisation as had taken place, apart from the Fleet, where everything went without a hitch, had disclosed disquieting defects. A strenuous whispering campaign had been in progress to the effect that we were 'on a bad wicket,' that we could not fight to force Germans whose only desire was to join the Fatherland to remain under Czech rule, that the Czech rule had been tactless or harsh, that the German air force was in overwhelming strength, that the air forces of our Allies, actual or potential, were negligible, that our own defences were deplorably weak, and much more of the same sort. I need not dwell on the form our democratic system showed at that time. The kindest explanation is that the circumstances were very difficult, and we were taken off our guard.

In the twelve months which followed, Parliament pulled itself together. The insolence of the Nazi leaders, the way in which the terms of the Munich Treaty were violated or stretched on German demand, the fiendish persecutions of the Jews following on the assassination of a junior German diplomat in Paris, the threats to Roumania and Poland, and, finally, the breach of the Munich undertaking by the invasion of Czechoslovakia, had a wide educative effect.

The appeasement policy had been strongly criticised, not only by the two official Oppositions, but by a handful of courageous Conservatives. More important, perhaps, from the point of view of the Government whips, smoking-room opinion, never to be ignored, especially when the Government has a large and apparently secure majority, became increasingly hostile. When, in March of the following year, Czecho-slovakia proper was invaded, Parliament was sitting. The Government's first reactions, as voiced by the Prime Minister, were cautious. For a brief period it might have been thought that this new outrage would be deplored, wept over, and accepted; but the mood of the House of Commons this time was different. Within forty-eight hours the Prime Minister, in his native city of Birmingham, had made the strongest speech in criticism of a Government, with which we were still nominally at peace, within living memory. There was something like a sea change in British foreign policy. Nor was there any visible difference to our own in the new attitude of the French Government. There followed, in rapid succession, the guarantees to Poland, Roumania, and Greece, the beginnings of the successful negotiations which resulted in the Anglo-French-Turkish Treaty of Mutual Assistance, and the initiation of the unsuccessful negotiations for bringing Russia into a system of collective security.

Parliament responded immediately and favourably to this change. Not only were immense sums voted for armaments and the Territorial Army brought up to war strength and then doubled, but conscription for all men of military age in the country was passed with surprisingly little opposition. Indeed, there would have been less opposition to conscription from the Labour Party if the Cabinet had been more careful to consult its leaders beforehand and explain, particularly to the trade union chiefs, what lay behind the decision to reverse the cherished policy of voluntary service.

When the Polish crisis began to grow dangerous, Parliament was recalled from the Long Vacation almost automatically. In the vital days between the German invasion and the Anglo-French declaration of war, Parliament behaved magnificently. Both Chambers showed a unity of purpose never before achieved in such measure on any great question of national policy. We now know from the published

documents that Herr Hitler and his confederates were determined on war against Poland at their chosen time. They had made their preparations and were not to be gainsaid. Not even the desperate efforts of their Italian allies could check the avalanche. We know that now. At the time, however, a super-Munich appeared possible.

Again there were whisperings to the effect that 'no one would fight for Danzig,' and the like; but this time they were not listened to. The moment the German troops dashed over the Polish frontier and the German aircraft rained explosives on their objectives, the House of Commons was practically of one mind. A careful canvass disclosed only fourteen absolute Pacifists in a House of 615. About half of these accepted the inevitable. The fact that we were bound by treaty to go to the assistance of the Polish Government as soon as they were attacked was enough. No Government could have proposed to violate that treaty and remain in office. And that the House of Commons was correctly interpreting the opinions and desires of the nation is beyond argument.

There have been doubts in certain quarters since. The unexpectedly rapid collapse of Polish military resistance, the hostile intervention of Russia, the temporary deadlock on the Western Front, have led to questionings and even criticism. But who will question that in the early days of September Parliament accurately reflected the feelings and determination of the overwhelming majority of the citizens of the country? There was no jingoism either among the voters or their representatives.

What of Parliament since war was declared? Many feared, or even hoped, that Parliament would become a mere registering machine for governmental decrees. Elaborate plans had been made for its evacuation into a remote rural district. The first intention was to carry out this evacuation automatically, but it was resisted by the members of Parliament themselves. Remember, in the early days heavy air attacks were anticipated. Some 6,000,000 people would have had to stay in London to operate the port facilities, transport, factories and the like. The example set by a premature retreat of Parliament into the fastnesses of the Welsh mountains, or wherever it was that we were intended to hide, would have set a bad example. These arguments, and the general

resistance to a policy of scuttle, carried the day. This was the first victory of the Legislature over the Executive.

The next success was the determination to remain in session. As soon as the emergency legislation, giving immense powers to the Government, had been rushed through—and the speed of this operation, facilitated by the suspension of Standing Orders, could hardly be resisted—the intention was to send Parliament away for a long holiday. This was opposed. The instinct of members, quite irrespective of party, was in favour of remaining in session. As a compromise, it was suggested 'through the usual channels,' as we say at Westminster—that is, through the responsible Whips in both Houses—that Parliament should only meet *once a week* to hear a statement as to the progress of the war and then adjourn again. This was unacceptable. In the end, taking into consideration the difficulties of travelling at the beginning, and other complications, both Houses of Parliament settled down to meeting on three days a week instead of five.

This was the second triumph of democracy.

As the days shortened, there were renewed suggestions that Parliament should rise 'in plenty of time to enable members to get home before the black-out.' This pleasant proposal was defeated likewise. There were thousands of workmen and others who had to travel in the hours of darkness; and Parliament has sat rather later during the period of war than in normal times. What use was made of this insistence of Parliament on remaining alive? All normal and peace-time legislation was dropped. No Bills unconnected with the actual prosecution of the war were introduced. After a struggle, members agreed to jettison their ancient constitutional right of introducing private Bills; but Parliament pressed successfully for the right to criticise the estimates of money for the public service, to discuss grievances before supply. This was one of the issues of the Civil War. Parliamentary control of taxation is the most jealously guarded of all constitutional privileges. We have retained the right to discuss, move amendments to, and vote on the War Budget; to table motions, including Motions of Censure; to raise matters not involving legislation on Motions for the Adjournment; to move the adjournment on

matters of urgent public importance; and, perhaps most important of all, to question Ministers on policy and administration. All this was during a period of well-kept party truce. There has been little sniping or partisan tactics. The Opposition parties, having declined an invitation to participate in the Government, promised general support for the prosecution of the war while retaining the right to criticise. These criticisms have been constructive. The cross-examination of Ministers at question time has always been valuable, and it has been particularly valuable during the first months of the war. There were the inevitable frictions, delays and difficulties of the mobilisation and the rapid change-over from a peace to a war economy. The setting up of controls and rationing caused trouble to begin with. These defects were brought into the light of day. As examples, the muddle and delays over the pay of certain officers and units, or in the payment of separation allowances to the wives and families of men in the forces, were exposed and remedied when private representation and letters to Government departments had brought no result. The early shortage of greatcoats and blankets was complained of. The ex-Secretary of State for War, Mr. Hore-Belisha, lost his temper on one occasion when questioned about coatless soldiers on guard duty, saying that this would provide material for the German propaganda service. He was instantly suppressed by the House of Commons, irrespective of party. If there is never to be criticism of Ministers because certain defects might be made known to the enemy, then Parliament will be hamstrung. The only alternative is to sit continually in secret, just as we did up to 130 years ago. As for German propaganda, the more it stresses the activity of Parliament the better.

There is a censorship on the matters raised on the floor of the House. It is exercised in three ways. Members themselves have shown an admirable discretion in the subjects to which they have referred in open session. The Clerks at the Table, with the right of appeal to the Speaker, from whom they derive their authority, can and do refuse certain questions when notice is first given. And Ministers themselves write privately to members or approach them through their Whips pointing out when there are unsuspected dangers. These warnings are invariably acted upon. As a last safeguard,

Ministers can always refuse to answer 'in the public interest.'

Perhaps the greatest democratic triumph of Parliament so far has been with regard to the special powers sought by the Home Department under the emergency legislation. I explained above how this Bill had to be passed through with the maximum of speed; but, as a safeguard, the rules drawn up under this emergency legislation have to lie on the table of both Houses of Parliament for an agreed period of time. During that period a Prayer, as it is called, can be placed on the Order Paper demanding that the rules should not come into force. This leads to a debate; and, in the particular case to which I am referring, the result was remarkable. The powers of arrest without warrant, of imprisonment without trial, of imposing a curfew, and similar restrictions on the liberty of the subject, were embodied in rules laid on the table by Sir John Anderson, Minister for Home Security. When these came to be debated on the Prayer, the parliamentary opposition to some of them was so strong that Sir John Anderson, on the special advice of Sir Samuel Hoare, had them withdrawn and a Select Committee of members of all parties was appointed to examine into these rules departmentally with a view to agreement. The examination took place and several of the more drastic of these rules were modified or withdrawn. This was a clear example of the checking of a bureaucracy, temporarily gone mad, by the Legislature. A Liberal, Mr. Dingle Foot, and a Labour member, the Right Hon. Wedgwood Benn, were the Pym and Hampden of this period; but they were assisted by Conservatives of undoubted loyalty to the Government, and, indeed, by members in all parts of the House.

Improvement in the separation allowances of men serving in the forces was the direct result of parliamentary pressure. The undertaking not to send soldiers younger than nineteen years of age overseas was also brought about by agitation in the House of Commons. The Ministry of Information was reformed and remodelled as much by parliamentary criticism as by newspaper agitation.

Parliament has abdicated certain rights, notably by prolonging its own life, a General Election not being considered practicable; and there is an official party truce not to

contest by-elections, entered into temporarily by the three main parties.

The influence of Parliament itself on the conduct of the war has been great. The one day's secret session may or may not be repeated, but it was a precedent re-established in this war which may be useful again. At any rate, its secrets were well kept.

Valuable work has been done behind the scenes. In the French and American Legislatures, the two other leading democracies, the committee system is well established. In both countries, as part of the Constitution, Standing Committees on Foreign Affairs, Defence, Finance, etc., are set up after their election. They can sit in secret and have the power to call before them not only Ministers, but permanent officials, and, in the case of the navy and army, the admirals and generals. The Chairmen of the Senate and House Committees on Foreign Affairs in Congress, for example, have great power and influence. A proposal to establish similar committees at Westminster has often been debated, and always resisted. The war has created the embryo and it will grow.

After the Great War of 1914–1918 had been in progress for two years, an Economy Committee was set up under the chairmanship of Sir Herbert Samuel, now Viscount Samuel. It did good work in checking waste both in the field and at home, and it has been claimed for it that it saved very large sums of money for the country. Before Parliament rose for the Christmas recess, a similar Committee on Expenditure was set up by agreement. This would have been established earlier but for insistence by the Labour Party that it should only examine into war-time expenditure. This was because of fear of a new Geddes Committee which would cut into the social services. It now consists of twenty-eight members, drawn from all parties, and has divided itself into six sub-committees each under its own chairman, and is a statutory body with full powers. It will examine into expenditure on the Army, Navy, Air Force, Ministry of Supply, Ministry of Home Defence, Board of Trade, and the Ministries of Agriculture and Economic Warfare. The sub-committee charged with the duty of looking into expenditure on the Army will visit the front in France.

There has been another development. During the

difficult days of August the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Attlee, was laid aside with illness. The deputy leader, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, became acting Leader of the Opposition. In accordance with recent practice, Mr. Greenwood and also Sir Archibald Sinclair, the leader of the Opposition Liberal Party, were called into consultation by the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary and informed of the principal developments in the international situation on frequent occasions before and after the declaration of war.

The machinery of the Labour Opposition in Parliament functions through an elected executive consisting of fifteen members. This executive, on which the Opposition Peers are represented, was kept informed in its turn, and this arrangement undoubtedly helped to steady the parliamentary Opposition. In return for a promise of general support, the Prime Minister invited Mr. Greenwood to consult with the principal Ministers directly concerned with the war on any matter which appeared to be urgent or important. This was too much burden for one man to bear for long; so certain members of the Parliamentary Executive were, by agreement, charged with the duty of keeping in close touch with the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary of State for War, the Air Minister, the Minister of Supply, the President of the Board of Trade, the Minister for Agriculture, and the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence. They acted as a channel of communication between the executive of the Opposition and the Ministers of the Government and the senior civil servants. Through these members of Parliament, with no official position, representations were made to the Ministries concerned, or to their permanent heads of departments, as most convenient. The system works well. The liaison officers, if I may so describe them, have been able to bring complaints or suggestions directly to the notice of the Minister when it would be undesirable to have these ventilated on the floor of the House. Though the system has worked smoothly, it gave rise to certain doubts in the minds of the back-benchers. It is true that at the weekly party meetings of the Labour Party the opportunity was taken to explain to the rank and file of the Opposition what was going on. Naturally, a certain discretion was observed. This indirect information did not satisfy many of the members of the Opposition,

however, and the next development was the establishment of a number of important committees manned entirely by Opposition members. One dealt with the problems of Home Security, Evacuation and everything comprised in the words represented by the initials A.R.P. Another dealt with Supply for the Forces, and particularly the doings of the Ministry of Supply. It was the uneasiness existing about the working of the Ministry of Supply and the facts brought before this Committee which led to the demand for the secret session.

Another committee deals with agriculture and food rationing. The chairman and vice-chairman of these three committees are expert in their own subjects and they are also the members, in the case of the chairman, appointed as liaison officers to the Ministries concerned. As the results of the researches and collection of evidence by these committees become available, they are taken straight to the Ministries concerned without the necessity of debating the subjects openly in Parliament.

There have always been unofficial committees of this kind. The Conservative Party has one known as the 1922 Committee, which comprises most of the Conservative members. As a matter of courtesy, Ministers have frequently appeared before this 1922 Committee, expounded their policy and submitted to cross-examination. Ever since the present Government has been in office there have been committees of its supporters in existence, unofficial and private, dealing with such subjects as foreign affairs, agriculture, and the Defence Forces. But the difference to-day, in war-time, is that for the first time the Opposition committees have been granted *de facto* recognition. It may well be that *de jure* recognition may be granted to these Opposition committees on condition that they enlarge their membership to include those of other parties. We will then have achieved the same system as that existing in the French and American Legislatures. This would seem to be a common-sense way of permitting Parliament to function as an Advisory Council without giving information to the enemy.

Nor has the House of Lords abdicated its functions. When, after much discussion in argument which at one stage became acrimonious, the Prime Minister agreed to a secret session for the House of Commons, the subject of debate

behind closed doors was limited to the subject of supply—in other words, the equipment of the Army and the provision of military munitions. The House of Lords, claiming the same right, were offered a secret debate with the same restrictions. This offer was rejected. Peers declined to limit themselves to any one subject. The Upper House is enriched by the membership of a number of distinguished officers of long service in the Navy, Army, and Air Force. Some of these wished to discuss the higher strategy of the war. Pacifist Peers, less in numbers than the fingers of one hand, asked for a secret session for the purpose of discussing war aims. In the end no agreement was reached. The Peers may hold their secret session later. The pacifists held their own debate in public on war aims, which only showed their paucity in numbers and influence; and the strategists kept quiet altogether. But another precedent was created. The First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War addressed the Peers privately in the largest committee room of the House of Lords, and submitted themselves to cross-examination. The Secretary of State for Air will also have visited the House of Lords for this same purpose by the time these words appear in print. We have been promised a repetition of these consultative visits.

During the long-drawn-out discussions, lasting most of this century, on the reform of the House of Lords, the proposal has frequently been made that Cabinet Ministers should have the right to address either House of the Legislature irrespective of where they sit. This system prevails in the French Parliament. It would get over the perennial objections raised to important Ministers sitting in the House of Lords.

Are the visits of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Hore-Belisha and Sir Kingsley Wood to address private meetings of the Peers indications that this particular reform may be embodied in our unwritten Constitution? If so, it will be one of the minor revolutions of the many which this war has brought about.

The House of Lords is not exactly a democratic assembly, and does not claim to be. Many critics have declared, and will argue again, that the House of Commons, under our curious method of election, and with the party system as it is, is not democratic either. Be this as it may, the House of

Commons, in which I had the honour of sitting for thirteen years and with which I have kept in touch ever since, is the most democratic assembly in the world. It has its defects and it was losing some of its powers. Originally devised as a defence of the people against both nobles and King—in other words, against the bureaucracy of the day—it had become too cumbersome under present-day conditions. A body originally formed to prevent the Executive from doing too much or acting too quickly had not been able to adjust itself to a situation in which governmental action and intervention had become necessary in ever-increasing spheres of national activity. The war has given Parliament a new lease of life. It has, in a way, reverted to its old status of a Grand Council of the Nation.

The war *Hansard* has been extraordinarily good reading. It is our only completely uncensored contemporary publication.

It may well be that we will have to put certain of our constitutional liberties in cold storage for the purpose of winning the war. Parliament is performing the double function of seeing that restrictions are not imposed except where necessary, nor applied harshly, nor against the dictates of common sense; and of seeing to it that His Majesty's present advisers, who happened to be in office when we were forced into war, carry out the will of the nation, and prove themselves the most suitable for this purpose.

STRABOLGI.

THE DOLPHIN AND THE ALBATROSS

Aerial attack on warships has played havoc with most of the theoretic forecasts as to air war which were so freely made on the basis of peace time practice. From the wildest exaggerations—such as that no warship could live through determined air attack—to the more modest and conceivable suggestion that an onset by bombers in the course of a sea battle would gravely interfere with the tactical plans, we were treated in the years between 1920 and 1939 to all manner of shudderful prophecies of the complete change in sea warfare that must result from the development of the Air Arm. Those students of the sea affair who ventured to express doubts about the accuracy of the prophecies were regarded as fossilised fogies, whose ideas still hovered in the age of sail and whose minds had not advanced beyond Clark of Eldin. It was of no account to the out and out air enthusiast that the Governments of all the Naval Powers had appointed special commissions to examine and report on the whole matter and that all of them were agreed on one general conclusion—that the air menace had by no means ' abolished ' the warship. Not even the capital ship, the largest target of all, was regarded as specially vulnerable by these commissions. The air enthusiasts conveniently forgot all about those reports and continued to draw their lurid imaginative pictures of what the air would do.

Field-Marshal Goering was one of the fiercest of the prophets. Publicly and privately he thundered out his creed that the day of Britain's control of the sea was ended. That no country need any longer fear attack from the sea. That aircraft would completely nullify Britain's favourable strategical position on the ocean. That Air Power was now the determining factor in all warfare. And that German Air Power was invincible and would ruthlessly control every move that Britain tried to make by sea.

We have now had a number of engagements between air and sea forces and it is not unamusing for the fossilised fogies to study the actual results achieved, so far as they are at present known. We lack, it is true, accurate knowledge of the exact effect of the attacks made on German warships in the Bight of Heligoland by units of the R.A.F. We only know that the airmen have claimed a certain number of direct hits, but none of them so far has claimed anything approaching a mortal wound. We do know with considerable accuracy, however, the exact outcome of German attacks on our warships, and it is possible to tabulate the results of each encounter, thus presenting a dramatic and convincing survey of the damage done and the price paid to achieve it.

TABLE I

German Air Attacks on the British Fleet

Date	Scene of Attack	Forces Engaged	Losses	
			British	German
Sept. 27	North Sea .	British warships 7 20 German 'planes	*Nil*	5 'planes
"	May Island .	British destroyer 1 German 'plane	*Nil*	*Nil*
Oct. 7	North Sea .	2 British mine sweepers Enemy 'planes	*Nil*	*Nil*
" 9	North Sea .	British cruiser squadron 20 German 'planes	*Nil*	6 'planes
" 16	Firth of Forth .	British warships 6 12 German 'planes	1 hit on cruiser 2 "near misses"	4 'planes
" 17	Scapa Flow	British warships [illegible] 14 German 'planes	1 "near miss"	4 'planes
" 21	North Sea .	British convoy [illegible] 12 German 'planes	*Nil*	4 'planes
" 22	St. Abb's Head	British convoy [illegible] 2 German 'planes	*Nil*	1 'plane
" 30	S. Dogger Bank	British destroyers 8 2 German 'planes	*Nil*	*Nil*
Nov. 20	North Sea .	British destroyers 9 German 'planes	*Nil*	*Nil*
" 23	North Sea .	British warships [illegible] German 'planes	*Nil*	*Nil*
Jan. 1	Off Shetlands .	British warships [illegible] German 'planes	*Nil*	*Nil*

The engagements on September 27th and October 9th are particularly important.

In the first the British warships concerned included capital ships, an aircraft carrier, a cruiser squadron and destroyers. They formed, obviously, a complete tactical unit and offered precisely the kind of target that we had been assured a couple of aircraft squadrons would annihilate. The air conditions favoured the attackers: there were patches of cloud out of which the machines could fly to launch an attack. The method used was high-flying precision bombing, the lowest altitude mentioned in any of the reports being 12,000 feet. This was the first occasion on which airmen had been called on to face live shell in the anti-aircraft barrage from ships and it is perhaps significant of the confusion caused by this experience that the German airmen reported on landing that they had sunk the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*, and that several heavy hits were made on a battleship. They were completely mistaken. Not one hit was made on any of the British ships; even 'near-misses' did no material damage.

The engagement of October 9th was even more important. It was no tip-and-run affair. A British cruiser squadron with its attendant destroyers was engaged, off and on, for eight hours in coping with air attacks and it may fairly be said that this was the first full-scale battle in history between the Dolphin and the Albatross, between the sea and the air. Again the Germans carried out high-level precision bombing, sometimes at 5,000 feet, sometimes at 12,000 feet, and in one or two instances at the absurd height of 22,000 feet. It is small wonder that in this attack the bombs fell as much as half a mile wide of the nearest ship. The volume of anti-aircraft fire from such a squadron would be tremendous. The cruisers alone had nearly 100 A.A. guns of varying calibre; the destroyers' total would be about seventy-five, and the effect of the curtain of fire that surrounded the aircraft is again shown by the inability of the Germans to report accurately what happened. They differentiated meticulously in the official report, between six direct hits with heavy bombs and four with medium calibre, but they were entirely wrong. In the whole of the eight hours' fighting not one direct hit was made on a warship.

It may be useful here to draw attention to the kind of target that is offered by such a squadron. The three lines of ships, with a quarter of a mile between the lines, and a ship's

length between ships, occupy some 13,885,000 square feet of the ocean. But each destroyer's deck space represents some 7,078 square feet and each cruiser's some 20,886 square feet. That is to say, the amount of area on which a direct hit can be made within the 13,000,000 square feet occupied by the squadron is no more than 161,054 square feet. The chance of a direct hit is therefore $\frac{161,054}{13,885,000}$ or 86 to 1 against in any sort of generalised bombing. This is an aspect of the problem which is usually overlooked; far too many people take it for granted that every bomblet has its billet. This is not even true of shells fired from guns where aiming and direction are much more precise than can be the case with bombing where the man at the release, in a machine travelling at 300 m.p.h., has 0·08 second in which his sights are on the target. The percentage of hits with big shells by the German and British gunnery experts at the Battle of Jutland was not more than three. It is generally supposed that the standard of gunnery in the British Navy to-day is much higher than it was in 1916, but even so we may assume that not more than 6 per cent. of shells fired in a general action at long range to-day would actually hit the target. It is obvious that a much lower percentage is to be expected with bombing at heights from 5,000 feet to 12,000 feet.

The next aerial engagement provided quite different conditions. The warships were at anchor in the Firth of Forth and provided stationary targets. The opportunity for dive-bombing was obvious, but again the bulk of the attacks were delivered in a glide from 6,000 feet down to 1,500 feet. It has been suggested that the German machines used for these long-distance raids are unsuited for the stress of dive-bombing. This seems, however, to be doubtful, for later in the year similar machines carried out this manœuvre repeatedly when attacking unarmed trawlers. Is it not more probable that the men who launched the initial attacks against the Fleet had a wholesome respect for the possibilities of the multiple pom-pom and had no desire to come too close to the blizzard of explosive shell it can spray across the path of the dive-bombing machine?

The material results achieved in the Firth of Forth attack were curious. The cruiser *Southampton* suffered a direct hit,

but a queer freak of Fate provided that it was made by a bomb that failed to explode. It smashed a hole in the thin plating of the forecastle and bounced off into the sea, sinking an empty pinnace and Admiral's barge lying alongside. A 'near-miss' burst alongside the cruiser *Edinburgh* and seven of the crew were injured by splinters from the bomb. The most serious loss of all occurred in the destroyer *Mohawk*. She was moving up the Firth on her way to her moorings after returning from convoy-escort and a working party were gathered on the forecastle in the open ready for anchoring. The official report states categorically that splinters from a 'near-miss' caused the twenty-five casualties, including the death of the commanding officer and the first lieutenant. I have been assured by naval eye-witnesses that a German bomber dived down and machine-gunned the *Mohawk's* forecastle and bridge. There is here a direct conflict of testimony which it would be well to have officially explained. But it is to be noted that not one of the 'near-misses' caused any substantial damage; the ships concerned remained in the fighting line, as did the *Southampton*, her own ship's company being able to repair the hole in the deck.

The following day in an attack at Scapa Flow another 'near-miss' was scored alongside the demilitarised depot ship *Iron Duke*. Here the damage done by the explosion was definitely of a character to put the ship into dockyard hands for repair—and it is noteworthy that the only ship to suffer that fate in aerial attack was one to which Mr. Churchill could quite accurately apply his famous 1914 phrase 'of no military significance.'

After October no further air attacks on large warships or on active squadrons were undertaken. There have been minor scraps with individual destroyers or with minesweepers but large-scale engagements have not occurred.

Another feature of the air war which has not recurred since October is attacks on convoys. The immense activity up and down the British East Coast every week is not much talked about in the Press, but it may be mentioned that in sixteen weeks at least 12,000,000 tons of shipping passed along the convoy routes between the Downs and the Scottish ports. A convoy of two score ships or more is a large target. It may be several miles in length from head to tail, but since their

two experiences of the fire that meets them from the escorting vessels and from the defensive armament of the merchant ships, the Nazi airmen have not interfered with those convoys at all, and no merchant ship under escort has been sunk by air attack.

The losses that have occurred in the Merchant Navy from air attack have all been among lone vessels and among neutrals. This aspect of the war is peculiarly beastly. It broke out in December when there were no fewer than thirty-two cases of attacks on fishing vessels and small craft of that kind, totally unarmed and far from any naval protection. The defenceless crews were machine-gunned at close range. Dozens of bombs were dropped and a number of the vessels were sunk. But even the *ardent* enthusiast for air power will hardly want to claim that kind of thing as a glorious victory for his weapon. And it may be noted that many of these small craft survived explosive bombs though incendiary bombs destroyed them. There was one stout little trawler that refused to go under even though hit by two bombs and riddled with machine-gun bullets along the waterline until, as the skipper said, she was more like a colander than a ship. This kind of gangsterdom warfare has no technical interest, however, and the damage done by it cannot properly be considered in any estimation of the part that air attack is playing in the war at sea.

When we turn to consideration of the effects of our air attacks on German ships we are met by one difficulty which is insuperable until after the war. We are not told—and we shall not yet be told—exactly what was the result of air-bombing of U-boats. Our only official knowledge is obtained from the occasional Air Ministry statements and from the Air Minister's review of the work of the R.A.F. in his speech to the Commons. Sir Kingsley Wood then said that British aircraft had carried out attacks on German submarines on fifty-seven occasions and in nineteen cases we could be sure that substantial damage had been caused.

This statement, it may be noted, is much more reserved in its claims than had been some of the Air Ministry communiqués to the Press that preceded it. In them definite claims that U-boats had been sunk by the bombing were made.

Anyone with experience of anti-submarine operations knows how great is the difficulty of establishing with certainty the 'sinking' of a submarine. The Admiralty Staff are ultra-cautious in their cataloguing of the outcome of attacks and it certainly seemed conceivable that some of the sinkings which the Air Ministry claimed would be unlikely to figure among the established cases in the Admiralty records until further evidence was forthcoming. But we may take Sir Kingsley Wood's more reserved statement as a reasonable summary of the effects of air attack—and we are immediately confronted with a series of satisfactory operations which show a difference from the attacks made against surface vessels on either side. There is a twofold explanation of this. In the first place the airman and the submarine lookout sight each other practically simultaneously at a distance of some five miles. The airman, diving to the attack will be over his target in ninety seconds. The submarine has only that space of time in which to get the navigating party off the bridge and below, close up the conning tower hatch and be down to 60 or 70 feet to avoid the worst of the effects of the explosion of the bombs. Such 'crash-diving' can only be carried out successfully by an extremely well-trained crew—engine-room personnel as well as hydroplane hands, the men at the valves of the flooding tanks and the helmsman. Down 50 feet in forty seconds is good going.

In the second place the airman is not bothered with any counter-attack. The submarine's only defence against bombing is depth. The bomber's accuracy of aim is not disturbed.

These two factors give to this aspect of the struggle between the Dolphin and the Albatross a particular character and in view of the incompleteness of our information about the effects achieved, detailed consideration must be deferred.

British air attacks against German surface ships, on the other hand, appear to have given much the same results as the enemy's assaults on our fleet. We have claimed two direct hits on vessels of the size of cruisers and one on a patrol vessel. In three of the attacks the known damage to the enemy was *nil*. Tabulated, the available information presents the following picture of the position :—

TABLE II

British Air Attacks on the German Fleet

Date	Scene of Attack	Forces Engaged	Losses	
			British	German
Sept. 4	Wilhelmshaven Brunsbüttel	British bombers [illegible] German warships	5 bombers (German claim)	1 hit on a cruiser
" 29	Heligoland Bight	British bombers [illegible] German warships	5 bombers (German claim)	2 fighters
Nov. 4	North Sea	British 'planes [illegible] U-boat	*Nil*	'Near-miss'
" 12	North Sea	British 'planes [illegible] U-boat	*Nil*	Direct hit claimed
Dec. 3	North Sea	British 'planes [illegible] U-boat	*Nil*	Direct hit claimed
" 3	Heligoland	British bombers [illegible] German naval squadron	*Nil*	1 fighter 'direct hits on a cruiser'
" 8	Northern waters	British 'planes [illegible] U-boat	*Nil*	2 direct hits claimed
" 8	Atlantic	British flying boats [illegible] U-boat	*Nil*	'Near misses'
" 27	North Sea	British 'planes [illegible] 2 German destroyers 4 patrol boats	*Nil*	*Nil*
" 27	North Sea	British 'planes [illegible] 7 patrol boats	*Nil*	Hit on 1 patrol boat claimed
Jan. 13	Off Jutland	British 'planes [illegible] 3 German destroyers	*Nil*	*Nil*

It is surely obvious that the amount of material damage done by both sides is not commensurate with the expenditure of effort—and of life. In mere terms of money the German air attacks against British warships show a serious adverse balance. During the Government's examination of the Air *versus* Sea controversy ten years ago it was accepted by the Air Ministry and the Admiralty that forty-three bombers represented the capital value of a battleship. It will be seen therefore that the German air losses represent approximately half a battleship against which they can set no loss either of material or of fighting efficiency among our ships.

Forty years ago we were threatened with extinction by a new weapon. *La poussière navale*, the new torpedo craft, were to put an end to Britain's sea mastery. They did not. And it does not appear probable that *poussière aérienne* will be any more effective.

H. C. FERRABY.

CHURCH AND GOD-MANHOOD IN RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY

Religion is faith in God and at the same time faith in man. If life is to have meaning for man he must believe in his own absolute dignity. He must learn to believe in himself as a potential partaker of the divine eternal life.

VLADIMIR SOLOVIEV.

THE term 'Russian religious philosophy' is a pleonasm, as the whole of Russian philosophy is penetrated by the religious idea. The exponents of this religious philosophy are not ecclesiastical but secular, and the philosophy itself has developed in a direction opposed to the spirit of the official Greek Orthodox Church. The central conception of God-manhood is given by the philosophers, in contradistinction to the official Church, a cosmogonal and not a soteriological meaning. According to the Church's interpretation the incarnation of Christ has as its object the salvation of man from original sin. Thus the incarnation appears, fundamentally, as an accident evoked by Adam's fall. This soteriological interpretation makes man himself an accident, a mere object of the Grace of God. Russian religious philosophy, however, rests fundamentally upon another standpoint. The Divine Incarnation here appears as included from the beginning in the plan of creation; a cosmogonal process and at the same time the content of the history of mankind.

An equally fundamental difference exists between the conceptions of official dogma and of religious philosophy on the subject of the Church. The official idea of the Church is of an institution created by Christ which, in spite of her mystical origin, bears an essentially mundane character. For religious philosophy, however, the Church is less an institution than a living organism. In this organism the mystical process of Incarnation is taking place. 'For the Church's life the

most significant thing is the inseparable union of the Divine with the human . . . the Church is the ladder between heaven and earth, upon which God is descending to earth and man is ascending to Heaven' (Rev. S. Bulgakov).

Finally, the eschatological mood, the 'Expectation of the End' is characteristic. And here again this philosophy is distinct from the conception of the official Church, to which this mood is fundamentally alien.

These three central ideas—God-manhood, Church and Expectation of the End—represent the essential content of Russian religious philosophy. Our task cannot consist in examining the sources of this philosophy. It can be traced back on the one hand to early medieval Gnosis, on the other to German mysticism (Jakob Böhme, F. Baader). German idealistic philosophy, above all of Hegel and Schelling, has exercised influence on the formation of religious thought in Russia. Decisive, however, is the fact that Russia in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries produced a galaxy of persons of exceptional religious gifts. Khomyakov, Soloviev, Fedorov, Bulgakov, Berdyaev—to mention only those writers especially concerned with theology. Besides these must also be mentioned poets such as Lermontov and Dostojewsky, whose influence on the development of the religious *Weltanschauung* and the deepening of the religious consciousness was of decisive importance.

It would be false to over-estimate the significance of Russian positivism particularly in its last Marxist phase, or to regard positivism as the dominant Russian ideology. In reality a struggle has for centuries been going on in Russia between rationalism or positivism and mysticism. Basically one can trace this struggle between rationalism and mysticism to the controversy which raged inside the Byzantine Church in the fourteenth century between the Hesychasts [1] on the one hand, who depended on Plato, and the neoplatonists, and, on the other hand, Western religious rationalism which employed Aristotelian methods. This peculiar controversy

[1] The Hesychasts continued the great tradition of Greek mysticism, particularly Simeon of Studion (died 1092). According to it the highest aim of life is union with God by means of a mystical contemplation of the Godhead. Characteristic of Hesychastic doctrine is the distinction between Essence (οὐσία) and Emanation (ἐνέργεια). The essence of God cannot be seen by any man, what can be seen is the 'Uncreated Light,' which is no other than the manifestation of the Divine Essence.

between the 'Easterns' and the 'Westerns' inside the Greek-Byzantine Church had a decisive effect on the destiny of this Church and her relationship to Roman Catholicism.

On Russian soil this age-old dispute, in direct connection with the discussions in the Byzantine Church, first appeared in the struggle in the fifteenth century between Nil Sorskij, the ascetic, mystic and rebel on the one hand and Josif Volotski, the rationalist and Cæsaro-papist on the other, then between the patriarch Nikon and the 'Raskolniki' in the seventeenth century, between the Voltairists and the Freemasons in the eighteenth century, the Slavophiles and Westerners in the first half of the nineteenth, and the idealists and Marxists in the twentieth. This ancient dispute appeared in many disguises and perhaps reflected the eternal contradiction between the primitive elements in the human soul—reason and emotion. At the moment rationalism and materialism have the upper hand, at least outwardly. What is happening in the depths of the people's soul can only be surmised. But it may safely be assumed that it has little in common with the official ideological façade.

The central idea of Russian religious philosophy is the idea of God-manhood. This idea formed the chief subject of the greatest Russian thinker, Vladimir Soloviev (1853–1900). God-manhood is the complete unification of the Godhead with Man and through him with the whole creation. There are three phases of God-manhood: the creation of man as the crown of the Universe; the incarnation of God in Christ, and finally the union of the Godhead with humanity and the whole creation at the end of the ages. The first theophany is Adam, the second theophany is Christ. The whole of Nature strives towards Man, the whole history of Mankind strives towards God-manhood.

Here, however, the Platonic character of Russian religious philosophy becomes manifest. The realisation of the idea of God-manhood in human history is only possible because this idea existed before all history and before all experience. For this idea is contained in the personality of God as Trinity. The Christian doctrine of the Trinity reveals its ontological content first in the idea of God-manhood. God the son as the second Person of the Trinity already represents the urge of the Godhead towards self-realisation or self-revelation.

God the Son has existed before all eternity, but his fulfilment he finds only in his incarnation as Christ. 'And the Word was with God and the Word was God. The same was *in the beginning* with God. . . . And the Word was made flesh.'

The theory of the Logos as the bridge from God to Man is characteristic of Russain religious philosophy. By its means the idea is expressed that God is not only transcendent but immanent in the world and especially in man. God, it is true, is conceivable without man, but not man without God. Fundamentally man can only imagine God in a relationship to himself. God, world and man are through a mystery bound up with each other. God has created the world for man, but God created man in order to have a friend, in order to make him a son of God and partaker of the Divine Life (Rev. S. Bulgakov). Speaking subjectively, man represents the union of the Divine Logos with earthly nature; the task of mankind, however, consists in realising objectively, in the material world, this union between God and his creation.

In the Christian philosophy of Soloviev the humanising of the Godhead and the sanctification of humanity receives its final expression. Here one feels most deeply the opposition of modern Russian religious ideas to the Western Catholic Thomism, and also to the neo-Thomism of our days as expressed, for instance, in the works of Maritain. There is for us, says Nicholas Berdyaev, no hard and fast boundary line between the natural and the supernatural (as it exists in Thomas Aquinas); we believe rather that the world and man and all real Being is rooted in God, that the divine energy penetrates the natural world.

This doctrine affirms in the first place the impossibility of a godless humanitarianism such as has been preached by positivism since the eighteenth century. Soloviev thus sums up, sarcastically, the dogma of Godless humanitarianism: there is nothing beyond force and matter; the struggle for existence first brought the pterodactyl and then the ape, from whose variation men appeared; therefore let every man lay down his life for his friends! Inside this syllogism the attempt is disclosed to establish humanitarian morality apart from the God idea and that of the immanent union of man with the Godhead.

The doctrine of God-manhood receives its final completion in the doctrine of the Sophia. In the German mystics, from whom Russian philosophy has borrowed this conception, Sophia appears as the '*Jungfrau der Weisheit Gottes*' (Jakob Böhme). Baader sees in the Sophia, in purely Platonic form, 'the world of prototypes,' but at the same time he speaks of the Sophia as of the 'true and eternal manhood.' Here the relation to God-manhood is already indicated. For Solov'ev the Sophia is first the expression of the humanity of the divine. Logos is the direct expression of the Absolute as the unconditionally existing; Sophia on the other hand is in relation to the Absolute its eternal Otherness, in other words Sophia is the expression of the Logos, the realised Idea. Sophia, Soloviev remarks in another place, is the matter of the Godhead. It is the feminine principle of the cosmogony in opposition to the Logos which represents the masculine principle. Sophia exists from all eternity, like God. It is fundamentally nothing other than the ideal humanity as conceived by God, the ideal society consisting in absolute oneness between God and men, the final embodiment of the eternal wisdom.

The doctrine of the Church was first formulated in Russian religious philosophy by A. Khomyakov (1804–1860). It is in closest connection with his whole philosophy. The foundation of this philosophy is the doctrine of the Soul. According to it there is in the soul of man a kernel which is of much more value than the understanding and the consciousness. It is through the channel of this kernel that man becomes united to God. The highest knowledge is the recognition of absolute Being, but it is no logical recognition but a mystical. The logical recognition is ethically indifferent, it is beyond good and evil. Therefore the internal ordering of human personality cannot be achieved through the development of logical thought. On the contrary logic leads us away from absolute Being. Russian folk-culture is completely based on the Soul, while occidental culture is purely formal. The West is rationalist and individualist, while the Russian people is emotionally and collectively constituted.

All these ideas represent the common property of that Russian School which is generally designated Slavophile, although this name is partly misleading. Khomyakov

is the most important representative of this school, which has been exceptionally significant in the development of Russian ideology, and which has been characterised above all by its emphasis on the close connection between the national and the religious motive in Russian life. The Church appears in this doctrine as the ideal society in which the national and at the same time the human peculiarity of the Russian people is coming or must come to its full unfolding.

The Church, says Khomyakov, is neither a system nor an institution. The Church is a living organism of truth and love, or rather it is itself truth and love as an organism. The greatest mystery is the union of the absolutely free human personality with the Church which is itself a living and free personality. Freedom, according to Khomyakov, is not a right but a duty. Freedom is a burden which must be carried for the sake of the highest dignity and Godlikeness of Man. To be able to achieve oneness with God, to be partaker of the Divine nature, man must be free.

The absolute freedom of man will suffer no subjection to any sort of earthly authority, either of Priest or of human understanding. Therefore Khomyakov refuses ecclesiastical doctrines both Catholic and Protestant. The union of man with the Church is realised in the *Sobornosty*, which represents the actual content of ecclesiasticism. *Sobornosty* is a mystical society, consisting of all believers, living and dead, and is penetrated by the Holy Spirit. In the Russian word *Sobornosty* are two ideas: on the one hand the idea of the Council, *Sobor*, by which is emphasised that the highest authority of the Church community is embodied in the oecumenical councils, in as far as these councils truly comprise the whole of Christendom and not just one part of it. Thus they must be considered as manifestations of the Holy Ghost. On the other hand a further idea is included, that of Community, of collective thinking and vision. Thereby the idea is expressed that the vision of the Godhead and union with Him is no individual affair. The mystery of Love is indicated. Love, Khomyakov teaches, is a category of knowing. Love has for so long been preached to the nations as a duty, man has forgotten that Love is not only a duty but also a Divine Grace, by which man receives the knowledge of absolute truth. The Church is not an authority but is in the Truth

which is perceived by the love of men, who are united in the Church.

Khomyakov's doctrine of the Church accords with certain Protestant ways of thought. He is one of those modern Russian religious thinkers who place the least emphasis on the other-worldly character of the Church and at the same time understand least of its eschatological and prophetic significance. With Soloviev and his pupil Bulgakov, however, this character and this significance are particularly emphasised.

The mystic character of the Church is best expressed in the following formula of Bulgakov's: The Church is the oneness of transcendent and immanent Being. For the Church as a mystical organism three elements are essential: liberty, love and the Divine Grace. The Church is there where men, united in mutual brotherly love and free like-mindedness, become worthy vessels of the Divine Grace which is the true essence and living Principle of the Church and which makes her a unified spiritual organism (Soloviev).

The world is created for the Church, yes, the world must become the Church, otherwise it has no meaning at all. Man as Priest has the task of sanctifying the world; as God's Son man is a mediator between God and his creatures.

The doctrine of the Church represents the connection between the doctrine of God-manhood and that of the end of the world. God-manhood finds its fulfilment in the Church as a mystical organism, but the Church is at the same time the consummation of human history and the cosmogony in general. The eschatological idea is the third and probably also the most intimate conception of Russian religious philosophy. The idea that human history must have an end is immanent in Christian doctrine, but the official Church of all three Christian denominations, Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox and Protestant, takes a purely superficial attitude to this idea. In the official Church is necessarily inherent an optimism, an affirmation of life and of the Here, and therewith a refusal of the 'End,' which can mean nothing but the destruction of this world. On the other hand the eschatological idea as it is expressed, say, in 2 Peter iii. 10, is fully congenial to Russian religious philosophy: 'But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements

shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.' The end of the world is the necessary condition of that 'new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness' (2 Peter iii. 13).

The end of this world is necessary so that the mystic Kingdom of love and truth may begin. Destruction is the necessary condition of resurrection. Without eschatology no ethic is possible. The Christian ethic has as a condition the belief in the conquest of the greatest evil, of evil itself, namely, of death. For him who does not believe in the resurrection of Christ and in his future Kingdom, the conquest of death remains an impossibility. As long, however, as death reigns, this greatest of all evils, life cannot triumph, and so long, too, man cannot believe in the final victory of the Good. Without this belief, however, every ethic is untenable. Evil, death, is there to be overcome. At the end of history the final struggle between life and death, good and evil, Christ and antichrist, will take place. The historical process consists in preparing man for this final struggle by spiritualising him through the inner assimilation of the Divine Principle.

The Expectation of the End is a characteristic not only of Russian religious philosophy but also of the whole spiritual make-up of the Russian intellectual. Russian thought in all its shades has always been unfriendly to this present world. The Russian nihilist, however, opposes to this world his own godless eschatology. The end of history here synchronises with the beginning of anthropocracy, the reign of the godless man who pronounces himself a god. The collectivist idea is inherent in this anthropocracy. The individual appears as an atom of nothingness, but through some godless mystery collective humanity is deified. That is the religion of collectivism, the worship of the godless, that is the soulless, humanity.

Russian religious philosophy, particularly Soloviev, emphasises the universal character of the Church. Christendom cannot be national; national limitation contradicts the divine-human and eschatological character of the Church. The Russian people were honoured by the Slavophiles and later by Soloviev and his school as the people who most adequately expressed the universality of the Christian spirit,

and was therefore chosen by God as His special instrument. Actually, according to the Slavophile K. Aksakov, the Russian people was no nation, but humanity itself.

The nation is something that must be superseded, but not by a soulless cosmopolitanism representing the carrying over of the godless anthropocracy into the universal, but through Christian universalism, that is through the realisation of the Church on earth. The two Christian civilisations—the Roman occidental and the Russian oriental—are perishing through mutual estrangement and contempt. Occidental Christianity is deadened by rationalism, Russian Christianity is under the yoke of a godless anthropocracy. But the universalistic idea remains alive in the Russian man, only there is a danger that this idea may receive a false and unchristian direction. The Russian Orient bears in itself two opposite possibilities. It can become the Orient of Xerxes or the Orient of Christ. Soloviev placed this alternative before Russia at the turn of the century in a wonderful poem. The tension between the rationalistic Occident and the mystical Orient is a basic element of world history. This tension is probably the most fruitful known to human history and perhaps even the existence of humanity without this tension would have been so impoverished that it would be able to lay no claims to attention. The greatest danger for the destiny of European humanity lies in the attempt to dig a great gulf between the Romano-Germanic Occident and the Russian Orient. Stalin-Xerxes seeks to divide Russia from the West and make it an Asiatic country. Thereby he will cut off the Russian people from its transcendent mission which draws Russia to the West, and will make this God-inspired people into a prophet of a godless anthropocracy. in Asia and throughout the world. Stalin wants to make Central Europe, above all, Germany, an outpost of a Russian Orient robbed of its Christian soul. Hitlerism is merely another form of the same anti-Christian and anti-European power. Will Western Europe, in face of this last danger which quite apart from the issue of the present struggle is threatening her civilisation, realise her duty towards the Russian Orient and Christian universality?

GREGORY BIENSTOCK.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I OF PRUSSIA

FREDERICK THE GREAT is often considered a typical Prussian ruler as well as the outstanding member of the Hohenzollern dynasty. In his desire for Prussian domination, his predatory instincts, his disregard of treaties and his respect for armed force, he was indeed a 'Prussian' in the modern interpretation of the word. Nevertheless, he harboured a profound and enduring contempt for his own people—'this damnable race'—and he so despised everything German that to the end of his life he never took the trouble to learn this language properly.

Frederick's father, on the other hand, Frederick William I, who came to the throne in 1713, was so like a nineteenth or twentieth century German that if he had returned to life in either century he would have felt thoroughly at home. He would be able to adjust himself with perfect ease to the harsh existence of the Third Realm. He would find the absolute obedience of his people to their ruler unchanged, and he would perhaps be amused by optimistic individuals in the West who still believe in the divisibility of the German people and their ruler.

He was never restrained; he always shouted. He bellowed at his inferiors, at women (including his wife) and at children. Yet he was consistently subservient in manner towards men, like his Emperor in Vienna, whom he considered his superior. He was hard-working, conscientious, an extremely efficient administrator, and utterly lacking in imagination. He despised the human spirit and was rabidly anti-intellectual. He had no sense of humour whatsoever, and not even a sense of fun, and yet he was always curiously afraid that others might ridicule him. This unconscious appreciation of his own inferiority made him all the more arrogant.

It gave him a terrible personal satisfaction to inflict bodily

pain on others; he was like the commandants of many Nazi concentration camps. His daughter Wilhelmine of Bayreuth never forgot his cruelty. In her *Memoirs* she tells how, in an outburst of temper, her father once tried to strangle her with a curtain cord for some childish disobedience. And he struck her and her brother Frederick whenever he felt like showing them that he was their master. In fact, in his attitude towards his children, he demonstrated a close affinity with Ivan the Terrible, who, before he actually murdered his son Alexis, declared: 'The boy has got to be broken with the rod; he will not die from mere beatings but only grow stronger.'

Frederick William applied these principles to the education of his son Frederick, but he added spiritual tortures, when, for instance, he had Frederick's friend Katte executed before the boy's eyes. 'Oliver Twist in his workhouse,' Macaulay wrote in his essay on Frederick the Great, 'and Smike in Dotheboys Hall were spoiled children as compared with this unhappy heir to the throne.'

There was a curious twist to Frederick William's cruelty. Frederick William was not cruel to his people because he disliked them as his son Frederick later disliked them. He was brutal to them because, in so far as he was capable of affection, he loved his Prussians, and he had an instinct that they would reciprocate this devotion if he was brutal to them. He once ran after a man in the streets of Berlin and when he had caught him up began to beat him with the heavy stick he always carried. As he raised the stick again and again, Frederick William shouted almost in a frenzy: 'You are not to fear me. I order you to love, love me!'

It is an undisputed historical fact that most of Frederick William's subjects did indeed love him, for they considered his brutality strength, and they adored strength in any form. In his understanding of the Prussian mentality, Frederick William was one of Hitler's forerunners. In *Mein Kampf* he says: 'What the masses want is the victory of the strong, and the destruction or the abject subjection of the weak.'

Frederick William was popular with his peculiar people because he took a definite stand against the individual, and proclaimed that subordination to the almighty State and the almighty ruler of this State was a subject's only duty. No

one, not even the autocratic *Junkers*, were given a voice in his despotic government. Before his time these Prussian land-owners had proudly proclaimed that 'Our King is absolute as long as he does as we wish' (' *Unser König absolut, wenn er unser'n Willen tut* '), but Frederick William changed all this. He knew how to deal with these *Junkers*. He dazzled them with gorgeous uniforms in his new Prussian army, and with military positions of power, but when he had safely got them into the army he stationed them far away from their own districts and their own obedient peasants and placed them in distant garrisons where they became his immediate military inferiors.

'It is my purpose,' Frederick William then announced, 'to ruin the *Junkers'* authority, and to establish the sovereign authority of the Crown as firmly as a rock of bronze.'

Frederick William's 'strength' was not the only thing which made him popular with the mass of his people. He had not inherited his mother's intellectual tastes, nor his father's fondness for art. On the contrary, he actively opposed intellectual interests. At his famous *Tabakskollegium*, the evenings he spent smoking, drinking and exchanging unsavoury gossip and jests with his intimates, he sometimes discussed topics which pleased his simple people. 'All knowledge is worth a dog's tail,' or 'All men of learning are quacks and fools,' he would declare. Frederick William was sincerely proud of the fact that during his entire reign Prussia produced no scientists, writers, artists or philosophers worth remembering.

Such men, he felt, might have detracted from the national enthusiasm for the Prussian army which he was creating. In 1733 he introduced compulsory military service, and by the end of his reign in 1740 he had built up an army of 83,000 men, a tremendous achievement. For though Prussia, as far as her population was concerned, was only the twelfth largest State in Europe, her army was the fourth largest.

Though Frederick William was economical to the point of stinginess—his children often had too little to eat—he spent vast sums on his army, especially on the recruits for his 'giant guards.' His agents in foreign countries spent 12,000,000 thaler bribing men to join the King of Prussia's army. (When necessary they kidnapped these recruits.)

Frederick William's passion for his army was unlike the attitude of Frederick the Great, William II or Hitler to their troops. These later rulers of Prussia and of Germany have considered their armed forces merely as instruments of aggression, while Frederick William loved his rows and rows of soldiers for their own sake. He loved them as a miser loves his gold. He gloated over them, he enjoyed bullying them, he knew the names of many of his officers and some of his soldiers in his crack regiments, but he cherished the pleasure they gave him too much to begin wars as his successors have done.

As a result of this miserly attitude, Frederick William was involved in only two wars during the twenty-seven years of his reign—one at the beginning and one towards the end. In 1715 he joined the Danish, Russian, Hanoverian and Polish Coalition against Sweden, because Charles XII's excessive ambition had obviously weakened his country, and Frederick William wanted his share of the spoils at the peace treaty. He was given Western Pomerania, with Stettin, and Usedom and Wollin.

The second time Frederick William reluctantly sent his army into battle was in 1733, when he supported the German Emperor in the War of the Polish Succession. He thought that as a reward Prussia should have Jülich-Berg, that part of the Duchy of Cleves which Prussia had lost over a century before and which rankled in the Prussian soul for centuries. But when the third Treaty of Vienna was signed in 1738, Emperor Charles VI did not give Frederick William Jülich-Berg or anything else. The Emperor in fact kept none of his promises; he was not as impressed by Frederick William's 'strength' as were his Prussian people.

Frederick William's failure to get what he wanted was partly due to the fact that for years he had been completely taken in by Seckendorff, Charles VI's ambassador in Berlin; for, in common with many 'strong men' in Prussian and German history, Frederick William was always easily influenced if his vanity was sufficiently flattered. For a long time his Ribbentrop was a Baron Grumbkow, who kept the King of Prussia in a state of abject subservience to his Emperor in Vienna. It had been quite easy to persuade him to send troops to the War of the Polish Succession.

If Frederick William, like most of his ancestors and many of his successors, had chosen to use his army for purposes of aggression, the history of Prussia, Germany and Europe might have taken a different course. As it was, he left this army practically intact to his son Frederick, and, as Voltaire so rightly said, 'With such a splendid standing army, an army so well organised and equipped as a weapon ready to hand, his ambitious son was bound to work mischief.'

Actually Frederick William left his son more than an army. He had prepared the Prussians for Frederick's wars of aggression, for it was he who imbued his people with the conviction that might alone is right; he had taught them that the army is the State and that the State is omnipotent. Frederick William, during whose reign military uniform became the official court dress in Berlin, had made his people feel that it was a disgrace to be a civilian, a sentiment which still prevails in Germany.

When Frederick William was on his death-bed, his Calvinist clergyman read to him the text of a hymn which he had always liked: 'Naked I came into the world, and naked I shall leave it.' Already half-conscious, the King of Prussia tried once again to raise his heavy, ungainly body, his thick chin moved and he said: 'No, no, I shall have my uniform.'

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

THE POEMS OF ANDREW YOUNG

The ease with which certain of the younger poets achieve great reputations and disciples to-day, the meretricious but empty novelty of much of their work, the advertisement given to them by coterie journals and, at certain times, by the B.B.C., the debasement of poetic taste in a time of confused values and the cult of noise and speed, make it very difficult for the true, quiet, conscientious artist, working strictly to his own necessities, to come into his rightful own, excepting when he has arrived at an age when the applause of the many brings him neither pleasure nor stimulus to new creation. This has been particularly the case with Andrew Young. Only seven small books of his verse appear to have been published, one a collected edition embodying the larger part of previous volumes and containing a little over a hundred short poems, one a play in verse, and in the month of December of last year, after three years of silence, a new volume of some forty short poems.[1] Periodicals have begun to publish him less sparingly; and even the coterie journals have been forced to notice him. Perhaps one ought to be grateful for this tardy recognition. The slow accumulation of worth, imitating the growth of the trees he knows so well, assures for him a rooted and solid reputation amongst those for whom poetry still remains one of the sublime human exercises; and gives to those who come upon him for the first time a joy unspoiled by the distorting echoes of reiterated boosting. He is a poet to *find*, the best of all ways in which to begin to taste new works of art. For the critic it is simple joy. How often is the critic forced to 'write down' certain poets for the sake of perspective and the preservation of sane standards, when he might have been otherwise content to accept the small talent exposed and the small niche achieved?

I first came across Mr. Young's poetry some fifteen years

[1] *Speak to the Earth.* Poems. Andrew Young. (Cape, 5s. net.)

ago; I chanced upon a poem in the *Spectator*, *Wales Pass*. It was a great moment; and on opening his latest volume I recaptured that lovely experience, for it was the first poem (though revised and retitled) I saw. Later, I looked for his published work and had a good deal of difficulty in finding it; but from that day Mr. Young was a poet to watch and to recommend. It was always exciting to meet others, rarely it must be confessed, who knew his work and shared my love of it.

The work has, of course, many affinities. It is like that of John Clare and Robert Frost and Edward Thomas and Edmund Blunden, a poetry of the English countryside; but it is extremely doubtful whether he has ever been influenced by any of them in the sense of wilfully copying them. There is rather the feeling that he has thought, at times, before a scene or a mood: 'How Thomas must have felt as I do about this!' and what has emerged, in the humility of the craftsman, has been achieved by similar technical devices. There is no other poetry in English, as far as I know, that has such immediacy, like sketches made on the spot by the great water colourists. Here is *plein air* writing at its best. Time and again I have been reminded of George Morland, of Cozens, of Constable, of Girtin, of Cotman, and the other English landscape painters. In *Winter Morning* he speaks of

> The hill a picture of a hill
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Painted by Cotman or Old Crome.

and a world of such marvellous pictures emerges from his total work that it seems certain he must have dwelt, and dwells still, long and lovingly upon our open-air masters. This power to transmute visual imagery into words is, I think, the most remarkable thing about him. Often he makes direct visual contact with objects so accurately and so felicitously that it becomes a physical impact on the reader.

> The trees are seen with white hard shadows

in *Winter Morning*.

> And eyes like black beads sewn in fur

of a rat.

An obvious moon high on the night

. . . . star-untidy sky

. . . that slant-legged robin
With autumn on his chest.

Flints drop like nuts from trees
When the frost bites
The chalk on winter nights.

. . . foliage hung on trees like heavy wigs.

In his new volume there is one poem, *The House Martins*, which has a totality of such experience so perfectly communicated that the whole body is taken and translated into the flight and light of birds in air. It would be a mistake, however, to convey the impression that one has here simply a painter in words. That was indeed my first feeling; and grateful enough I was for the lesson given in meticulous craftsmanship and in the scrupulousness of the translation, and for the absence of 'faking,' of large emptiness and misty outlines. But there are certain poems in these volumes which belong to a world of wider vision than that vouchsafed only to the outer eye. In poems like *The Stars*, *The Evening Star*, *On White Down*, *The Bird*, *The Year*, *The Eagle* (where the painter is Titian), *The Stone Eagles*, *Passing the Graveyard*, *Idleness*, *A Prospect of Death*, *Christmas Day* and others, Mr. Young comes into the circle of the Metaphysicals, Herbert and Vaughan particularly, but Donne also; and he touches hands with Hardy and Emily Dickinson as well. This quality is, however, so reticently and delicately communicated, woven in and out of the natural images, that it may easily evade the modern eye, ear, and spirit, deafened by violence and ultra-colloquially set-down verse. The poem *Idleness*, although I do not consider it the best of this group, is short enough to quote as example:

God, you've so much to do,
To think of, watch and listen to,
That I will let all else go by
And lending ear and eye
Help you to watch how in the combe
Winds sweep dead leaves without a broom;
And rooks in the spring-reddened trees

Restore their villages,
Nest by dark nest
Swaying at rest on the trees' frail unrest;
Or on this limestone wall,
Leaning at ease, with you recall
How once these heavy stones
Swam in the sea as shells and bones;
And hear that owl snore in a tree
Till it grows dark enough for him to see;
In fact, will learn to shirk
No idleness that I may share your work.

The last couplet would have delighted Herbert; but the whole poem with its subtle suggestion of rest and unrest within the landscape, against the burden of slow Time, '. . . these heavy stones Swam in the sea as shells and bones,' is more than scene painting. The landscape belongs finally to the world of the inner eye.

Mr. Young indulges in no 'modernistic' strong rhythms, or *vers libre*. He is content with traditional English iambic verse, generally within the framework of the quatrain or other simple stanza forms; but the result is by no means monotonous. The words carry the weight and texture of his meanings, related to each other in the straightforward, colloquial English sentence. The adjective and adverb do most of the work; and his one aim seems to be to draw the reader's attention away from himself towards the scene or mood he wishes to communicate. For this reason, too, he eschews eccentricity and newness of word and meaning, and also the 'poetic' gesture; and has almost a 'gentlemanly' horror of the phrase that stuns and persuades by its violence and stridency. It is for these reasons, perhaps, that even those who love Mr. Young's work dub it good minor poetry. This, of course, does not necessarily mean its belittlement. It is enough that a man should be a poet at all, that is, have a rhythmic feeling for word-meanings and the power to organise them in such a way that the world of sense and thought seems to become symbolic of the words themselves, and is recreated within them. But the distinction made between major and minor poetry is a very useful one.

In minor poetry the poet is in complete command of his medium, is 'on top of' his words, makes them do the work

he wants of them within the limits set for them, and thus makes the most of himself as craftsman and decorative artist. To borrow the phraseology of the painter, the poems are always conceived in terms of the picture plane. This is not necessarily a matter of theme. A minor poet might handle large themes and force them into the compass of his alert and meticulous awareness. But it is true to say that the large and many-sided theme often goes with major poetry, since the major poet is one possessed much more by his images, more able to be carried away by them, and readier to trust to 'magic' in their associations to carry him through. In the large theme the complicated material provides many *points d'appui* as a check upon what might otherwise become unmeasured dithyrambics or even the incoherencies of the madman, and provides a greater number of possibilities in the types of language-association evoked. Of course, this also provides many possibilities for 'faking'; and we find even in Shakespeare the use of personal clichés to give an air of continued inspiration where in fact the right answer will not come out. Many of the moderns are particularly adepts in this art, helped considerably by their obscurities which give the reader the chance to imagine his own 'profundities' into the poem, and conjure them out again to the accompaniment of ecstatic cries of self-admiration! Bad major poetry, for these reasons, is often very much worse than bad minor poetry; parts of it have been so 'cooked' as to ruin their ingredients irremediably, while bad minor poetry can often be very profitably recast and rescued from its badness.

There is another aspect to this particular distinction, very relevant to our discussion of Mr. Young's poetry. In it the mosaic of words he makes is an invitation to look upon the scene as he sees it, almost *sensationally* (the word is used here, of course, in a psychological sense), objectively, if you will, that is without a bias to make him use words to 'betray' the landscape to his thought or feeling. But in poets like most of the Elizabethans, the Metaphysicals, Milton, Wordsworth and Coleridge, the thematic material is first filtered through a world of concept or personality or both, and then given word-life. The sense-images are still related accurately to each other and to the objects encompassed; but all the values have been changed, distorted even, for the sake of the

total communication. In El Greco (and we cite a painter since his example is more direct) one sees this type of working carried to the limits of its possibility, dangerously so. Here again, 'faking' through empty grandiosity and pseudo-mystical jargonising, is a common fault; and spoils, for me at least, parts of Blake's and Shelley's longer poems. Rabindranath Tagore is probably the worst example of such 'bombinating in the void.'

It can be seen from what I have just written that I, too, consider Mr. Young a minor poet. But there are certain poems, and particularly in the last volume, which show a difference of great significance. I have already given the names of some of them. The penultimate poem of his *Speak to the Earth* is called *A Prospect of Death*, and it has almost a Donnelike intricacy of thought and conceit about it, a personal savour, which gave me a new and exciting experience and sense of other possibilities. Nevertheless, it is amazing how in all the published 150 poems there is a lack of 'development.' The perfection of the craftsman is everywhere; and it is in this that I am most reminded of Edward Thomas. For all I know the poem I found late may be a very early one! Perhaps this also is a sign of the good minor poet; but here I go warily. An honest and humble and exacting craftsman does not publish his bad pieces, or fragments, or studies; and there may be in Mr. Young's drawer a host of unsatisfactory examples that did not really 'come off,' and that have the refreshing badness we find in all the best poets sometimes, the proof of their unwillingness to play virtuoso tricks upon their readers, and their very human admission of 'off-days.'

But whether Mr. Young is a major or a minor poet is of little moment, when I consider the love, the quiet, enduring love that he has commanded of me. His search for poetic truth in quietness is a lesson for our times. Ultimately, I feel his poetry to be religious poetry, not bright with certainty like a Herbert's, but, as religious poetry is forced to be these days, full of a certain sadness, almost of doubt.

Is spring not hard enough to bear
For one at autumn of his year?

If I were asked to recommend a modern poet for a soldier

to carry in his knapsack, I should say, 'Take Andrew Young, to strengthen the meditative virtues in you, to remind you of what England is at its best, and to persuade you that there is home wheresoever you may be.'

> I have enough to do
> In my own way to be unnoticed too.

L. Aaronson.

THE SHIP'S FIGUREHEAD, BY THE BURE, AT RUNHAM, GT. YARMOUTH

In the small quadrant garden, rampant, stand I,
(Clipped bushes and vague flowers
Growing in littered soil with pottery-coated clogs,
Mosaic plates and crumbling trellis-work),
Facing the wooden window
(Projecting bay, irregular-slatted blinds
To evade the rare noon sun)
—Defiant stand, defiant. Yet I dream,
Heroic John! Victorian Gentleman!
Head tilted up, high cheek-bones, drooping locks
Swung leonine back,
Side whiskers, chin erect,
Back sharp-snapped, in blue-breasted bold frock-coat,
Brass-buttoned, clutching a scroll,
Marching, raising my trousered knees—I dream
(I in my majesty: Behold!)
The life of shadows beyond my river fence.

Others that share this vacant lot with me
In body (a thing abstract of lines of force),
Unreal, like what they see,
Poor, distraught mortals, sitting in old deck chairs,
Gaze over tarred black walls
To scenes varied and purposeless and vain,
Seeing me—Symbol of Fate!—
That in old days swept through the elements
(Torrid torment or ice-bitten gales)
So rigid grown
That now I seem eternal
To their brief gaze:
They and these, mere shadows.

For they see
Behind me, alders drooping o'er the stream,
Branches and leaves dangling irregularly,
Hiding the soiled grey huts,
A grimy Meeting House with faded notice-board
Calling to prayer :
Planks that project on piles,
Black ghosts with ladder'd steps, sometimes on mud
Or blackened river : moored thereto,
The Yarmouth smacks—
White and blue—
Paint washed and smeared, with clinging sun-brown sails,
Waiting idly for night :
And over the bridge, seen between the bars
Of a cage, how the folk return, weary at eve—
The bridge that lifts its arc
Like an unfinished problem on the circle.

Or, straight ahead,
Where the wide quay sweeps,
Far, far aloof lies the loose-flung line of buildings,
Painted carmine, or yellow or grey-blue,
(Speckled geraniums—scarlet
Dotting the window-sills) the half-shut pubs
With slate-brown windows
Surmounted by corrugated brick-red tiles.
Women in black—stocky, with gipsy hair—
Loll at the door-posts, or with earthen jugs
And covered head
Hurry with the evening beer.
Grey cap, dark face, blue clothes, flicking at ease
A cigarette, here and there a gallant
Loiters in the dusk. Nearer the foreground,
Black crouching silhouettes,
Men cluster silently, and curving rods
Droop.
A trickle of broken spiral wire on glass.

More ancient than myself,
A sleeping giant of the olden days,
Leaning upon his crumbling spear,

Over the paltry games of pretty Modern children,
The drifting purposes,
The inane gaiety,
His funnel of dirty tiles
Dropped casually on a flint-bespattered barrel,
Gargantuan herring-tub,
The antique Tower against the encroaching night
Persists in sullen outraged dignity.

Sharp, frivolous interlude
(Sing Hey! Sing Ho!
The Shepherd tunes his merry-merry note!)
Tousled, golden locks, muffled in coloured scarves:
Striped, elegant but négligé, their blazers:
Grey or white trousers, 'lads' together,
Clumsily jolting as they laugh and roll along
(Advertisements for Bass's Ales)
With pipes puffing melodious films of smoke
Through the narcotic air.

They come from where
The purple night drifts down.
Smooth, icy river.
Against the grey, stark, concrete banks,
Small, roofed boats (polished beige and grained, bright brass)
Curving squat and elegant
With here and there white ghosts,
Sails, dazzling in incipient moonlight,
The lovely brown, oiled wood,
Resinous pine: beautiful lines and twists
Shadowing into the liquid green
Of sleeping Bure.
Pale fading ghosts of yellow and gold
Sink through emerald mists.
Beyond, the red garage, flaming triangular roof,
Now subsiding, with its creeper'd balcony,
In the electric glare
Like a stage setting,
While the humming tune of the wireless orchestra
Lulls the calm evening
With metropolitan dreams.

I, tutelary deity of ships,
Gaze on all this and the swift-swaying stream,
With muddy flow and paper and odd bits,
Sweeping towards the crooked lines of sea :
Cigarette boxes, curling lettuce leaves.
When all is dead, when all the lights are dim,
Heroic John, Victorian Gentleman
No more :
But Symbol of the Questing Intellect
(So, farewell, Fate !)
I hold immortal colloquy,
Black and white, with my own brain,
Thrusting the counters across the chequered draughtboard
In the perpetual dialectic of Life
With the mind's Meanings—abstract absolutes
Of Faith and Destiny : syllables more real
Than the vague shivering shapes
That hover in our ken,
Or the pale nightmare phantoms that are men.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

BLACK: A TRUE STORY

I NEVER heard his real name.

The Arabs of the tribe called him El Aswad, which, in the dialect of that part of the country, means 'the Black One.' That was always the name I heard given him, and it suited him very well, for he was one of the blackest negroes I ever saw. There were some others in the tribe, but they were much lighter-coloured and probably not pure-bred. El Aswad was all negro. His broad black face with the clay-coloured lips and flat nose had that look of pathos one only sees on negro faces: as though he were trying to think out something very difficult—more difficult than anything the wolf-faced golden-yellow Arabs had ever attempted—and not being able to. He was spindle-legged, with huge flat feet and projecting heels, but his body was magnificent. He was the strongest man on the work and was always sent for when there was anything especially heavy to lift. I think he was proud of this.

I first noticed him—noticed him, that is, as someone by himself, different from the other workmen—when I saw him go home one evening. The rest of the men went streaming away over the desert, which was beginning to turn from yellow to yellow-grey as the light altered, without, I suppose, a thought in their heads but the day's bakshish and the food their wives would have got ready for them. But El Aswad went slowly, and every now and then, as he passed one of the miserable little thorn-bushes that grew as sparsely in the sand as four-leaved clover in a meadow, he stopped and wrenched some twigs off it. That meant he was unmarried, for gathering kindling is women's work; and it seemed queer to me. He must have been over thirty—over forty for all I knew—and men in the tribe did not stay single as old as that.

So I began to watch him a little, when there was no one more interesting about and work was slack. He was a good workman. To see him with his long-handled spade and his

dirty old skirt kilted up from his thin shanks, making the sand fly, was to feel inspired and energetic oneself. He had more staying power than the Arabs and never sneaked off, as they did, for a quiet cigarette behind a hillock: but he had not their sure touch when it came to a delicate job; had his gift in his arms and not in his fingers.

It is odd how a man, anywhere, becomes conscious of an interest that is taken in him, even when it is not expressed. A few days after I had first begun to notice him, El Aswad had got the habit of grinning and lifting his hand to his forehead when I went past. I never saluted him back, because I had no reason to. I was busy with another section from the one in which he was working, and so it was several weeks before I had occasion to talk to him or go very near him. When in the end I did, I had a great shock. His gang had been transferred to my section, along with some others, and were on a job that required careful watching. I hung round a good deal to keep an eye on them, and presently I asked El Aswad a question. He looked up at me with his big red-hawed eyes, like a bloodhound's, and grinned, as though he were very pleased we were talking to each other at last. Then from his clay-coloured mouth there burst out a torrent of utterly meaningless noises. He gasped and clucked at me. His thick lips smacked like bubbles bursting in liquid mud. For a second, I thought he was talking some jungle language of his own. Then I understood El Aswad stammered. It was not just the ordinary treacly hesitation of all negro talk, but a frightful impediment that made his Arabic sound like nothing spoken between Persia and Zanzibar. I must have looked very blank at him, for one of the other men began to interpret what he said. He did it with the peculiar sneering intonation that Arabs always use when they are showing off.

After that, I felt I understood El Aswad perfectly. The stammer clinched all the essential difference of his black face, and his hard work and his being unmarried. He was a man in a cage. His different colour and broken painful speech were bars round him. That explained, I thought, the look on his face when he was not grinning, the puzzled, somehow wounded expression of someone working out a very long problem that had no answer. I had seen just the same look on the face of a caged gorilla, only there it was

mixed and animated with sheer ferocity. There was no ferocity about El Aswad: but he was in a cage all right. One could not doubt it. The Arabs and even the few other negroes (who all had proper Muslim names like Ali or Mahmud) were on one side of the bars, the free side. He was on the other. When they danced he very often stood still, leaning on the tall handle of his spade, and watched them, though he was a good enough dancer himself in spite of his flat feet. At the noon break he always ate his food alone, sitting a bit sideways from the others, bending his big sculptured-looking head over a lapful of dates and small green onions, and not trying to talk.

It was not that he was unpopular. On the contrary, he was liked in the way buffoons and laughing-stocks are always liked. The other men found his blatting, bubbling way of talk very amusing. I think he sometimes even exaggerated it a little to please them; and he had the negro's instinct to play the clown. One trick of his was particularly good. He could imitate the dry exasperated roar of a camel that thinks it is being overloaded. He did this so well that even after one had heard him several times one still turned round in astonishment to see where on earth the camel had sprung from. The men never got tired of it. They egged him on to do it whenever they thought Jasim, the head-foreman, was overworking them; and in those moments there is no doubt that El Aswad was very happy. He would grin all round him for applause, rolling his eyes and hoping Jasim or one of the English had heard him. If they had, he would be so pleased that he would start roaring all over again. But he was still in a cage for all that. It was as though he had poked his head out of the bars for a second, that was all.

I confess I went out of my way to avoid talking to him. It was too painful, however little he seemed to mind it, to have to watch the muscles in his thick throat bunching like fingers, and how the bubbles of meaningless sound forced out from his lips. But I learned one thing more about him. He believed everything that was told him; believed it in the rather terribly intense way that a child does. His imagination was not as fertile as an Arab's, but very quick and tenacious. If he heard that *supposing* he did so-and-so he might be given bakshish, then—presto!—before he had even

began to do it he had been given bakshish—he had spent it—he had bought something with it—he had what he had bought in his hand. One had to be very careful about making promises to El Aswad.

It was Jasim who finally told me something that explained him, and the feeling one had of his being shut up in prison inside himself, better than my own theories.

I remember he told me on the day after the locust-swarm. Nearly all the previous afternoon the locusts had been going over, a thick-moving fog of bodies of insects as big as sparrows. They did not move straight, purposefully, as one expects migrating things to do, but swirled up and down and danced round each other like midges. The whole cloud of them was full of a confused dancing movement, swirling and criss-crossing, and yet it was all the time going one way. There must have been many millions of them, perhaps tens of millions for what I know, but when we came out the next morning the sky was empty again. They had come from nowhere and moved on to nowhere. On the lip of an earthen jar outside the house we found just one locust sitting, a green and black and orange grasshopper as long as from your thumb to your little finger. It must have got tired and dropped out of the swarm.

The men were not working that day, and there was nothing much to do at home. Jasim and I strolled out into the desert and looked at the tracks of jackals that had come nosing after our rubbish-heap. Jasim always wanted to take a gun out after jackals, for sport, I suppose. Presently we sat down and he rolled me a cigarette and we talked, making the same puns and jokes as we always made. An Arab likes a joke better after he has used it a long time. Then, I don't remember why now, I mentioned El Aswad and how he seemed to be apart from the others. Jasim looked very cunning, which meant he was going to explain something to me, and began to talk about the position of negroes among the tribes.

There are a good many of them in that part of the country, descendants of slaves. Their fathers, I suppose, came from Ethiopia and the Upper Nile, as the slaves in Arabia itself still do, and were sent up from Mecca which is the main clearing-house of the trade. El Aswad himself certainly had

the look of a Nubian. Now, in this country, they are free and have the same rights and privileges as other tribesmen. But there is something about a negro. You may know—you very often do know, if you are honest—that he is a better man than you are. But you cannot believe it. You can never believe it. You go on treating him as a child or a dog. Certainly the Arabs feel that very strongly. The negroes are black. Their fathers were slaves and their grandfathers, very likely, not even Muslimin. So there is a difference between them and the Arabs that shows itself when it comes to taking a wife. A poor Arab may take a negro girl because the bride-price is low. A rich one, if he is mean, may take two or three instead of one woman of his own colour. But no Arab will ever give his daughter or sister to a black man.

'Then I was right,' I said, 'El Aswad has no household. That's why he gathers his own kindling.'

'He has no household now,' agreed Jasim. 'Formerly he had a sister.'

He had finished his cigarette and now picked up a handful of sand, trickling it slowly out of his fingers as he talked, and told me the rest of the story. El Aswad's sister had kept house for him. It was she who went out, in those days, with the other women of the tribe and picked up camel-thorn to light the fire. She had mended and washed his clothes and, I suppose, had been the only person who called him by his right name—the name I never heard—and really understood his way of talking. Jasim did not know whether she had ever had an offer of marriage, but he thought El Aswad would have refused it if she had. He would not have wanted to give her up. As he talked, I got a clear picture of El Aswad living a different life, as a different person. Having her with him must have been nearly as good as being married; and I cannot help thinking that in those days he took less trouble to parade his stammer for the amusement of the other tribesmen and looked less worried, less obsessed by a problem he could never solve, when he was not thinking of anything. Jasim agreed with me. He had only had the story at second-hand and could no more be sure about how El Aswad appeared then than I could. 'But his life was proper at that time,' he said. 'He had what everybody wants.' I knew what he meant, and knew he meant it as a mild shove in the

else for me. The Arabs were always a little horrified that I was still unmarried at my age. They had seen too much loneliness—the real loneliness of empty ground with no people and no water in it—to believe that a man could ever work things out by himself. He had to have somebody; and though at that time I was quite pleased to be a bachelor, I saw what they meant. When one has only very, very few things of any kind, then the one primary thing becomes more important than ever. That, I suppose, is why Arabs are so fanatical about the good behaviour of their wives and sisters and daughters; because if those go, everything goes. They can't just put in two hours at the cinema and forget it all.

But one day, so Jasim told me, El Aswad had a quarrel with somebody. I found it difficult to imagine that. Probably, in this picture of him, I have forgotten to mention the one simple fact that he was the sweetest-tempered man I ever met. He was. It takes something for a stranger and a sojourner—and among Arabs, whose sense of humour is the same as a scorpion's—to see the funny side of his own strangeness. El Aswad contrived to do it, and in those days he had the enormous help of his sister being alive. He had something to base himself on, so that his temper must have been sweeter still. But the quarrel started, and presently the other man said:

'Your sister is without honour.'

Now that is a perfectly recognised line to take in Arabic. Bad language is always aimed at a man's relations or his religion. The correct answer is: 'And so is the sister of your sister.' It is a phrase I had used myself scores of times, and it means nothing. But I have explained already that El Aswad believed what he was told. Perhaps he had never had such bad language used to him until then, and did not know the answers. It seems that he just dropped the argument and walked away.

I should imagine that was the first time the expression I had noticed came on his face: the look of having to work something out. There was his sister, who was the same colour as he was and who did not find anything difficult about his stammer. She was not, as I see it, his refuge. That would be quite the wrong word. Refuge implies an enclosed place with a roof and walls that one goes to hide in. Rather

than being that, she was his way out. When he was with her, when he and she squatted together in their clay cabin that was too small to stand up in, it must have been the way out of his cage. He would not bother about how long it took him to force out a single word or how he was to keep people amused whilst he did it. She was the door to that cage, his once chance to get out of being simply El Aswad, the Black One, and be himself; and now somebody had to go and tell him that she was without honour.

8. An Arab, talking to someone he knows, explains himself much more with gestures than with words. It was with a single neat movement of both arms that Jasim told me how El Aswad worked out the problem of his sister. He went home and shot her dead.

PATRICK CARLETON.

BOOK REVIEWS

The New Testament, translated by William Tyndale. Edited by N. Hardy Wallis, M.A. (Cambridge University Press, 21*s*. net).

No man has left a deeper imprint on the English tongue and the English temper than William Tindale. After 400 years the phrases struck out by him in the Greek and the Hebrew pattern are as fresh and as powerful as they ever were, even though they are not known or remembered to be his. He was the first to translate the Bible truly into English, that is, from the original Greek of the New Testament and the original Hebrew of the books from Genesis to Chronicles. The King James version of 1611, our so-called 'Authorised' Version, is profoundly indebted to the example of his Old Testament renderings, and the New Testament is his, to the extent of 90 per cent. He was a remarkable man, faithful to an idea, determined to carry through his plan of giving an English Bible to the English people against any opposition. When he found 'not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England,' he went to the Continent and printed a fragment at Cologne in 1525, of which, out of 3,000 struck off, only a single copy remains. Chased out of Cologne, he completed the task at Worms in 1526, and of this edition, one complete and one imperfect copy survives, and even the complete copy lacks its title-page. In 1530 he published an English *Pentateuch* and the next year a *Jonah*. In 1535 he was betrayed and imprisoned. Even in prison his thoughts were on his task. A pathetic letter survives, begging permission 'to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew grammar, and Hebrew dictionary, that I may pass the time in that study.' He was strangled and burnt in 1536, leaving behind in manuscript a translation of Joshua to

2 Chronicles, which appeared for the first time in Matthew's composite Bible of 1537. It was a tragic life devoted to unceasing perfecting of his great work. He issued a version of his New Testament in 1534, which is here reprinted, 'The Newe Testament dylygently corrected and compared with the Greke,' and in 1535 'The New Testament yet once again corrected by Willyam Tindale,' which is the basis of all later revisions, the main source, through many vicissitudes, of the Authorised Version.

The Greek text of the New Testament was printed for the first time in 1516 by Erasmus, and had reached three editions before Tindale began his work. Erasmus had supplied a Latin translation to compete with the thousand-year-old *Vulgate*, and in 1522 Martin Luther had issued his epoch-making German version. Tindale translated from the Greek, but leaned heavily on Luther, took over his prefaces, his order of the books, his marginal references, including his mistakes, his 'pestilent glosses,' his interpretations, and much of his phrasing, yet produced an original translation which was English in idiom and independent in style. It is still the only English translation made completely and directly from the original. All others up to the Authorised Version are in essence revisions of Tindale. Tindale was hated and persecuted, not so much for the mere fact of his translation, but for the heresy and subversiveness of his provocative prefatory and marginal comments. He chose his version of the Pentateuch as the chief vehicle of his attack on the Roman Church, pointing out the discrepancies between the ancient law and modern observance. 'To blesse a man's neyboure is to praye for him, and to wissh him good: and not to wagge ii fingers over him.' 'How shall I curse whom God curseth not. [Margin: The pope can tell howe].' One of his sins was a tendencious and heretical rendering of certain Catholic technical terms, as 'congregation' for 'church,' 'favour' instead of 'grace,' 'love' instead of 'charity,' 'repentance' instead of 'penance.'

Only a minute comparison of our Authorised Bible and Tindale's New Testament can reveal the extent of the indebtedness. His honesty, sincerity, scrupulous integrity, his simple directness, his magical simplicity of phrase, his modest music, have given an authority to his words that has imposed itself

on all later versions. It is true that many of the most familiar phrases and rhythms are not his, but to him we owe 'the burden and heat of the day,' 'tender mercy,' 'eat, drink and be merry,' 'in him we live, move, and have our being,' 'a fatted calf,' 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,' 'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow,' 'the powers that be,' 'thy speech bewrayeth thee,' 'A prophet hath no honour in his own country.' Much of his original raciness has disappeared in the long process of revision: 'bable not moche' for 'use not vaine repetitions,' 'they gathered up of the gobbetes that remayned,' 'For we are not as many are which choppe and change with the worde of God,' and it is a pity, in 2 Thess. i. 3, to have lost 'and every one of you swymmeth in love towarde another betwene youre selves' in exchange for the colder 'the charitye of every one of you al towards each other aboundeth.' He has some homely and anachronistic renderings, 'they sayled awaye from Philippos after the Ester holydayes,' 'Esau, which for one breakfast solde his birthright.' His scrupulous desire to render the original in homeliest clarity is seen in the successive revisions of 1526, 1534 and 1535. A striking instance in Matt. vi. 34 is the change from

Care not therefore for the daye folowynge. For the daye folowynge shall care ffor yt sylfe. Eche dayes trouble is sufficient for the same silfe day (1526).

to

Care not then for the morow, but let the morow care for it selfe: for the daye present hath ever enough of his awne trouble (1534).

One of his most individual qualities is a desire to avoid monotony of rendering, which makes him translate the same original in a pleasing, though sometimes misleading, variety of ways. For 'it came to pass' he has 'followed,' 'fortuned,' 'chanced,' 'happened,' and alternates between 'similitude' and 'parable,' between 'hypocrites' and 'dissemblers,' between 'conquer' and 'overcome.' This produces some interesting variations in certain New Testament quotations from the Old Testament. What appears in the Authorized Version of Deut. xxxii. 35, as 'To me belongeth vengeance and recompence' is rendered in Tindale's Rom. xii. 19 as

'vengeance is myne, and I will rewarde,' and in Heb. x. 30, as 'Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompence.'

One of the most fascinating portions of this 1534 edition is the little known and certainly little studied translation of 'The Epistles taken oute of the Olde Testament, which are red in the church after the use of Salsburye upon certen dayes of the yere,' includes pieces from the Apocrypha, and a remarkable fragment from Chapter II of the 'Song of Songs.'

I am the floure of the felde, and lylyes of the valeyes. As the lylye amonge the thornes so is my love amonge the daughters. As the appletre amonge the trees of the wood so is my beloved amonge the sonnes, in his shadow was my desyer to syt, for his frute was swete to my mouth. He brought me into his wyne seller: and his behaver to mewarde was lovely. Beholde my beloved sayde to me: up and hast my love, my dove, my bewtifull and come, for now is wynter gone, and rayne departed and past. The floures apere in oure contre and the tyme is come to cut the vynes. The voyse of the turtle dove is harde in oure lande. The fygge tre hath brought forth hir fygges, and the vyne blossoms geve a savoure. Up hast my love, my dove, in the holes of the rocke and secret places of the walles. Shew me thy face and let me here thy voyce, for thy voyce is swete and thy fassyon bewtifull.

There is also, in the body of the New Testament, another fragment, that quotation in Heb. i. 10 from Psalm cii. which is preserved almost verbatim in the Authorised Version, and which makes us regret that he never gave us a version of the Psalter:

And thou Lorde in the begynninge hast layde the foundacion of the erth. And the hevens are the workes of thy hondes. They shall perishe, but thou shalt endure. They all shall weare olde as doth a garment: and as a vesture shalt thou chaunge them, and they shalbe chaunged. But thou arte all wayes, and thy yeres shall not fayle.

One last quotation from the 1534 edition, from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, will illustrate his relation to our Authorised Version, his individual quality of difference, and the fascination of this game of comparisons.

Though I spake with the tonges of men and angels, and yet had no love, I were even as soundinge brasse: or as a tynklynge Cymball.

Love suffreth longe, and is courteous. Love envieth not. Love doth not frowardly, swelleth not dealeth not dishonestly, seketh not her awne, is not provoked to anger, thynketh not evyll, reioyseth not in iniquitie: but reioyseth in the trueth, suffreth all thynge, beleveth all thynges, hopeth all thynges, endureth in all thynges.

When I was a chylde, I spake as a chylde, I understode as a childe, I ymagened as a chylde. But assone as I was a man, I put awaye childesshnes Now we se in a glasse even in a darke speakynge: but then shall we se face to face.

This sumptuous edition, printed at the Cambridge University Press, is indeed a noble tribute to Tindale's work. It is a faithful reproduction of the text, handsomely set out, and includes the marginal notes and references, and at the foot of each page gives the readings of the 1526 edition. It makes available the Epistles, and a useful appendix gives the most interesting variations in convenient tabular form. So much care has gone to the preparation of this magnificent volume that it is perhaps ungrateful to wish for more, but if the readings of Tindale's final revision of 1535 had been added this would have been the perfect monument.

J. ISAACS.

Light on Moscow, by D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P. (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, pp. 191, 6*d*. net).

The Attack from Within, by Llwyn Jones (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, pp. 213, 6*d*. net).

Mr. Pritt's book is pharisaical, pretentious and packed with misrepresentation. Mr. Pritt has become well known through his long championship of the Soviet Union and of the Stalinite Despotism. There is no horror or abomination which he will not excuse or condone if only it is committed under that despotism. The pamphlet which he wrote in defence of the trial and execution of Zinovieff, Kameneff, and their fellow Bolsheviks, was revolting in its utter callousness.

Like most adulators of the Soviet Union, Mr. Pritt is as eager to belittle his own country as he is to magnify the achievements of the Union. He sets out to defend the Union

against the charge that it 'betrayed democracy,' 'destroyed the Peace Front,' and so on. He does not give the text of such charges or tell us where they are made. It is evident that he is not really concerned with refutation—the charges only serve as pegs from which he can suspend his flatteries. Servile in his attitude towards Russia, he is arrogant towards his own country. He postures like a mob-orator and mouths clap-trap about 'our ruling class' who have 'an obviously overwhelming incentive to present to the British public . . . as unfavourable a picture of the Soviet Union as possible.' He uses the common device—at which Hitler and Himmler are so skilful—of sticking up some abstraction or general category like 'the ruling class' or 'capitalism,' so that he may abuse and castigate it without running the risk of specific retaliation.

Having magnanimously admitted that Russia is not 'perfect' and has 'made mistakes,' he goes on to show that she *is* perfect and *never* makes mistakes. Nothing she does is wrong—everything his own country does is wrong. We should have to search far to find a book as odious as this one for the crookedness and the malignance with which the mother country is misrepresented. What Mr. Pritt claims on behalf of Russia is not true of any human society—such excellence never has and never will exist on this earth.

What he writes about Russia is, in fact, nonsense. He has only the shallowest conception of international affairs as a whole. His ignorance of British foreign policy is particularly gross—the ordinary critical and careful newspaper reader, with no opportunities of gathering special information and with no time for extensive reading, will have an incomparably sounder judgment on British foreign policy than Mr. Pritt has.

The 'western democracies' and 'particularly Great Britain' have 'at all crucial times' taken up 'an attitude' that was 'fundamentally' one of 'abject surrender'—which is, no doubt, the reason why we are at war with Germany. According to Mr. Pritt we and the French have been chiefly concerned with keeping 'the Fascist Governments in power'—another reason for the 'war against Hitlerism.' Now we know why we are fighting—it is to keep Hitler in office! And after all, Hitler has his points—'both before and after the advent of Hitlerism, Germany is entitled to more good marks

for friendly conduct towards the U.S.S.R. than we are.' Mr. Pritt is fond of awarding good and bad marks—the Soviet Union gets only good ones, Germany and Italy get a few good good ones, England only bad ones.

He refers to the 'Red Letter' as a forgery and adds that 'professional forgers seem always to have found a ready market for their bogus documents in the circles of the Foreign Office.' But he gives no evidence in support of this outrageous statement. Will he name some of these 'professional forgers' and will he give some information about these 'bogus documents'? He will not, because he cannot. The truth is that he has invented both the 'forgers' and the 'documents' so as the better to malign his own country. The 'Red Letter' was certainly misused to win an election, but whether it was a forgery or not has never been established. Mr. Pritt simply declares it to be one because it suits his purpose. He gives no evidence because he has none.

Mr. Pritt excels as a master of misinformation in his account of the abortive effort to negotiate a Russian alliance. He accepts the belief that is current amongst parlour Bolsheviks from Mr. Laski to the Editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, that if Lord Halifax had gone to Moscow the negotiations might have succeeded. Why? He does not give a reason. Why should Russia have signed a treaty on terms acceptable to the Western Powers? She could have got nothing out of such a treaty save a war in which she would have been more soundly thrashed by the Germans than she has now been by the Finns. But Mr. Pritt seems to imagine that Stalin would sign away Russia's vital interests just to have a Lord rather than a mere Foreign Office official in Moscow. Mr. Pritt's adulation is at times more insulting to Russia and to her master than his calumnies are to his own country.

The purpose pursued by the Soviet Union in the negotiations was to secure the connivance of the Western Powers in the partition of Poland and in the subjugation of the Baltic States. The Western Powers gave way to one Russian demand after another until they were faced with the crude fact that this is what Russia wanted. They honourably refused to connive in Muscovite perfidy. That is the reason why the negotiations failed. Mr. Strang of the Foreign Office

was sent as chief negotiator because he was the most competent person for the task. Mr. Pritt says 'he was reputed to be hostile' to the Soviet Union. By whom? Mr. Pritt does not say—his insinuation is typical of his method (and as base as it is unfounded). Mr. Pritt says that Mr. Strang was 'a minor official' and 'had no proper authority' and 'had constantly to refer back to London for instructions.' Mr. Strang is not 'a minor official.' He holds a high position in the Foreign Office and was in charge of all the pacts that were negotiated by this country when she prepared to resist German aggression. As for the rest, it merely shows that Mr. Pritt does not know what diplomacy is about.

Mr. Pritt's adulation is sometimes extravagant in its servility. Thanks to Stalin, so he tells us, 'a universal world war has been avoided for the present' (a universal war could hardly fail to be a world war) and 'peace has been maintained for the 170,000,000 of the U.S.S.R. at least.' The welfare of the Soviet Union is all that Mr. Pritt seems to care about. Since he wrote, tens of thousands from amongst those 170,000,000 have been sent to suffer death, wounds, and frost-bite in the Finnish war. Then there is 'the remarkable feature . . . of the liberation of the people of Western White Russia and of the Western Ukraine.' Mr. Pritt refers to 'the obvious delight of the majority of the inhabitants' when the Russian invaders arrived. But he produces no evidence. Were the 'Western Ukrainians obviously delighted' at the total suppression of the Undo, the party which commanded the biggest vote amongst them, and by the arrest and 'liquidation' of those of their freely elected leaders who did not succeed in escaping to Rumania?

Light on Moscow would not be worth reviewing were it not having a considerable vogue. It has no intrinsic value, but is symptomatic of the defeatist parlour Bolshevism that continues to flourish, especially amongst undergraduates. But the examples we have given must suffice. Every informed and critical reader will find further examples of Mr. Pritt's misrepresentations, sophistries and vulgar ignorance on almost every page. And pervading the whole book is a sanctimonious and pharisaical manner: Mr. Pritt displays an artificially inflated sense of responsibility and an entirely fictitious veneration for the truth. That he should call his book *Light*

or Moscow is merely an impertinence. He again and again assures us of Russia's peaceful intentions, of her sincerity, and of her unflinching resolve to oppose the aggressor. It would be interesting to know what casuistry he would employ to excuse the war of aggression which Russia is waging against Finland.

Mr. Elwin Jones' book is almost as worthless as Mr. Pritt's. He is without critical judgment of any sort. He grossly exaggerates the discontent of the German people and the strength of the German opposition and he ignores the high *morale* of the German armed forces and the devotion Hitler continues to inspire. His complete silliness is shown by the terms of peace he would propose. One of these is that the disarmament of Germany should be 'equivalent to disarmament by the Peace Bloc powers.' It is not quite clear which the 'Peace Bloc Powers' are, beyond Great Britain, France, and, of course, Russia, for Mr. Elwyn Jones is another of these parlour Bolsheviks who writes mainly for parlour Bolsheviks. But, in any case, Germany, according to Mr. Elwyn Jones, is to be allowed armaments equal to the armaments of all—and more—of these countries combined. In other words, she is to emerge from the Second World War as incomparably the greatest military Power in the world, and so be enabled to prepare for the Third World War with every prospect of final victory.

PETER GURNEY.

Half-Breed, The Story of Grey Owl, by LOVAT DICKSON. (Peter Davies, 10*s*. 6*d*.)

We are at once entangled in an exciting, robustly written story which makes the fancy wander away beyond that night of June, 1888, which opens this book, and the mind keenly speculates upon the strange parentage of Archie Belaney, alias Grey Owl, who for a time was regarded as one of the world's greatest hoaxers. Shortly after his death, on the morning of April 13th, 1938, an inquisitive journalist found in an English seaside town two elderly ladies who claimed to be the aunts of Grey Owl. The newspapers seized on this prize discovery and slapped headlines in the public eye. They told their honest readers they had been deceived

by this romantic individual whose books about the Canadian Wilderness had delighted them and their children, whose inspired poetical lectures had packed vast public halls. He was no more an Indian than T. E. Lawrence had been an Arab. He was a full-blooded Englishman who had run away to Canada in his boyhood. But in the heart of his friend, confidant and publisher, Lovat Dickson, there awoke a passionate resolve to establish beyond all question the sterling good-faith of this man of humble origins, who had struggled through great hardships to considerable achievements, both as a writer and the greatest champion of the conservation of the fast-vanishing wild life in the mighty National Parks of Northern Canada. Lovat Dickson set about his task with a thoroughness inspired by reverence for a truly great man. His book is a noble and generous vindication.

There are few men who in their boyhood did not play at being ' Red Indians ' and all who read this biography will feel a boyish kinship with young Archie Belaney immersed in his ' Buffalo Bill ' library, engrossed with his small menagerie—consisting of some frogs, a rabbit, some grass-snakes and a swallow with a broken wing—or hurrying each afternoon from Hastings Grammar School to play at ' Indians ' in St. Helen's Wood, near his home. He played at tracking an invisible enemy with fanatical seriousness, crawling on his stomach for an hour or more without stirring a single leaf or blade of grass. There were no wild shouts or runs in his game and his schoolmates soon tired of his seriousness, regarding him as ' queer,' and he was left to play alone.

There is material for a whole novel in the author's brief history of this boy's upbringing in that strange, family group from which he departed ruthlessly for Canada when he was only sixteen. There are his grandmother and his two aunts, respectable, well-to-do middle-class ladies, his guardians, devoted to him, but puzzled and distressed by his individuality, his prolonged silences, his long absences from home when he roamed alone in the woods; there is his mother, Kitty Cox—whom Lovat Dickson, in the course of his investigations, suspected to be Katherine Cochise, an Apache Indian—subsisting on the charity of Archie's guardians in a humble lodging in Worthing, with her other son, Boy; there is George Belaney, Kitty's husband, a talented, [illegible], dis-

appointed man, living somewhere in America on remittances from the grandmother and aunts in Hastings. Grey Owl clove to the American Indian race and came, for a time, to hate the white man, but it was surely the white man that triumphed most gloriously in him in all the fine books that he wrote, it was undoubtedly George Belaney's father, the cultured English gentleman, the lover of literature, who was young a century and a half ago in his town house in Upper Montague Street and his country house in Devon, whose spirit took flesh in Grey Owl and found voice in his writings and lectures.

All the events in this biography are founded on fact, but some have been dramatised, to quote the author, ' by the use of dialogue and description.' The dramatisation is realistic, sympathetic and exciting. The noble landscapes, rivers and lakes of Canada stream vividly across these pages in their varied beauty of the seasons throughout the thirty-four years in which Grey Owl, developed there from extreme youth to renowned middle-age, as trapper, packer, guide, woodsman, sniper during the Great War, with the Canadian Army in France, and finally officially appointed Protector of Wild Life.

There is drama in the description of Archie Belaney's adoption into the tribe of Ojibway Indians after his return, wounded and sick, from the war and in the voluntary separation of Grey Owl and his second wife, Anahareo, daughter of a long line of Iroquois chiefs, following his return from prolonged lecture tours in England, America and Canada, when he feels that his soul has lost all sympathy with the Wilderness. ' I must be alone now,' he tells her, ' for all of me is dead but the body. You cannot live with a dead man. A dead man cannot live with you.' Simply and gravely they part, deeply understanding one another. There are laughs and smiles enough in this book to please the lightsome mind. Lovat Dickson has written with apt, broad humour of the rough adventurous men whom Grey Owl encountered—the miners, guides, trappers—and his invented dialogue rings delightfully true. There is hearty Bill Guppy of Guppy's ' hotel,' Temagami, always rubbing his hands in anticipation of a prosperous tourist's summer and greatly admiring the young English guide, Archie Belaney; there is the tall, powerful Sioux Indian, seventy years old, called Both-Ends-Of-The-Day, who,

with Jesse Hood, found Archie, a lad of sixteen, unconscious, bleeding, covered with flies and almost dead beside the railway line in the Wilderness. Jesse Hood, who saved his life, was an expert guide and a determined, systematic boozer. 'I work like a nigger,' he says, 'guidin' all summer, make a stake and come out and absorb squirrel whisky until I can light a match breathin' on it'; finally there is Joe Isaac, the Micmac Indian from New Brunswick, of doubtful antecedents and more doubtful word, always spinning long, romantic yarns of Happy Hunting Grounds and at last inducing Grey Owl and Anahareo to set out in search of one on that trek which proved the most cruel, arduous and disappointing in their lives. But it was in that harsh territory to which Joe sent them that Grey Owl wrote his first article, in the long deep silences of the Wilderness days and nights. It was a small essay of eight thousand words and he wrote it twenty times till he got it right. That article was accepted at once by *Country Life*, which asked for more and Grey Owl's great career had begun. And it was in the same log cabin on the banks of the Touladi River that he conceived this passage—indicative of his style which is liberally quoted throughout the biography—when he saw his two beloved beavers, McGinnis and McGinty, swim away from him for ever in the night:

> And in the starlight the wake of their passing made rippling pale bands of silver that spread wide behind them, and touched the shore at last, and were lost. Once, in answer to a call a long clear note came back to us, followed by another in a different key. And the two voices blended and intermingled like a part song in the stillness of the little lonesome pond, and echoed back and forth in the surrounding hills and faded to a whisper and died.

In that description of the loss of his two half-human friends, there is a strain of wild music.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Buried Empires, by Patrick Carleton (Edward Arnold, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

Here is a book for the general reader with all the pomp of the specialist destined to add an extra chapter to the average conception of history. Its manner, no doubt, is the usual compound of accuracy and idiosyncrasy—the mind of a

scholar, given to abstracts and obedient only to the powerful simplicities. And certainly this is a magnificent game to play and at the jig-saw puzzle of the past Patrick Carleton takes a hand that is just as good as, if not better than, the next man's —a little desperately tentative, perhaps, and probably much better at chronologies, to which he somewhat crushingly returns. The book, too, is well planned and likely to last; full of elementary but sound thinking and written in an almost totally intelligible style, guilty of but rare modern loosenesses. Indeed, a nice Victorian touch adorns some of the author's own pages, providing that moral content so indispensable to the class-room. But it is the presence of legend that causes the conventional context to disappear in a flood of being and raises the whole question of History as speculation, tending us to define it afresh as the material evidence for fantasies. The author, for example, who does not think so, interrupts his stories with realistic interpretations having to do with pearl-divers and coral, and wanders through a maze of misunderstood languages and numbers without once suspecting his world attitude to be an obstacle. Looking backwards, however, is the fatal flaw in an historian's composition, for he who would present beginnings must know considerably less about ends than is here included.

The historical attitude, in fact, mostly appears more valuable for small issues than for great, since minds unable to comprehend the improbable only carry on the wars of fact with fancy, while the habit of little comment swallows up the interwoven grandeur of life's context. How often, furthermore, does History chronicle the horrors and triumphs entirely at the expense of warmer tremors or the godly thoughts of solitude! Here, withal, is a story of humanity made up from fragments found in the ground, infinitely more thrilling and stimulating than any detective fiction, revealing an intensity of growth to cause fresh rejoicing at the variety of life to be lived on this essentially habitable globe. Here, too, are facts which give rise to new ideas of importance about our origins and all shows that the more things change the more they are not the same thing. Here, in this epoch, for instance, religion begins; yet, in comparison with our arrogances, all original deities seem humble. But ours, too, is a world of gods and goddesses and the pity is, perhaps, that

we do not recognise them as such but fancy ourselves their masters. Here, again, is the Aryan myth well handled, and here are the earliest legal inflexibilities, together with their background of pride and blood-lust. But the latter serve to remind us of the unchanging oddness of human nature, everlastingly congratulating itself on the construction of systems whose rigours it spends its time trying to escape! Best of all, though, of the contents of this book are the sections on the bombshell of Mohenjo-Daro, that democracy of 3,000 B.C., where also drains came before art and men were little. This is unrolled before us as a palace of culverts and sewers, whose religion was a Great Bath and whose temple a bazaar. Here war was unknown and utility reigned in the still heavens.

It is dangerous, of course, to over-simplify and this applies to this review no less than to its subject. However, in *Buried Empires* the three forces of History, Faith, Practice and Pride work themselves out as they are doing to-day. We can only hope for a softer solution. Still, it is worth while to add that these distant times now call for a more freely imaginative interpretation—perhaps we may proceed to suggest that Mr. Carleton offer us this also?

C. A. TURNER.

The Church of England, by Herbert Hensley Henson (Cambridge University Press, 1939, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

It fits in with all that gives to the Church of England a place of its own among the religious societies of the world that it is not only possible but obviously appropriate to include it in a series intended for the description and appreciation of 'English Institutions.' Lord Stamp, the General Editor, who contributes a felicitous Preface, could not have contemplated the omission of such a subject; where his good judgment showed itself was in the choice of the writer; his good fortune in that such a writer was available. For Dr. Henson's close acquaintance with that whereof he writes is matched by an equal ability to stand back from it and view it objectively and dispassionately. This power is made the clearer in this volume by the almost total absence of anything that recalls the brilliant controversialist. Here is no Dr. Henson, formidable yet assailable pamphleteer, but Dr. Henson the

grave and deliberate student of history, law, and theology, and deeply versed man of affairs.

A short but important Historical Introduction, followed by a chapter on Church and State, gives the background to the English Reformation, the nature of the change which then took place in the position of the Church, and a sketch of the developments in the seventeenth century which meant the breakdown of Hooker's conception of the Royal Supremacy and of Establishment. For Dr. Henson, the National Church, as Hooker expounded it, has now no real existence; there is but a delusive façade which 'belongs to a Past which can never return; it has little hold on the Present, and less hope for the Future.' It is this conviction which lies at the root of Dr. Henson's belief that Disestablishment ought to come; whatever the losses, the Church would be free of an unreality in its relation to State and Nation, which the prevailing secularism in the 'climate of opinion' underlines. With Dr. Henson's standpoint may be contrasted that of Mr. T. S. Eliot in *The Idea of a Christian Society*; he who would make up his mind on a controversy that before so many years have passed may become alive again should read both the Bishop and the man of letters.

In two chapters, 'The Via Media' and 'On Subscription,' Dr. Henson expounds his conception of the theological position of the Church of England. It is the Broad Churchmen, as they used to be called, who will be most satisfied with him. He refuses to regard the central truth of the Incarnation as necessarily involving belief in the Virgin Birth and the physical Resurrection For the affirmation of these as 'historical facts' he holds that the evidence is inadequate. But as to inadequacy everything depends on its nature and extent, and I do not think that he does sufficient justice to the evidence which actually exists. Certainly it would be difficult to show that the New Testament as a whole, to which, in contrast with particular texts, Dr. Henson appeals, suggests a resurrection of Christ, to which any other adjective than 'physical' could rightly be applied.

The rest of the book is of the nature of an exposition of the working of the modern Church of England, with something like a running commentary on the story that the author has to tell. Bishops, Clergy, the Parochial System, National

Education, Convocation and the Church Assembly, Relations with other Churches and the possibilities of reunion, are made the objects of description and interpretation. The general result is sombre; to say depressing would be to say too much. But the impression left is of the difficulty that the Church has, owing to causes internal and external, in making headway against a pervading, though not polemically un-Christian, secularism. It is a true impression; but I think that Dr. Henson conveys less than the whole truth since, with all his remarkable power of throwing light on the machinery of the institution, he is less ready to show the institution in actual operation, with the wheels revolving and the relevant persons doing what they are there to do. A description of a typical day in the life of a town parson, or, even, of a bishop, would have been a useful set-off to the discussion of the appointment of bishops by the Crown and of the social position of the clergy. And it is a serious omission in the volume, perhaps the only one, that no attention is given to the overseas work of the great missionary societies: for in that work the soul of the Church is continually learning, in order that it may teach, the mystery of the Kingdom of God.

Yet Dr. Henson is no more the gloomy Bishop than Dr. Inge ever was the gloomy Dean. He believes that humanity will find satisfaction, neither politically in nationalism or totalitarianism, nor, religiously, in denominationalism. Dr. Henson seems to think of all existing forms and institutions, the Church of England, as we know it to-day, among them, as destined to pass away, to be replaced by such new forms as wait for the time when they shall be revealed. But only as 'the Christian ideal of Catholicity' is embodied, will man's 'hunger for spiritual fellowship' be satisfied.

J. K. MOZLEY.

Order or Disorder, Studies in the Decline of International Order, 1918–1936, by R. M. MacGregor, C.M.G. (Duckworth, 1939, pp. 208, price 6*s*.).

Making International Law Work, by Professor George W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., and Dr. Georg Schwarzenberger (Peace Book Company (London) Ltd., pp. 218, price 6*s*.).

Mankind Set Free, by Maurice L. Rowntree, with an Introduction by Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, M.P. (Cape, pp. 349, price 10*s*. 6*d*.).

These three books were published after the crucial date of the conquest of Prague, and yet each expresses undismayed the illusions which this country entertained for so long after the last war, and which are now costing it so dear. Each of the books is an example of the imperviousness of pacifist mythologists to the most crashing fact. All three assume that the world consists of States basing their conduct on some idea of justice that does not wholly ignore the rights of their neighbours; they assume that if one suffers grievances the sufferer would be willing to discuss them with his more fortunate colleagues, and if the grievances are removed he would settle down. But suppose the sufferer is a Great Power who prefers to take the law into his own hands, and who regards discussion as the method of the coward; and suppose, further, that the sufferer's main grievance is the very existence of his smaller neighbours, and the size of his bigger neighbour, what then? This is too awkward to contemplate, and our apocalyptic writers prefer to ignore the existence of such possibilities, and in order to bolster up their faith they pretend, however unwittingly, that the troublesome fellow is not asking for more than his rights, and if only the other would grant them quickly how different the world would be.

This has been Mr. MacGregor's method in analysing the fate of Security Pacts and Disarmament Conferences of the post-war period. Every proposal put forward by France and Great Britain he comments upon critically, but those of Germany he takes every one at their full face value of lamb-like innocence. The author lets himself be impressed by Hitler's notorious peace proposals of May, 1933, and quotes them in full and condemns the questionnaire with which the British Government attempted at the time to test Hitler's sincerity. At that time Hitler had long made up his mind to kick over the traces, to leave the League in order to embark upon a policy of conquest. Where Britain blundered was in refraining from rearming. But rearming would have been regarded as a mortal sin by Mr. MacGregor, whose beliefs centre in the

trilogy, made popular by our professors of international politics—arbitration, security and disarmament, three in one, one in three. The writer sees in the failure to prevent Italy's campaign against Abyssinia the beginning of disorder in Europe. This requires no proof or argument, but here again Mr. MacGregor avoids the real issue, and fails to understand that with neglected armaments the two chief Powers of the League could not embark upon a first-class war, even although it were called a League war.

While Mr. MacGregor believes that all would be well if the rulers of the earth, Hitler, Stalin, Chamberlain, Daladier, etc., could be induced to re-affirm their faith in the Covenant of the League, Professor Keeton and Doktor Schwarzenberger would be happy if these great men handed over to an international authority their guns, tanks, bombers, and battleships. This would be ' making international law work.' How the rulers are to be brought to this action, and what the international authority would be cannot be answered by the reason. One must have faith, and the minds of true believers have to be carefully prepared. For this purpose the authors trace for their readers the historical development of international law ; as Director and Secretary respectively of the new Commonwealth Institute, of which the supreme credo is the international army, the authors are readily able to note how and where international law broke down in the past and its inevitable trends in the future.

They evidently feel that the subject demands a style which must at all cost avoid clearness and simplicity. On p. 43 we read :

> the distinction between community and society, and the fact that individuals and groups can live together simultaneously in a multitude of different relations, assists in a deeper understanding of the manifold complexities of the situation created by the disparity between sentimental and activity areas in the international society.

And in another chapter, ' Universality and the League,' the authors distinguish various kinds of universality, formal and material, co-operative universality heterogeneous and homogeneous, and heaven knows what other kind. It is a trifle hard on the young men and women who after a day's work in factory and office have to devote their dearly won leisure to

listening to such extension lectures as these, of which the book is an unhappy product.

Mr. Maurice L. Rowntree has yet another plan if he is faced by demands from Stalin or Hitler: he would turn the other cheek and even walk a mile with them. His book, with the apocalyptic title *Mankind Set Free*, deals with almost everything under heaven—war, its abolition, race, empire, justice and peace, unemployment, finance, debt, sex, God and nature, Jesus, worship, etc. The book represents the modern Quaker's outlook on life, a sort of slushy sentimental Liberal-Labour programme, with the Quaker's peculiar emphasis on non-resistance to evil. One discovers on reading this book that modern Quakers are neither religious nor Christian. For the strange and wonderful destiny of man revealed by religion, they substitute a Socialist utopia; instead of religion, they offer us ethics and they strip Christ of His divinity: it is little wonder that in their services music, poetry and ritual are not permitted. Mr. Rowntree holds that George Fox, one of the early Quakers, had as little sense of sin as Jesus, and he refers familiarly to the fact that 'Jesus and Fox seemed to have believed (in something) with great sincerity.'

The mysticism of Quakers being repressed in these and other ways has to seek an outlet and finds expression in their belief in non-violence as the supreme and ultimate revelation of the inner light which comes to men who are not bound by traditions. Mr. Rowntree admits that this belief may not always lead to happy results; but we must be true to it, even if it leads to enslavement, or death, or even to extermination of a people, as in the case of the Incas. This inhuman doctrine is so repellent that Quakers are compelled to find an escape from it in half-way houses, and this explains their espousal of causes like the League of Nations—often one sees posted outside their places of worship the prosaic announcements of the League of Nations Union and the latest statistics on armaments—their belief explains the nature of the addresses often heard at their services when the spirit breaks silence—addresses too often not on the soul or eternal life but on schemes to preserve peace.

Their religion has become politics, and a dangerous politics because their politics is partly mythology. Of all sects, Quakers should be the most hesitant in intervening on

questions of peace aims or war aims, not so much because they are exempted from serving in the army, but because their minds are not free to judge a situation with the necessary common sense. But of all sects they are the most forward in obtruding their views. In particular questions their influence can be distinctly harmful, especially in these days when Britain is facing an enemy to whom every just offer, every attempt at conciliation is regarded as a sign of weakness and as an invitation to go on and conquer. Chamberlain tried the Quaker method when he went to Munich, but Mr. Rowntree, faced by this failure of his theory, writes that it was not properly tested as 'Mr. Chamberlain started rearming as soon as he returned.' Thus Dr. Goebbel's propaganda serves to hide a Quaker's doubts.

PHILIP CONWELL-EVANS.

Netherlands India: a Study of Plural Economy, by J. S. Furnivall (Cambridge University Press, pp. 502 + xxiii, 25*s*. net.)

Eastern Industrialisation and its Effect on the West, by G. E. Hubbard. Second and Revised Edition (Oxford University Press, pp. 418 + xx, 18*s* net).

The Indian States and the Federation, by M. K. Varadarajan (Oxford University Press, pp. 292 + xi, 12*s* 6*d* net).

These three books, despite the apparent diversity of their topics, possess much common ground. For each is a study of one particular aspect of the same general problem—namely, the adjustment, within a given political and economic field, of the interests of different races. In the case of the first and the third, this adjustment has to be achieved within the bounds of the same polity: in the case of the second, the problem is enlarged to embrace the relations between two hemispheres. Yet in all three instances the problem itself presents the same fundamental characteristics.

Mr. Furnivall's book is of great importance, for it is the first adequate and comprehensive study in English of the evolution, in the political and economic spheres, of the present régime of the Netherlands Indies. The author

brings to his task, as Jonkheer Mr. A. C. D. De Graeff remarks in his introduction, a practical experience, acquired by years of administrative office, of the governmental system of Burma and India. To this is added enormous industry in discovering and utilising all available sources of information, whether in libraries or *in loco*. The result is a book covering every aspect of the subject, from the geographical and ethnological background to the present situation in the Dutch East Indies. Adequately to review a book so large and so comprehensive would require an essay on the scale favoured by Macaulay: it is only possible here to indicate some of the more notable features of Mr Furnivall's narrative Throughout this narrative he is concerned to treat Netherlands India as an example of the Plural Society: that is, a society where two or more elements or social orders live side by side, without mingling, within the bounds of one political unit. Within such a society the rules of morality tend to be international rather than municipal, and the bond between the different elements is economic rather than national Mr. Furnivall considers that Dutch observers are inclined to underestimate the prevalence of the economic motive among the peoples of the Netherlands Indies although this has been in the past subordinated by the consistent policy of the authorities, which is to conserve, so far as possible, the native social order. In his view, economic values rank very high to-day: the more so as the native capitalist class claim to be the leaders of the people and extol capitalist principles as the norm of social life But in a society so organised, nationalism in any of the constituent elements can only be a force disruptive of the entire polity, and doubtless for this reason the Dutch have striven for the cultural advancement of each element in separate and distinct spheres, while basing the political structure upon Authority rather than upon Law or Nationalism.

The evolution in India, of which the latest phase is ably treated, from an important angle, by Mr. Varadarajan, has proceeded upon different lines. Law, rather than authority, was for long recognised as the determining force in the relations between the different communities of a society more complex and more rigidly compartmented than exists in the Netherlands Indies. Yet the principle of Law as the

sole foundation of society was abandoned, at the end of the war, in favour of Nationalism based upon Democracy. It is this which at the present time serves sharply to distinguish the Dutch régime in Netherlands India from that which prevails in India proper; for whereas in the former the needs of the Plural Society are recognised in a kind of federalism of the economic and cultural aspects, in the latter, federalism in the political sphere has already been accepted as the proximate step. The width of the gulf separating the two solutions may easily be exaggerated, for the Dutch in effect recognise that each several constituent of the social order has many of the characteristics of a unit in a political federation, differing from such a unit mainly in its lack of territorial integrity. It is perfectly possible that the Dutch plan is the more scientific of the two, for it brings into relief the distinction between the political and the economic problems which are basic to a Plural Society. The economic problem is the organisation of demand, and this must be attempted separately for each constituent element, whereas the political problem is one primarily of integration, of fitting all the elements together into one social framework. Moreover, in the political solution now being attempted in India, a much larger function is reserved for the exercise of authority than is commonly admitted—except, perhaps, by extreme Left-wing elements, who plainly perceive it. For, as Mr. Varadarajan shows, the cement which will bind British India and the Indian States into one polity is in the last resort the political paramountcy which is exercised over the Indian Princes. From this derive two consequences: first a concentration of authority in the hands of the Governor-General (in his dual rôle) which cannot, in its very nature, be regulated to any appreciable extent by the law—as contrasted, let us hope, with the evolving custom—of the constitution; and secondly, lively, and for the most part well-founded, apprehensions on the part of the Indian States lest, for the reasons made clear by Mr. Varadarajan, paramountcy should encroach upon the federal field in addition to the sphere in which it at present operates.

Mr. Hubbard's book requires less extended notice, not because its subject is less important, but because this new recension is essentially identical with the First Edition,

published four years ago. It treats of the problem presented by the growing industrialisation of Japan, China and India, and of the possibility—or impossibility—of finding 'living room' for the East and the West in the industrial organisation of the world. Thus it also is concerned primarily with a Plural Society, but a Plural Society which is not comprised within the boundaries of a single political organisation. The detailed studies of the three countries with which it is principally concerned are related to the industrial development of Britain, and the book concludes with a sensible, and indeed necessary, comment from Professor T. E. Gregory regarding the practicability of adjustment. It is essential, he maintains, to raise the standard of life in the East, and the only way to do this is by industrialisation. The fear lest Western industry should be annihilated is a chimera, for the East is not ideally suited to produce all that the world wants, and if old areas of production are superseded in one direction, new industries tend to develop by way of compensation. The burden of the change is often heavy, as in Lancashire to-day, but it may be lightened by intelligent action. Adjustment is by no means easy, but the condition from which the necessity of adjustment arises is a long-range historical process, which ought not, in fact, to be resisted

L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—Since the Great War, French instinct and intelligence have consistently endeavoured to make the world alive to the eternal reality of German aggression. For many years, in England, the prophetic voice, mainly that of Jacques Bainville, was contemptuously dismissed by the vast majority of those who heard it (and these were few), as if Cassandra had been speaking in person. Well, this better part of French thought has played the rôle of Cassandra right to the end. Events have confirmed the repeated warnings. Yet it is not time to relax. Indeed, in this troubled world, it is never time to relax. Although much progress has been recorded of late in British opinion regarding Germany and her eternal meaning to civilisation, not a few fallacies subsist, which common sense and historical knowledge seem powerless to eradicate. One of the main of these is the Man in the Street's attitude towards German political refugees, Jewish or Aryan, whose underground political action is beginning to be felt in Great Britain and France. On the whole, it is one of complete sympathy and almost unmitigated adherence. He is deeply moved by the plight of these men who have felt the horrors of Nazi persecution. Sentiment prepossesses him in their favour when they speak of their country, the present war, the future treaty, or future Europe. This they do on a great scale, both publicly and privately, and not always with sufficient restraint. Whilst no decent European would deny the reality of their sufferings, and do anything but his best to alleviate the hardships, moral and material, of their exile, it remains absolutely essential that these refugees be prevented from exercising pressure upon public men and public opinion in the Allied countries. For these refugees, in so far as they are intellects, belong to one of two classes:

(1) They are foreign to German tradition and culture, *i.e.*, sincere adherents to Western values, inherited from the Greek and Christian tradition. In that case, however dear and near to us they may be, they are for ever condemned to a negligible rôle in the field of German politics. To the bulk of Germans they are traitors to the

sacred cause of Pan-Germanism, to whose action is assigned the collapse of 1918.

(2) They are German nationalists, whose philosophical background is thoroughly orthodox. Whilst they profess that Hitler is leading their country to its doom, they enthusiastically agree with his ultimate aim, which is world domination by the chosen race. Whilst they realise that Hitler will fail, they are good Hegelians and good Fichteans, either openly or in disguise. Some of them call themselves Catholics, although Catholicism and Germanism are exclusive of each other (Goethe was a great man, but his ideal of synthesising the fundamentals of Hellenism, and therefore Catholicism, with those of Germanism, was a wild dream). Strasser, of whom more below, says in his pamphlet *Aufbau des Deutschen Sozialismus* (Leipzig, 1932), ch. 2, 'Religion and Church'. 'This belief in principle in an Idealism for each people . . . definitely excludes any Church, and above all, any Internationally-minded Church, whose essence and will are in downright opposition with the idea [which is ours] of a National Culture for every people.' This ought to dispose of Strasser's Catholicism.

Now, if we help the first group to establish their power in Germany after the war, these western minded wretches will be no match for a future Hitler in the field of *practical* politics. If we listen to the second, and far more important, category, then we shall *directly* replace Hitler by people far more subtle and realistic than he is, people who want exactly the same things, but who possess a far better knowledge of foreign psychology (they are perfecting it now) than the ignorant Berchtesgaden maniac. In other words, we shall be making another war inevitable, twenty years hence, with our chances of success greatly diminished, for, needless to say, these supple refugees would be at the head of a *United* Germany. Strasser, already mentioned, comes first and foremost in this category of 'good' Germans. He is a man of great influence in certain circles, French and English. In both countries men who count look upon him as a potential maker of future Germany. He has been conveniently persecuted by Hitler, after having read *Mein Kampf* with delight, has lost a brother in the ups and downs of Nazi life, but possesses another one, a Benedictine Monk, to whom he may refer to convince people of the sincerity of his Catholicism; his 'Radio Liberty' and 'Black Front' activity has endeared him to all those who candidly believe we are not fighting the German people but only their tyrant Hitler. It takes some power of resistance to wishful thinking to realise that his simple ambition is to succeed where Hitler will have failed. Even as Hitler has learnt by the experience of the first failure of Pan-Germanism, Strasser will continue to learn

by the Nazi experience until Hitler is a thing of the past. Hitler has learnt that Germany cannot fight on two fronts: hence his Soviet alliance. Strasser (or somebody else, for Strasser is not alone) will do his utmost to put to good use the realisation that Germany cannot fight England and France together, *even on one front*. If, after the war, he has a say in the matter, he will direct German policy against the French, and endeavour at the same time to conciliate our English Democrats, who cling to their belief that a German 'Democracy' would be a universal panacea. If by any chance (which God forbid!) these eternally abused advocates of Universal Democracy accede to power in England at the right time, he will turn against France, his action being greatly facilitated if that country is then under a 'strong' Government. Imagine how easy it would be for Strasser to call France 'Fascist' if she had a Clemenceau at her head, and to secure the benevolent neutrality of the aforesaid mystics, in whose uplifted eye the ideal of German democracy is sacrosanct, if he set out to reclaim Alsace or any other so-called German territory taken away from Germany after her defeat (for such is the publicly avowed aim of the Black Front's foreign policy). In these circumstances his success would be assured. In 1914 Germany fought Russia as well as France and England. In 1939 she has Russia on her side. Next time, unless we begin to think right, France will be alone. Such is the German conception of progress. If not foiled, it will result in German domination of Europe at the third attempt. The trouble is that so many people do not see any further than the present second attempt, which they think is the last, as their fathers did of the Great War.

Yours faithfully,

HENRI EVANS.

11 Rue des Halles, Paris, 1^er^.
January 2nd, 1940.

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—Some two or three years before this war began one could hear among politically minded men and even among publicists of repute and responsibility a note of 'defeatism.' 'I am afraid,' said one well-known Liberal sociologist, 'that this old country is done!' It proved to be at bottom economic defeatism. It may have been begun by the shock of the financial crisis of 1931, from which emerged the 'National' Government of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and the spell of commercial and industrial

depression at that time. It was certainly a mood that was intensified among Liberals and Labour men by the triumph of violent gangster politics first in Italy and then in Germany challenging the very axioms and postulates of individual liberty and parliamentary government, a challenge which Mr. Baldwin, a great Parliament man, had foreseen and of the possible result of which he had openly warned the Labour Party in the House of Commons when it was in one of its militant moods.

Whatever its origin, the despondent mood was there about three or four years ago. When it was probed it was generally found to be a mood of economic defeatism. By 'this old country' the sociologist quoted above meant 'this little country.' The *Statesman's Year Book* about that time gave the area of the cultivable (not cultivated) land of the British Isles (including agricultural Ireland) as only equal or not quite equal to that of France, which had a smaller population. In this form the pessimistic conclusion was not new. We had heard it long ago, especially from Protectionists and agrarian ideologues, and a common simile among those earlier Jeremiahs was that England was a pyramid standing on its apex.

The truth is far other

"When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,"

she arose at a spot that marked her out to be the free port and market of Western Europe, and she arose not upside down, but on a broad and solid base of coal. Coal is a valuable article of commerce, as everyone knows, but it is much more than that. Coal is power, the cheapest source of power, for the hopes of water power are but the wistful dreams of smoke-hating enthusiasts, not of engineers. To harness waterfalls is a taking fancy. We have all been told about whole villages in Switzerland or Norway lighted by electricity from waterfalls, but it takes mighty little electricity to make electric light. Hydro-electric installations are costly to build and to keep up. Electricity has always had a fatal fascination for Utopians, who often seem to forget that it is not a source of power, but only a means of transmitting power.

England's advantage as an island site off the coast of Europe is enhanced by a wealth of spacious harbours, not least among which is the Thames, and of great ports created by them, not least of which is the capital. And around them winds the impregnable frontier of the sea.

The strength of England is chiefly her wealth, as we saw in

the late war and are seeing in this. Next to coal its source is shipping and marketing, merchanting, *entrepôt* trade as it is called, and financing, on all of which the profits are handsome. Much of the wealth of the world passes through our hands and, in the old saying, some of it sticks.

The wealth and strength of England, in short, can be named in two words, coal and commerce.

Some would add freedom, respect for law, and temperance in civil disputes, but these too we owe mainly to the sea, to our insular immunity from invasion. Behind our walls of water we can safely fight our quarrels out without coming to blows and without either hope or fear of foreign intervention.

From these considerations follow certain clear inferences about our proper policy in politics and economics. In this war it has come home to us, to many almost with a shock of surprise, that we must export to live. And everything we export is coal, or, to be complete, coal, carriage and services. The most delicate piece of Nottingham lace, the finest Lancashire cottons are coal. The new saying that we must export to live is topsy-turvy, as common sayings are apt to be. The right way to put it is that we must import to live, and to import we must export. A duty on imports is a direct tax on exports. This is not a piece of abstract economic reasoning; it is a workaday commercial fact. The merchants of other nations must export to us in order directly or indirectly to get British currency, bills of exchange, cheques or other paper realisable in this country with which to buy goods from us, and that means that we must receive their imports. Complete free trade must therefore be our commercial policy. It has the incidental advantage of winning for us good will and 'most favoured nation treatment' from protectionist nations, but the value of that is often exaggerated by enthusiastic free traders. Free trade is for us enlightened self-interest without regard to what other countries may do. A substantial accessory advantage, however, is that our markets as markets are wide open to merchants of all nations. Some protectionist countries have at times recognised this by creating a tariff free enclave round their principal ports—Hamburg, for example—and some have suggested that London should be such an enclave. That is far too narrow a policy for the big trade we need through all our great ports. A customs house is in itself a barrier to trade and would be so if it collected no duties, but existed merely for the registration of imports for statistical purposes. Complete free trade would make our ports and towns a permanent British Industries Exhibition, a continuous permanent Leipzig Fair.

The same facts of our geographical position and natural assets point clearly to the right line for our foreign policy. It is isolation. Not 'splendid isolation,' for that phrase sounds arrogantly in the ears of other nations. Let us say rather benevolent neutrality. We cannot afford Continental alliances with any nation or nations. Less than any other great country, perhaps, can we afford war. By alliances, however high minded, we forfeit in greater or less measure our advantage, military and commercial, of being an island. But that does not mean that we can dispense with armed strength. We must be armed, not extravagantly or aggressively, but formidably. In a phrase, our policy should be one of formidably armed isolation, benevolent but strong neutrality. Our strength in war is entirely a product of our wealth, which in its turn is a product of coal and commerce. Our population is large, but not large enough to menace by sheer weight of numbers in land warfare. It is overwhelmingly urban and industrial, to the extent of about three-quarters, it is estimated. It is, however, the more apt for modern mechanised war by sea or land. Our foreign policy should be truly and manifestly pacific always, but feckless or pusillanimous never.

H. D. [illegible]

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WORLD OPINION

A Press Summary

Russia

The latest December numbers of *Izvestia* contain as little political matter as usual. What is perhaps most interesting about them is the fact that the war against Finland is hardly mentioned at all. The only information which can be gathered about the course of the war consists of communiqués, which say almost nothing, from the staffs of Leningrad Military District. In six numbers of *Izvestia*, from December 27th, 1939, to January 1st, 1940, inclusive, these communiqués consist of just twenty lines, and apart from them there is not a word about the war. From these six numbers, which are quite representative of the paper in general, the following may be said to have some connection with the war against Finland: an address to 'the great friend of the Finnish people, Comrade Stalin,' on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, from the soldiers and officers of the 'first corps of the Finnish people's army,' dated 'Terijoki, 21.12.1939' In this address it is said among other things: 'At this fateful moment, when the imperialistic enemies of Finland and the Soviet Union have let loose the White Finnish mercenaries and thereby drawn our nation into a criminal military adventure; in this moment of open danger, the glorious Red Army of the Soviet Union has not failed to hasten to the help of our working people.' And further we read that Stalin 'has completely conquered the heart and the loyalty of the Finnish people' (28.12.39). The Soviet Agency *Tass* published the following message, telegraphed from Stockholm: 'Daily hundreds of Finnish refugees are arriving in Sweden, among them a large number of workers and peasants who have been hunted violently out of Finland into Sweden. The refugees say: "There is no reason why we should fight for White Finland. We were con-

vinced that nothing would happen to us if the Red Army came, and we did not wish to leave. But the Finnish White Guards drove us out of our houses at the point of the bayonet, so that we could only take with us a few necessaries. Our houses were burnt and we were driven across the frontier"' (29.12.39). There are also five telegrams containing resolutions on the Finnish war from foreign Communist groups.

The New Year number contains a leading article which sums up the year 1939 and gives a glance forward at 1940: 'The war of England and France against Germany, the two-years war of Japan against China, the efforts of the aggressors to spread still further the general war-conflagration, the transformation of the League of Nations from a feeble instrument of peace to a tool of the Anglo-French military *bloc* for supporting and spreading the war in Europe; the collapse of Poland, that arrogant, aristocratic, nationalist State, which fell to pieces at the first military onslaught; the complete failure of all attempts to draw the Soviet Union into the war; the bankruptcy of the political cheats of the Mannerheim-Tanner gang, who had speculated on being able to inflame hatred against the Soviet Union—that is the political balance-sheet at the end of 1939 for the capitalist countries.' The following picture for 1939 of the Soviet Union is then given: 'The beginning of 1939 was marked by a historical event. The eighteenth congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was held, at which, thanks to Stalin's genius and the wisdom of the Party, the exalted programme of the further movement towards communism was laid down,' and so forth and so on

In the same number is a feuilleton which ends with the following epistrophe: 'Yes, we are at the forefront of the civilised world and march ahead. Yes, we are giving new socialist laws to science and art. Yes, progressive humanity is genuinely delighted with us, and the workers of the whole world look to us with hope! Yes, our literature and art are of the people; they guide our minds to the understanding of what Lenin and Stalin, those universal geniuses, the eldest sons in the family of the human race, are achieving. . . . With us is Stalin, and therefore all dreams come true. With us is Stalin, and therefore the future is with us also. . . . So rejoice then, ye hills and distant prospects, rise, sun, over

the earth! Oh, Stalin, our beloved Stalin, our century is flying after you!'

Germany

The first war-time Christmas, the beginning of a new year, and the ending of the eventful nineteen-hundred-thirties produced floods of historical reviews and forecasts in the columns of the German press. The mass of platitudes thus produced might not in themselves be of any interest to the outside world; yet some of these 'general' leading articles in the Nazi's press, welcoming the New Year, are probably as reliable evidence for the present state of mind in the Third Reich as is anywhere obtainable.

Der Angriff (December 31st) contains a signed leading article by Dr. Robert Ley which is characteristic of the present trend of Nazi home-propaganda. It says: 'German Workers. Let us have a chat. . . . I know, at the time when we took power, you were a Marxist, through and through. For twenty years you had been a loyal member of the Metal Workers Union. You were an old soldier of the World War, and yet a member of the Reichsbanner Black-Red-Gold because Prussian discipline is in your bones and you can't help that. You hated the bourgeois class state; indeed you had to hate it, because this state imprisoned you, and your children after you, in your own class. You, German Worker, forged your own weapons in your struggle for social freedom; you had your trade unions, political parties, sports and cultural associations, co-operative societies, etc. You were proud of your achievements. Into your struggle against the bourgeois world came the National-Socialist party which you regarded with distrust. . . . Our leader took up the struggle against your weapons of class-warfare, just as much as he fought against the bourgeois class-state. You did not believe our word, you thought that we were reactionaries and slaves of the capitalist system. But now, after seven years of National-Socialist leadership, after all your Marxist institutions have been destroyed and rebuilt on a revolutionary basis, after you were forced to make heavy sacrifices, indeed, after you were forced to accept another war—I want to ask you, German Worker: Are you satisfied with Adolf Hitler and his leader-

ship? Do you now realise that National Socialism is right? Is this world now your world, too?'

National Zeitung (December 31st) contains an equally enlightening leading article, somewhat more serious in tone. It says: 'This war means for all nations not only material sacrifices and hardships but, even more so, psychological burdens. . . . There are differences, however. There can be no doubt, for example, that since the outbreak of war, Germany has had to suffer more than her enemies. England and France had not nearly the same losses of men and material as Germany, and one should have thought that, consequently, and at the beginning of a new year which is bound to bring still greater sacrifices and burdens, the morale of the German people would be lower than the morale of the French and the British. In reality, however, the exact opposite is true. According to all reliable reports of travellers who are in a position to make comparisons, the average Englishman and average Frenchman are to-day far less resolute, far less determined to win the war, and far less certain of victory than the mass of the German people . . . It would be an exaggeration to call it open defeatism, or to say that the English and French people are already tired of war; but they certainly lack all inspiration and all will to see it through. Contrary to 1914, the masses accept the fact of war as something inevitable. . . . And if the official war-mongers preach that Germany should be partitioned and destroyed more thoroughly than after the Treaty of Versailles the French *petit bourgeois* and the man in the street in England are distinctly distrustful. They were told the same tale at the end of the last war and the result was that Germany became stronger than ever before . . . We stand at the end of a period of six years of hard work of our Führer. The German people has not taken up the fight under the orders of a despotic dictatorship, but because it has realised it has got to gain a victory in order to survive and for the sake of European culture and progress. And the German people know that it will be victorious against the world of yesterday.'

Das Schwarze Korps (January 4th) publishes a long article under the headline 'Total Victory' from which the following passages are taken: 'The total war concerns everybody. Everybody has to carry on this war in his own way and

fashion. Everybody has to make the greatest possible sacrifice. Total war cannot even stop at the frontiers of belligerent powers. The neutral countries which succeeded for centuries in staying out of trouble and playing the rôle of mediator have now been hit worse than Germany herself by Britain's pirate warfare.'

These generalities are followed by sentences which cannot be interpreted other than as a direct threat against the Northern countries: 'Those neutral countries which thought that it was not their concern when, in Versailles, British Imperialism enslaved the great people in the heart of Europe, those countries which remained "disinterested" through all the years of Germany's struggle for freedom, have experienced a very sudden and unpleasant awakening now: They are becoming the immediate victims of Britain's war of aggression and, sooner or later, they will have to realise that the dream of their "neutrality" was nothing but a dream. . . . By their passive rôle as spectator, and by their refusal to resist the world domination plans of the Anglo-Jewish Plutocracy, they have only encouraged the aggressors and weakened themselves. They are now in a worse position than Germany, which is strong enough to defend herself.'

The following extract may complete the list. It is a particularly imbecile piece of writing and almost defies translation; but because of that it is all the more typical of the present 'boom' of Socialist propaganda in the Nazi press.

Völkischer Beobachter (January 10th) publishes a leading article entitled 'Our Socialism.' (The writer of the article, Dr. Fritz Nonnenbruch, is the financial editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and was, at one time, a member of the Communist Party.—Ed.): 'When people ask: What is German socialism? we reply: The French and British will soon have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of German socialism in a similar fashion as the Poles, who made the mistake, to take our steel armour for tin toys. When they will feel the power of our arms (of whose numbers and efficiency they have little idea), then they will have met German Socialism. They will see our Socialism when the common energies of our German soldiers, workers and inventors come down on them like thunder. . . .'

In the following passage Dr. Nonnenbruch reveals the war aims of 'German Socialism.' It reads: 'After the war the German people will have at their disposal: (1) Germany's full production capacity which is stronger than any throughout the capitalist world; (2) after the war, and the reorganisation of Europe, German production will no longer be entirely devoted to armaments as before the war (*sic*); (3) after our victory the natural resources of the whole world will be at our disposal. That will allow a further increase of production and a further improvement of the standard of living.'

* * * * *

On the whole there is but little change in the German press. Leading articles on 'ideological subjects,' as those quoted above, are by no means confined to the party newspapers but appear as often in newspapers like the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It is interesting to note that this type of article is becoming more and more prominent; long essays on: 'Thus England robbed land and possessions,' or 'England—the most notorious aggressor nation in the history of the human race,' can be found frequently on front pages and main news pages of all important newspapers.

As regards the more concrete aspects of the present situation the German press is devoting more (and less friendly) attention to the Northern States in general and the Finnish war in particular. There is a very distinct and noticeable fear that the Russo-Finnish war might lead to a general extension of hostilities, and, to be more precise, that it might bring the Scandinavian States into war on the Allies' side.

Frankfurter Zeitung (January 11th) writes in an article entitled 'From Finland to Palestine': 'Mr. Chamberlain's speech has confirmed that the English are looking for a new way out of their dilemma. It is only natural that they look for it there where they were disturbed in their policy of encirclement before the outbreak of the war. They look for new conflicts, for new victims, and new theatres of war. . . . The exceedingly friendly and encouraging words which Mr. Chamberlain addressed to the Finns and the Turks make us very suspicious. They show both in the north and in the south-east of Europe fresh attempts to encircle Germany and to extend the war generally.'

Völkischer Beobachter (January 9th) contains an article, 'Finland's Blindness,' in which the leading Nazi paper energetically defends Soviet aggression: 'When National Socialism took power in Germany the Finnish press was full of calumnies against the Third Reich. It is of course true that there were a few exceptions, and it shall not be forgotten, that leading figures of the Finnish Army maintained a loyal attitude towards the new Germany. But the Press, especially the press written in Swedish, vilified everything Germany did. Finland's political programme was based on the principle that her political action should be dictated by her economic interests: "32 per cent. of our exports go to England, and consequently we must follow England's lead." . . . If the Finn's now claim that we are responsible for their fate then we must reply emphatically that, having followed their pro-British statesmen, they have only themselves to thank for their present ordeal.'

(*Note*. It is forbidden to German editors to refer to the Finnish war as '*Krieg*' (war); only the word '*Kampfhandlung*' (war-like action) or similar nondescript terms are permitted.)

FINLAND AND THE NEUTRALS

Continued action in Finland is watched in all neutral, especially in the Scandinavian, countries with utmost anxiety. The following extracts from leading newspapers of the neutral Powers may be taken as representative of public opinion there.

SWEDEN

Göteborgs Morgonpost (December 16th): 'When Russia now directs her spear-head against Finnish officers besides women and children, it is clear enough that the enemy they want to fight in the North is not only English and French imperialism, but perhaps most of all their German ally. During the latter years, Finland's political leaders understood that Germany's friendship could be risky. Slowly and carefully they turned to Scandinavian neutrality, which Sandler supported. It is quite clear that if fear of Germany has driven Russia to war with Finland, Sweden has unintentionally greatly helped Finland's isolation. Now Finland

stands in solitary struggle against Asia. The promised Allied weapons give Sweden the honour first to begin war on Russia, meaning that Sweden becomes an English-German-Russian war centre, if Germany against her best interests holds to the Russian side. Such corruption is heard in the U.S., France and Russia, not in Sweden. Enrich yourself at the cost of the State'

Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning (December 29th): 'There are feverish attempts to create panic in Sweden. When panic grips, people rush from imagined into real dangers. Those who now cause fear do not speak on the Swedish people's behalf. The Swedes are not deceived into believing that it is wisdom to creep like mice so that the cat will be friendly The Swedes do not entertain fearful thoughts, those saying so bear false witness. Fearing to speak out when foreign efforts seek to influence the Swedish people to remain silent before the most revolting atrocities would not be Swedish. The land is in great overhanging danger People must know what the danger is.'

Svenska Dagbladet (January 3rd,- 'Napoleon's reconciliation with Alexander was a still greater surprise than the collaboration of Bolshevism and Nazism, which was for many years prophesied, but which only a few wished to believe. A large portion of Europe is now under the double sign of the Red Star and the Swastika One might have expected that Moscow would reap at the beginning such swift and important advantages from the Berlin understanding.' But Stalin, unlike Alexander, failed to show the same 'intelligent self-control on the part of the Kremlin and the avoidance of open conflicts' resulting in an 'irreparable loss in international prestige to the Soviet *régime*, so that its national existence is in the balance.'

Dagens Nyheter (January 5th): 'How Mussolini will act in the future development of war will entirely depend on the circumstances. He is prepared to participate and guard Italy's national aspirations by all suitable means. He has certainly in no way denounced friendship with Hitler. But he seems to have desired to indicate that he does not lack arguments if he wishes to stress that he really has a free hand if German and Italian interests no longer coincide.'

Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning (January 3rd): 'In blind hate against England, the Germans have sacrificed their own interests in the Baltic countries and surrendered half of that part of Poland which they have conquered. It looks as if they can be tempted to almost any future sacrifice by having the bait of Russian help against England dangled before their eyes.' In conclusion the writer wonders if the German people will not ask: 'Is this a German government and is it sane?'

Stockholms-Tidningen (January 11th). Leading article comments: 'Mistrust between opponents in war is a natural thing. Without doubt, the Germans are definitely convinced that the Western Powers' governments must answer for themselves these accusations. This is not our business. We know how great Powers can act in war, and cannot accept any moral guarantee from any of them. But in the German argument has lain an ill-concealed suspicion regarding our own attitude which it is our business to refute. It is entirely unjust. All the better that this is realised in Germany, as indicated by an article in to-day's number from the Berlin correspondent of the *Stockholms-Tidningen*. It is worth noting with satisfaction. The Swedish desire for neutrality ought now to be so clear to all that it cannot be the object of any suspicions.'

Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning (January 15th): 'The Nazi Foreign Office's acceptance of the Russian attack on Finland grossly violates the German people's sympathy for Finland. Hitler now sees a chance to save himself from a bad dilemma by proposing peace to Finland and maintaining the friendship with Russia. By appearing to be an angel saving Finland he would win Italy and Scandinavia, and Finland's sympathy with the Allies would be nullified. This settlement is too optimistic. Hitler cannot give Finland any guarantees. The Finns know the value of Russian promises, and will not swallow the bait; everything is going their way.'

Norway

Aftenposten (January 3rd): 'If Germany will not help Scandinavia against Bolshevism, Scandinavia will be forced to look to others. Germany is interested in the defeat of

Finland and the Russian occupation of North Norway in order to direct Russia's thoughts from the Kiel Canal. Sweden is to be spared for the sake of her iron supplies. Neither Germans nor Russians will be at a loss for arguments if a defence is to be found for a Russian occupation of North Norway. They will say that Lyngen was once the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Novgorod in the Middle Ages; they will say that Norwegians are late colonists in the Finmark and that they came as exploiters of the true inhabitants, etc., etc. It is all lies, but just wait and see.'

Norges Handels og Sjøfarts Tidende (January 5th): 'Germany's fate since Bismarck has been that she has made herself dependent on allies of little worth. Austria involved her in World War. It now seems that the Germans feel themselves more and more dependent on the Soviets in their struggle against England.'

Morgenposten (January 6th): 'It would appear that Germany intends to create a crisis situation in Scandinavia; otherwise their press could have sounded the warning earlier when the League decided each individual country could help Finland according to its inclinations. Germany then gave assurances that she was not concerned as she was quite disinterested in the Russo-Finnish conflict. It is calculated to rouse attention when what a few weeks ago did not concern Germany at all is now said to be a breach of neutrality, and may even perhaps be a *casus belli*.'

Morgenbladet (January 11th): 'Russia has no chance of regaining lost ground until the summer, and even then the rain will be favourable to the Finns. Consequently, in view of the ignorance of the majority of the population, peace might be made without loss of prestige.'

Tidens Tegn (January 12th): 'Any attempt from the Allied side to exploit Scandinavian sympathy for Finland for the purpose of violating Norwegian neutrality will be met with the same resistance as if it had come from the other side. It is not in Germany's interest to interfere in Scandinavia unless the Western Powers threaten Swedish iron ore supplies; and while the attitude of the Allied press justifies German suspicions, the Allies will be deterred from intervention by (1) the anxiety not to strengthen the Russo-German alliance, and (2) the fear of complications in the East.'

HOLLAND

De Maasbode (December 30th): 'The Berlin-Rome Axis was broken in Finland, though Germany dare not say so publicly. Germany feels the guilt of Russian aggression in Finland, and therefore attempts to blame England, being unable to blame Russia, which would be moral self-condemnation.'

Algemeen Handelsblad (December 31st): 'Hitler's brute force efforts to sweep away Versailles grievances awakened all Europe's political ambitions. No standard for a new Europe has yet been found, but only two solutions exist force and reasonable compromise. The state of Europe points to the latter as the wisest. What Finland can do Holland will do if necessary.'

Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant (January 3rd): 'Germany still upholds the fiction that war was provoked by the Allies forgetting her own responsibility in regard to Austria, the Czechs and Poland, which really caused the outbreak. For "young productive nations" read Germany, Italy and perhaps Russia. Neutrals throughout Europe will not rejoice at the prospect of the division of Europe in such spheres of influence.'

Utrechtsche Nieuwes Blad (January 7th): 'Stalin has the upper hand over Hitler, and wants Germany's military help to finish the Finnish war. This is a painful question for Germany, without any visible advantage.'

SWITZERLAND

National Zeitung, Basel (January 1st): 'The cold determination of the Western Powers was never stronger. It is based on the profound conviction that unless the restless German bid for hegemony is finally crushed by force or exhaustion, no independent peaceful national life anywhere will be possible. The surprising and sudden friendship of Germany and the Soviets cleared the minds and greatly strengthened the determination of the Western Powers.'

Journal de Genève (January 1st): 'It seemed as though an epoch of European decadence had begun, but thanks to heroic Finland's sacrifice and tenacity the atmosphere

is once more purified. France and Britain are vibrating with renewed confidence. In the issue of the conflict, it is undoubted that liberty will triumph.'

Journal de Genève (January 5th): 'The wrong and dangerous notion that it would be necessary to placate Stalin if Hitler was to be defeated has served its purpose. Sooner or later, if Europe is ever to have peace, she must settle with Stalin and not wait till Finland has collapsed under the pressure of numbers.'

Basler Nachrichten (January 8th): 'There is an unmistakable increase in asperity of the official and semi-official tone of Germany towards the neutrals, particularly Scandinavia and the Netherlands. War with the Scandinavians would have one certain consequence—the cutting off of Germany from Swedish ore. Therefore a conflict with the Oslo states is improbable, but recent recriminations against Holland and Belgium are only explicable by the assumption of definite intentions.'

ITALY

Messaggero (January 3rd): 'It cannot be said that Bolshevism does not constitute a danger simply because its military efficiency has shown itself inferior to prevision, for Bolshevism intends above all to provoke and feed war and conflagrations and to determine by any means situations of economic disorder and moral stress, which are the premises of her destroying action. How then is the fact explained that this Russia was so assiduously courted by the great democracies? First on account of their desire to perpetuate the iniquities of Versailles, intended to assure the absurd anti-historic hegemony of the old master of the world; second on account of the democratic ideology itself, which, not supported by a firm conception of the state and its hierarchical relations, fatally tends to indulge all negations constituting individual lawlessness. The experience of Spain, and not only Spain, teaches us that Bolshevism does not need armies to be dangerous, for it finds its most efficacious allies in those democratic parties which through internal destruction of states prepares the way. One may ask what would have happened to the Mediterranean situation if Franco's militiamen had not risen against the Bolshevik menace and Italian

Legionaries had not joined them? If this is true—and no one can deny it—that a general European conflagration is part of Bolshevist designs, no one can fail to see how every limitation to the present conflict constitutes a delay to the greatest danger weighing upon European civilisation and the white race itself. Men of thought and action, even in the belligerent countries, are urged by present events to a revision of their ideologies which have been honoured hitherto. Not a few states in Europe, even while affirming to the contrary, are marching along Fascist roads. By many signs it is possible to infer that they are going towards that political organisation of national society, which Mussolini defined as "democracy organised and concentrated on authoritarian and national lines." *

THE CHALLENGE

Speech by Sir Ronald Campbell to the American Club, Paris, January 18th

*[Sir Ronald Campbell is His Majesty's Ambassador in Paris. He was for years Minister in Belgrade. Extracts from his speech have appeared in the Press—we give the complete text because we consider it one of the finest and most important utterances made since the war began.—*The Editor.]

I am both sensible of the honour, and moved by the pleasure, of being your guest to-day. Your Club, with its long-standing and honourable traditions, is one of the best known on the Continent of Europe. You have welcomed many a more distinguished man than myself, many a man better equipped than I to face the ordeal which I am now undergoing. I remember well, when in days gone by I was in the happy position of being an inconspicuous guest at one of your luncheons, thanking my stars that I was not in the shoes of the man who was just getting up on his legs to do what I am doing now.

But, lest I seem ungracious, let me assure you that this ordeal is powerless to detract from the pleasure which this occasion gives me of renewing old friendships, and, I hope, of making new ones. If anything further were needed to put me at my ease, I should find it in the kind and generous words with which your chairman introduced me. And, though I profoundly disagree with most of what he said about me, I thank him warmly none the less. His words will remain a comfort and an encouragement to me personally, whilst your friendly welcome moves me deeply as my country's representative, for I take it (and I know that that is how you meant me to take it) as an expression of your sympathy with us in our present hour of trial.

I had it in mind, when making notes for this speech, to offer you something akin to congratulations upon your courage in staying to face the discomforts and brave the risks of this war-winter in Paris. But I quickly saw that they would be misplaced. Discomforts are few, there are certainly none in evidence at this hospitable table. But even if they were many, I doubt whether they would have any effect on those who are present here to-day. A failing—or is it a quality?—which our two peoples have in common is their inability to withstand the lure of this enchanting city or, indeed, the charms of this fair land as a whole. '*Tout homme a deux pays ; le sien, puis la France*' is truer, I think, of our two peoples than of any other.

And as to risks—well, the standard in that respect was set in 1914 when things looked graver by far than they do now ; the enemy at one moment within twenty miles of Paris, the Government moving prudently to Bordeaux, the Embassies ordered to follow it. Only that much loved Ambassador of yours, Mr. Myron Herrick (in whose hands I am glad to remember British interests would have been left if Paris had fallen) only Mr. Herrick steadfastly refused to move. And when some ill-advised friend, thinking to persuade him, suggested that his life was in danger, he answered in his slow, gentle way, 'Well, I can imagine a situation in which a dead American Ambassador would be more useful to France than a living one.' The ill-advised friend said no more. This story is no doubt known to most of you, but I could not resist quoting it because it has always seemed to me, if I may say so, characteristic of your people.

But if risks, then, are negligible at present, who can say how long this state of affairs may last? In the meantime, the simple fact that you are living your normal lives here, going about your business, entertaining your guests, is a stimulus and a help. It is that ; and it is besides a tribute—how well deserved !—to the perfect *sang-froid*, the discipline, and the resolution of the great French nation, now thrust into war with the same overbearing and aggressive neighbour for the third time within the span of a man's life.

But the patterns that history makes—my note-making passed next to this—what a fascinating study! A hundred and sixty years ago (more or less) you Americans defeated us British in war. You did it with the help of our present allies, the French. And you thus made yourselves a nation. Your friendship with France has been pretty steadfast ever since. Ours with you has inevitably been of a slow growth; since we did not relish defeat or the memory of it.

But the foundations of that friendship were laid from the very beginning; even, so to speak, from before the beginning, when the liberal-minded statesmen of Britain had the courage to protest that in this dispute you were right and we were wrong. Chatham, who had waged unrelenting war against the French, said so from his place in the House of Lords. Burke, that great Irishman, whose mission it was to give principle to English politics—and his principles still influence them—warned us that 'a great empire and little minds go ill together' For mark · it was upon a point of principle that you fought The actual taxes we demanded came, I think, to no more than £12,000 a year. You could have paid that or we could have foregone it and thought no more about the matter. But it was upon the principle—that you should not pay at the behest of an obstinate king (honest and well-meaning though he was) and a corrupt and unrepresentative Parliament, it was on that principle that Chatham begged you to stand firm You, he said, would then be standing for what was England's true cause—men's liberty to approve or disapprove the making of the laws which were to govern them, and liberty for all men under the law—while our Government was betraying it. And this was true, and half England thought so, and in consequence we waged the war half-heartedly and incompetently, and were beaten—as we deserved to be.

But the point is that we have learned to thank you for our defeat. For had victory fallen to us and not to you, reactionary government in England would have gained in credit. And—though it is idle to speculate upon the might-have-beens of history—it might have grown in strength until it could only have been broken by red revolution, and this only

quelled by sterner reaction; and so on alternately until the nation was exhausted. Instead we progressed towards the system of constitutional monarchy and representative government which we now enjoy.

What is more, upon that defeat—it is no paradox to say—is founded our present British Commonwealth of Nations. We learned from it to set no obstinate obstruction in the path of the later-born British communities overseas towards full constitutional freedom. And we have reaped a rich reward. Twenty years ago these sister States, as they had by then become, lent us their aid with a generosity of spirit and means which no authority could have commanded. To-day we are in danger again. Again they rally to us. And mark this. In the interval their constitutional freedom has—with our perfect goodwill—finally expanded to a point at which practically no formal ties whatever bind them to us, except a common allegiance to His Majesty the King. With that exception they are as independent of us as even the signatories of that famous Philadelphia Declaration desired to be a hundred and sixty years or so ago. And if in 1914 they were free to stay out of the struggle had they wished, they could count themselves even freer to-day. And there were sceptical observers who thought that, after their gifts which they made in blood and treasure twenty years ago (and who may not be excused for exclaiming 'seemingly wasted gifts') they would, if war surged up again, withhold their hands and, however regretfully, shake their heads. It was one of the happiest days in our history—I will add, one of the most significant in the history of the modern world—when within a few hours of the event, Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand confounded these sceptics and detractors by throwing in their lot with us unreservedly.

Nor—though I am sure that some sentiment did enter into the question—do I believe that they made this great decision on sentimental grounds. They saw well enough what were the principles involved, the vital importance of the issues and—far removed from the physical storm centre though they were—how nearly these must touch them.

How strange, I said just now, are the patterns that history

makes! This firm front of free men extended to-day across the face of the globe—we owe much of that to you, to the lesson you taught us a hundred and sixty years ago; something, also, let me add in self-respect, to our ability to learn it.

And we in our turn to-day, with our allies—with the French, your allies then—are fighting a war of principle, which is really only an international enlargement of that for which you fought. Then it was for the liberty of the individual under the law, a law to the making of which he had freely consented; for every man's inalienable right, in Jefferson's words, 'to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Now it is to ensure that every freely associated and coherent group of men in civilised Europe—be it organised as a large State or a small—or be it a minority in race or religion—should inherit in security that same freedom.

And in this, surely, the whole progress of Christian civilisation, as we have through the centuries been building it up, is involved. Since the dawn of history, it could be said, mankind has been moving towards this goal. Demonstrably here in Europe, since the Dark Ages, we have—despite errors and backslidings, due to greed, ambition, cowardice, lack of faith, we have consciously striven towards it. And now, at the very moment when it seemed that we were nearer than ever before to our goal—the establishment of liberty for all nations, races, and creeds under international law—suddenly the very principle is blatantly challenged, in favour, I say, of a doctrine, the acceptance of which would reverse this whole current of history, and would indeed destroy the very basis of international and private life: the doctrine that Might is Right.

A lingering sense of shame, a fading memory, perhaps, of a now repudiated civilisation had tended till now to mask this devil's gospel beneath various coats of camouflage. For one: resentment against the so-called *Diktat* of Versailles (the deliberate perversions of that admittedly imperfect instrument have worn a little thin); for another: Germany was to be the bulwark against Bolshevism (the paint is quite rubbed off that). We had pseudo-scientific nonsense about

racial purity (it served for the robbery of the Jews, of the poor among them as well as the rich, for there are poor Jews, though people too often seem to forget it); and finally, Hitler's protestations, sometimes that he had no quarrel with France, at others of his lifelong admiration for the British Empire, and his desire for our friendship—no doubt at the price of our connivance in his crimes! Each and every assurance, when put to the test, proved to be worthless. And we should be traitors if we condoned his crimes; traitors to our country and its future, traitors to our Allies, to our friends, to Europe, to civilisation itself. Promises and pretexts—they hang in tatters about him. And the damnable doctrine of brute force, as a very gospel, with Hitler for its prophet, stands there naked and unashamed.

If this devil's gospel should triumph, what would be the world-wide consequence? What would be left of civilised methods of settling differences? What already *are* the consequences wherever it has momentarily triumphed? I have no need to tell you.

For our part, then, what could we do but accept the challenge? And the weapon of Force being, very naturally, force, and in this case indiscriminate force, barbarities at which Nature's barbarians would blush—by force we must meet it, fighting as cleanly as we can.

Let me add this: that—much as we execrate war; dear though it must cost us—we are proud to meet the challenge. After all, to whom should it be issued, and who should meet it but we? Are not the English and the French foremost among these people who—slowly and past many obstacles, at times having to struggle simply to survive—have yet earned their right to be counted, not subjects of a master, but citizens of a State, and to enjoy the exercise of an ordered liberty in things material and spiritual, too? We have earned those blessings (as we hold them to be) and have prospered under them, and have asked no better than that other peoples should earn and enjoy them too. And our Allies, the brave Polish people, through a century and more when Poland was but a name, kept their faith in themselves and their country alive; and it burns in them to-day. And it is for those same blessings

and for that same faith that the gallant Finland is fighting to-day against overwhelming odds to the admiration of the whole civilised world. When, therefore, this heritage, and all that makes life worth living, are threatened with destruction, we should be ingrates and cowards if we did not at any cost take up the challenge; and we should deserve our fate and the contempt of the world besides. But I say again that we are proud and glad to be fighting in this cause—for it is the cause of Christendom itself; no less

If you want other and far better testimony to this than mine, listen to His Holiness the Pope And, indeed, I would recommend everyone to read his recent Encyclical, and not once only. He inveighs against 'the denial and rejection of a universal standard of morality as well for individual and social life as for international relations,' against the pernicious errors involved in 'forgetfulness of the law of human solidarity and charity, dictated by our common origin. .' And he declares that the nations must learn to observe those 'principles of international law which demand respect for corresponding rights to independence . ' and that 'the very soul of the juridical relations in force between them is mutual trust; the expectation and conviction that each party will respect its plighted word' I cannot do justice to such a document by quotation. But everyone who reads the whole will be left in no doubt where the most revered figure in Christendom stands in the matter

Now please remark that I do *not* go on to ask 'What are *you* going to do about it?' No responsible Englishman has been, and I hope none will be, guilty of the impertinence of putting such a question Your position is not ours. What it may become is for you alone to judge. What you will do now or later depends on the will of your people, and on that alone.

But let me say that what you *think* about the matter does concern us very deeply. For the good opinion of the instructed American citizen we have a high regard. And I beg you, do not think—but being here in Europe I am sure you do not—I will amend that to: Do not, as far as your influence goes, allow it to be thought that this is no more than 'just

another war.' 'Here are these British and French. We helped them out of a mess twenty years ago, and now they're in just such another.'

Then there is that ancient legend—I am always thinking it must be finally exploded when up it pops again—of our Machiavellian Foreign Office secretly engineering conflicts to Britain's advantage; Gentleman: I have passed my whole adult life in the Foreign Office or in touch with it, and I can assure you—hand on heart—that a sillier caricature of the facts there could not be. In the first place, of course, the Foreign Office does not dictate England's foreign policy: that is the concern of the Foreign Secretary and the Government. In the second place, we are a set of quite hard-working civil servants, whose main business it is to collect and sift information, sometimes to make suggestions, but for the most part to carry out the instructions we receive and, when we are sent abroad, to be as pleasant to everybody as they will let us be, and to stave off rows if we possibly can. We are about as capable of secretly contriving a war as is the black cat in the porter's lodge. In unregenerate moments, indeed, I have wished—though even so with no ill-purpose—that we were just a little more like that caricature than we ever shall be.

But, to return to more serious matters, this war—believe me—is not 'just another war.' History does not so repeat itself. Of such great conflagrations, the Napoleonic wars were like no others. They registered the end of European dynastic quarrels. The Great War of twenty-five years ago was like no other. It is early yet to say how history will catalogue it. Not that anything will absolve from guilt the men who needlessly precipitated it. And this war, certainly, is different again; although that great Ambassador, most humane and human of men, Walter Page, recognised in 1914, and so wrote to Washington, that the doctrine of force was implicit in the German contentions and the real root of all the trouble. But even the Kaiser—who seems now a mild enough phenomenon by comparison with his successor—even he would not have enunciated such a doctrine explicitly. If you object: 'But, coming so close upon the other, surely

the same factors must be operating in this war, though under slightly different forms,' I answer: Forms may take longer to change than the facts they represent. But, under pressure, facts may change very swiftly, and more history is crowded into a space of ten years than into the leisurely evolution of a preceding century. It was so in the time of the French Revolution. I think it is proving so now. Within the last twenty years the 'facts' of Europe have radically changed; economic values have altered; political standards have been debased. The simple, plain decencies of life are threatened. Faith in civilisation itself is shaken.

This is not, then, I repeat, 'just another war.' It is not dynasties, nor markets, nor the balance of power that are at stake. It is a war of principle. And the issue is a very simple one. It is a struggle between right—as (to use Lincoln's words)—'as God gives us to see the right'; yes, to us it is a simple struggle between right and wrong. And as to where the right lies and where the wrong, every citizen, not only of the United States, but of the whole civilised world, may properly be asked to make up his mind.

My contention that the cause for which the Allies are fighting absolves the present conflict from the charge of being 'just another war,' brings to mind another distinction which differentiates it from other wars, namely, the way in which it is being fought. It is commonly alluded to as *une drôle de guerre*, sometimes as 'a phony war.' I suppose the reason why it is so described is that there has so far been no big battle, that there are no heavy casualty lists. But why is that so? Simply and solely because France had the foresight and ingenuity—for which every decent and orderly country throughout the world owes her a debt of gratitude—to build a chain of impregnable fortifications to defend her soil from fresh invasions. In other words, the absence so far of action on land is due to the enemy's knowledge that he can only break through the Maginot Line, if he can break through it at all, at such expenditure of lives and material as to render the attempt a counsel of despair. Why, then, if he cannot look for victories by land or on the seas on which, except for an occasional raider skulking to avoid battle, his surface craft scarcely dare venture

—why then does he not seek them in the air? The answer is known to all, and to none better then the enemy himself.

But if it is a truism to say that no two wars are alike in character, we have learned at least one lesson from the last war—and that is that it is folly to sacrifice thousands of lives for the sake of gaining a few yards of ground. Mr. Chamberlain in one of his early speeches said—I have forgotten his exact words, but they were to this effect—the art of war is to use decisive forces, at a decisive point, for a decisive purpose. The enemy, then, must either wait for us to choose our moment, or, if he is to avoid being throttled by the ever-tightening grip of the blockade, must seek a military victory and face the risk from which he has hitherto recoiled.

When either of those things comes to pass there will be no more talk of a 'phony war.' It will become a war more grim and ghastly perhaps than any war that has gone before. It is for that that we must prepare ourselves. Production of war material must go on, as it is doing, at a progressively increasing rate. But there must also be spiritual preparation. We must be ready to accept sacrifices, greater perhaps than we have any idea of. I can tell you that we *are* ready to accept them and that we intend, at whatever cost, to pursue this war until we have decisively and finally shown the German people—by the only means they have left open to us—that the doctrine of force, the lust of domination, do not pay. This will to win through to the end, however arduous the process, is as strong in England as in France. It is this unshakable determination that is the mainspring of our unity—a unity so complete that we are fighting not as two countries but as one—a unity so complete that the clumsy manœuvres of the enemy's propaganda aimed at dividing us can have no more effect than sea-spray falling on a concrete wall.

I am not going to talk to you of war aims, except very cursorily. The primary war aim, as both Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier have more than once said, is to win the war; and when I say 'win the war,' I mean win it, not merely in the sense of bringing the enemy to sue for peace in conditions which would leave him in possession of his plunder and might

even enable him to claim that he had not been beaten; no, I mean win it in the sense of destroying his military power, for it is only in an atmosphere free of further threat that we can hope to give our minds to the task of building a new order in Europe in which all States, big and small, can pursue their peaceful aims without fear for their national independence and liberty, without further threat to all those things which Christian men and women hold dear.

What form this work of reconstruction will take it is too early yet to foretell. But at least we can say that the new order must be raised on wide foundations of co-operation and of mutual help. In the benefits accruing from it, all nations which are ready to play their part in good faith may expect to share. It may be that the agreements concluded between the British and French Governments, by which they go a long way to pooling their resources, may prove to be the first step on the road of a more generalised system of mutual help. It is desirable, no doubt, that these, and other, peace problems should be quietly studied in qualified quarters, but they must not and will not be allowed to distract us from the primary object of winning the war.

The mere fact, however, that we have thoughts of creating a new and better order justifies us in repudiating the theory that one war inevitably sows the seeds of another. This may have been true, no doubt it was, of many of the wars of history. But it is not true to-day, because we are fighting this war for no selfish aim of any kind. We are fighting it to overcome the forces of evil; we are fighting it, as I said before, to save civilisation. We shall go forward, then, strong in our material and moral armament, confident in the justice of our cause, secure in our faith in God and in the triumph to come, of right over wrong.

We must not be content merely to put back the clock. We must not be content to leave civilisation where it was when it was challenged by the demoniac forces now let loose on a suffering Europe. To aim at this, and no more than this, would be to sap our own courage, our own resolution. We must believe in our own ability to ensure that these forces shall never be let loose again; we must believe that all the

sufferings still to be borne by millions of mankind are but the foundation of a new and better civilisation. For it is not the case that this is 'just another war'; it is not the case that every war sows the seeds of another. We English, you Americans, and the French—your allies in the past, ours in the present—are a living and happy proof to the contrary.

And that is why—to come back to my earlier theme—I said that whilst we have no right to seek to influence your actions, we do ask you to believe, as we believe, that this war is no more, no less, than a struggle between right and wrong, between light and darkness; a struggle to save from destruction everything that makes it worthwhile to live on this sweet earth. This is why we ask you to bless our cause with your sympathy which is more precious to us than perhaps you are aware.

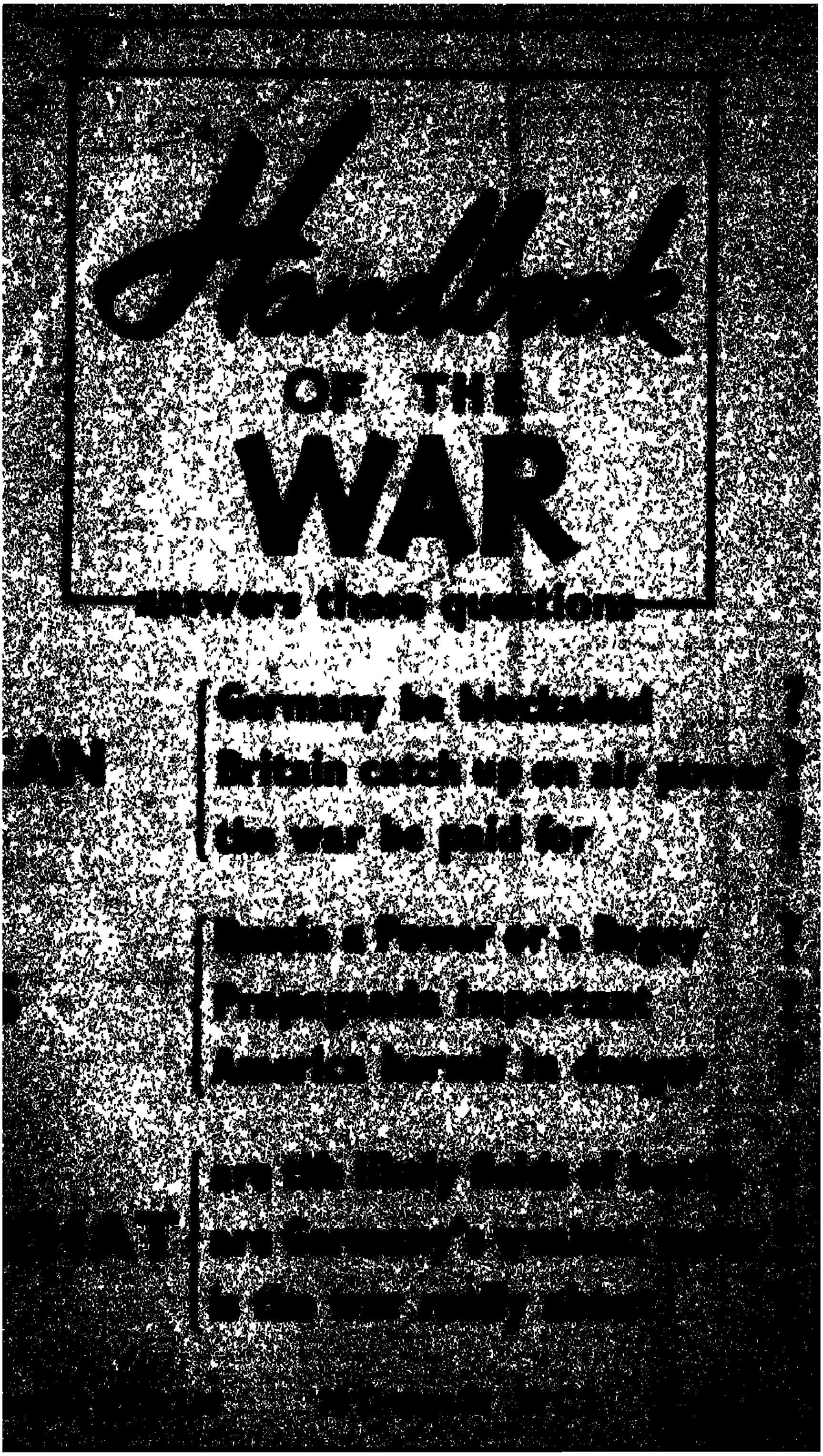
THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

1877 1940

MARCH


Handbook
OF THE
WAR
answers these questions
Germany be blockaded
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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DCCLVII—March

THE SITUATION

The Allies are threatened with their second big defeat—the loss, not merely of a battle, but of a campaign. Their first big defeat was the German conquest of Poland. The second, that threatens now, is the Russian conquest of Finland.

In the last war it took the Germans three years to transform warfare on two fronts into warfare on one front. In the present war they have achieved the same transformation in exactly three weeks. In both wars they defeated and destroyed the armed forces of the Allies' eastern Ally—Russia then, Poland now. In both wars the eastern front ceased to exist—after three years then, after three weeks now.

In the First World War the Germans were never able to establish themselves in northern or in south-eastern Europe, despite their command of the Baltic and their conquest of Rumania and Serbia, and their alliance with Turkey and Bulgaria. They were never able to threaten the two flanks of Allied sea-power, the north-eastern Atlantic and the eastern Mediterranean.

In the First World War they carried out the plan (formulated by Albrecht Wirth as far back as 1901 and reformulated by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*) for the control of southern Russia. German troops penetrated as far as the Caucasus. The

Ukraine became a German tributary now. The 'eastern settlement' imposed by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk then is being reimposed by Hitler now. That Germans and Russians were foes then but are allies now makes *no* essential difference.

Defeat brought upon Russia one of those anarchic periods that are characteristic of her history. The Germans began to convert anarchy into order, while trying to increase the anarchy so as to make it more tractable. It was for this that they sent Lenin and Trotzky into Russia, not realising that they were the forerunners of Mussolini and Hitler, that so far from spreading anarchy they would, by a *coup d'état*, impose a new order on the revolutionary and anarchic masses.

The original Russian revolution was a genuine movement of the people. The order established by the Bolshevik leaders was, in its essence, counter-revolutionary (it was less democratic than the order imposed by Hitler, in so far as Hitler was carried into power by a vast popular following and by methods that were, in the main, democratic). It is not even true that his movement was specifically 'bourgeois,' for although it never won the full support of German industrial labour (who, in any case, are a minority), it had a bigger following of peasants and farmers, including the poorest, than all the movements of the German Left put together.

Had the Germans been allowed to remain in Russia they would have been arbiters in the struggle between the Russian factions. In the end they would have been the indirect masters of Russia (they knew—and still know—the Russians well enough to realise that no foreign Power can as such be their *direct* master). The Allies intervened so as to avert a partnership which would have given Germany that indirect mastery and have enabled her to begin the Second World War. The 'Wars of Intervention' postponed that war by more than twenty years. The danger that the Germans would repudiate the Treaty of Versailles, establish a front along the River Oder, with all eastern Europe as a Hinterland, was not unreal (Ludendorff, through his agent Rechberg, even offered his sword to the Bolsheviks). Then—as now—it seemed possible that Russian resources could in time be developed by Germany if the 'front'—the Oder then, the Siegfried *Line* now—could be held long enough. The 'Wars of Intervention' were principally waged against Germany *in* Russia, and

against Russia herself, or even against 'Bolshevism' (though the alleged 'Bolshevik danger' was exploited to make the war seem more commendable).

What Germany almost achieved after her victory in the east—and even after her defeat in the west—Hitler threatens to achieve now by his alliance with Stalin and the growing dependence of Russia on Germany. In all its best periods the Russian Empire was run with the help of foreigners—of Germans, of Poles (who were amongst her best engineers), Englishmen, Scotsmen, Finns (who were as formidable in trade—as they now are in war—that an internal tariff wall was erected against Finnish goods even when Finland was part of the Empire), of Frenchmen, of Americans, of Jews, and so on. For the first time the Russian Empire is almost without foreigners. Stalin, though not himself a Russian, has fostered an exclusive nationalism that is permeated by a deep distrust of all persons who might show critical insight or an independent spirit, of all who are in any way 'different' and, more particularly, of all who cannot be massacred with impunity as native Russians can. The exclusion of foreigners—who were always an élite in the Russian Empire—has deprived it of its chief defence against anarchy. The purely Russian élite has been destroyed—the most competent officers in the army, navy, and air force, the ablest managers and administrators, have been sacked, imprisoned, or shot. The élite amongst the farmers, the backbone of Russian agriculture in the most fertile regions, the 'Kulaks,' were destroyed by ruin, starvation or exile when the farms were 'collectivised.' There is, and can be, no philosophy or speculative thought of any kind, and no humanism in Russia. Save for a limited amount of purely pragmatic science and some music, intellectual life under Stalin appears pitiable when compared with the marvellous efflorescence of the Russian spirit under the last Tsars.

Stalin has gradually reduced Russia to mental and material prostration, to a slave state ruled despotically by himself and his servile instruments, like that cringing nonentity, Molotoff. For Russia there is no salvation save by the overthrow of this despotism. Sanguinary 'purges,' incompetence, servility induced by ruthless oppression, and a burdensome and possibly disastrous war, threaten to convert prostration into anarchy. Stalin, to save himself, is calling in the foreigner as

the Tsars did before him—but the Germans are the only foreigners at hand. His purpose in allying himself with Hitler is not only to seize the Baltic States, eastern Poland, and perhaps Bessarabia and the Danube delta, to penetrate further afield in the Middle East and Central Asia, is not foreign conquest only, but also the conquest of Russia. He means, with German help, to consolidate and maintain his despotic domination over his own people. It is for that he has been seeking an alliance with Hitler ever since the spectacle of Hitler's conquest of Germany unrolled itself before his admiring envious eyes.

To-day Germany again has the opportunity which she had more than twenty years ago. So far from having been abandoned, Hitler's plans of eastern conquest are being carried out—by 'peaceful' means, while he is waging war in the west and Stalin is at war in the north.

More than twenty years ago the Baltic States (including Finland) were liberated from Russian rule with direct German help. They are now being reconquered by Russia with indirect German help. But Germany's ultimate purpose is the same as it was then. Russia has seized strategic points in Esthonia and Latvia and is attempting the conquest of Finland, not, as is generally supposed, *against* Germany, but in connivance with Germany. Germany is the real arbiter in the Baltic and the indirect master of Esthonia and Latvia, although the German settlers have been turned out of their ancestral homes and only Russian troops have arrived. If the Finns are defeated, Germany will be the real master of Finland also. It will then be only a matter of time before she will be the master—indirectly, perhaps, but none the less effectively—of Sweden. Sweden, threatened by Russia, will seek the protection of Germany. Germany will have achieved all this without fighting, without sacrifice of any sort—without the sacrifice, even, of her reputation (or what is left of it), for Russia alone will be deemed the aggressor in northern Europe. Indeed, Germany will, if she wishes, be able to appear as the scrupulous neutral in the wars waged by Russia and even as the high-minded saviour of Swedish civilisation from 'Bolshevism' when the Red Army, having crossed Finland, appears on the Swedish border, although that army would have been thrown back if Sweden were not [illegible]

into neutrality (against her own vital interests) by German pressure, and although there can be no effective Russian threat to Sweden without the connivance of Germany.

The same is true of the Russian threat to Norway, with only this difference, that the Allies will be able to exercise strong counter-pressure because they command the sea and Norway has a long and vulnerable coast. The ultimate Russian objective in the Finnish campaign is Narvik. If the Russians are established there as well as on the Varangar Fjord, then the Germans (as their senior partners) will have gained access to the northern Atlantic and can attempt what they could not begin to attempt in the last war, namely to strike at Allied maritime communications from the north. And she will have gained this enormous, and perhaps decisive, advantage also without any sacrifice.

Captain Liddell Hart has stated (in the *Evening Standard* of February 10th) that

> for us to assist Finland by the despatch of forces would be more likely to do harm than good to the general cause of the democratic countries—by precipitating the issue that it is desirable strategically to avoid if possible: that of driving Russia and Germany more deeply into each other's arms.

The question is not whether 'the general cause of the democratic countries' is harmed or not, but whether the Allies, the Polish semi-democracy, are to win the war (whether they and their associates are democratic or not is irrelevant—Turkey most certainly is not). The question is not 'How can we keep Russia and Germany from embracing?' because they are in close embrace already. The question is, rather, 'How can that embrace be made even closer, how can it be made so inextricable that by striking at Russia the Allies will strike at Germany?'

The paradox of German-Russian relations is that Germany *with* Russia is weaker than Germany *without* Russia. The existence of the German-Russian coalition gives the Allies the opportunity of winning the war sooner, with less sacrifice and more completely than if they were fighting the Germans only. But this is only true if the Allies *seize* that opportunity, and pass from the defensive to the offensive there where an offensive is possible—in nothern Europe and, later on, in south-eastern Europe.

We have, in these pages, stated—and shall state again and again—what we regard as the main principles on which decisive Allied victory can be based. By decisive victory we mean the total destruction of the armed might of Germany. It may be that Captain Liddell Hart is right in holding that the war cannot be won in the west. But it can be won in the north and south-east. It follows that, so far from trying to limit the war, the Allies should try to make it spread. It is in the interest of the Germans to fight on one front only. It is in the interest of the Allies to fight on two, three, or, for that matter, a dozen fronts. It is true that the Allies will have to check the extension of the war at all '*critical* points,' but this they will always be able to do because they command the sea, these points—the Varangar Fjord and Narvik, the Danube Delta and, perhaps, Batum—being critical precisely because they offer the German-Russian coalition access to the sea. The extension of the war will lengthen both the Allied and the German lines of communication—to the advantage of the Allies, seeing that *their* lines are the high seas, which can, it is true, be menaced, but cannot be destroyed (ships, like trains, can be blown up, but the ocean highways, unlike the metal tracks, remain indestructible). Lengthened communications means greater wastage in men, material, and fuel. The Allies can stand wastage far better than the Germans, because their reserves are far greater—indeed, the more wastage they can impose upon the Germans, the better. That is why the Allies can only gain by the greatest possible activity in the greatest possible number of points. It is true that the Germans, in seizing new territories, will also seize the produce. But the ruin and discontent created by every German occupation—even if it is 'peaceful' as in Bohemia-Moravia and Slovakia—diminish the yield of the vassal state until it is little, if at all, greater than it would be if that State had remained a neutral. Every region occupied by the Germans loses its foreign trade (seeing that it becomes part of the German economic unit). It thereby reduces its own yield (Denmark, now an economic asset to Germany, would cease to be so if seized by Germany and deprived of the fodder and other overseas imports essential to the maintenance of Danish dairy farming). Every extension of the war is an extension of the Allied 'blockade,' and wherever Germany

approaching the sea, she exposes herself to the increased pressure and the menace of sea-power.

The vaster the populations under her sway the greater her internal difficulties—not at first, perhaps, but in time, for she is hated by all, and even if vassal governments, like the Slovak, are forced into outward friendliness, her sway is always so oppressive that she creates new internal enemies wherever it is felt, enemies who will, in co-operation with the Allies, ultimately bring about her overthrow if the Allies take and *keep* the initiative.

Captain Liddell Hart holds that it is very difficult to help Finland. He fears that if help is given there will be 'increased friction with Russia.' He proposes that as the Allies should not help Finland, the United States should do so. But the United States are not fighting for their existence as the Allies are. To them the independence of Finland is not vital as it is to the Allies. In any case, it is not in the power of Captain Liddell Hart or even of the Allied Governments to decide what the United States are to do. This proposal is merely a piece of evasion. If Finland is not to be helped, then the consequences must be faced and not smothered in wishful fantasies. If the war cannot be won in the West, as Captain Liddell Hart has maintained (*The Sunday Express* of December 10th), and if the German-Russian coalition is to be master of northern Europe, then the Allies cannot win the war. And if the war cannot be won, it is already lost—indeed, it was lost before it started and should never have been begun. Instead of facing the full consequences that would follow if his thesis were accepted, Captain Liddell Hart seeks escape in further fantasies. He proposes (*The Sunday Express* of December 10th) that the Allies make 'a declaration that we were renouncing military assault as a means of curing aggression.' But the purpose of the war is not to 'cure aggression.' 'Aggression' will never be cured—it always has been and always will be part of individual and collective human existence. The purpose of the war is much more modest, though sufficiently great—namely, to overcome *German* aggression and to make the recurrence of *that* aggression impossible. As for the proposed 'declaration,' the Germans would regard it as an admission of defeat on the part of the Allies—and they would be right (they, the German people, and not Hitler

only, would be jubilant over their victory, while Hitler himself would be proclaimed as greater than Napoleon and his despotism would be more solidly established than ever). Captain Liddell Hart goes on to say of this 'declaration' that it 'might well be the first point in the development of a new technique for countering aggression.' But this 'new technique,' as he calls it, would be nothing new at all—it would simply be the 'appeasement' over again, the policy which, so far from 'countering' or 'curing' aggression, promoted it by setting a premium upon it (aggression *paid* because the aggressor could always be bought off—and commit further aggression so as to be bought off again and again). This was the policy which made the Second World War inevitable while postponing it beyond the time when victory would have been cheap and certain, until the time when victory is uncertain and ruinous.

The 'declaration,' according to Captain Liddell Hart, should 'be reinforced by such a statement of our war aims . . . as would make it clear that the German people, individually and collectively, have more to gain than to lose by a return to peaceful conditions on a basis of mutual agreement.' He does not say in what respect the statement of war aims is to differ from statements already made by the Allied Governments. In any case, how can the statement be made clear *to the German people?* By leaflets? By the wireless? Even if the statement is conveyed to many Germans (it cannot possibly be conveyed to all), will they believe it? Will they trust the words of the enemy who, according to their own belief, is the aggressor, rather than the words of Hitler who has been so successful in defeating aggression? And even if the statement could be made clear to the 'German people' as a whole, and even if they were to believe it, have they a collective will which they can impose on their despotic rulers? Will they suddenly defy the terrorists, the gaolers, and the executioners, before whom they have been prostrate all these years? Will they by resolution at home undo the victory which their rulers have won by war abroad?

They will do none of these things unless they are defeated on land, on the sea, in the air, and by 'blockade.' To hold that the war cannot be won is a standpoint about which there can be argument. Captain Liddell Hart has [illegible]

knowledge to produce very formidable arguments. But let him also face the consequences and consider what Europe will be like if his standpoint prevails. If it does, then Germany will be left by far the greatest European Power; she will remain the ally of a semi-dependent Russia and will, by virtue of that alliance, be established in northern Europe (the Finns having been conquered, in accordance with Captain Liddell Hart's thesis). She will be master of Poland, of Bohemia-Moravia, and of Slovakia (for as long as German armed might remains unbroken Polish and Czechoslovak independence will remain fictitious). She will be supreme on land and in the air and will make herself formidable on the sea. But she will prepare for the Third World War, in which she will complete the victory she won in the second, the victory that will bring about the total overthrow of the British and French Empires. If Captain Liddell Hart believes what he believes, let him be the British Cassandra and ruthlessly expose the consequences of the situation (as he sees it), rather than conceal these consequences in proposals that can have no real meaning.

It is true that help for Finland is no easy matter. To send war material as the Allies are doing now is not enough. Finland needs men and much more material, as well as money. She also needs a diversion—an Allied '*Entlastungsoffensive*'—which will relieve the Russian pressure upon her. She is very difficult of access—no substantial transport of war material is possible except through Sweden, who fears that if the Allies intervene in Finland she herself will be invaded by the Germans. There is no communication by rail between Finland and Norway, and the winter makes operations in the extreme north, hard at the best of times, very much harder. The small strip of Finnish coast—the eastern corner of the Varangar Fjord—is unconnected with the rest of Finland by rail (though there is one good road leading south). Nevertheless, it is necessary that while the Allies continue to send war material through Sweden as long as they can, they establish themselves in northern Finland. The forces they can put to use there will be but small. But they can be considerable enough to deny the German-Russian coalition access to the northern Atlantic. By creating a northern front in conjunction with the Finnish army, they

can threaten to turn the German right flank and harry German communications in the Baltic and in an occupied Sweden.

It will be said—Captain Liddell Hart as good as says it—that this would mean a conflict with Russia. It will also be said that Russia is close at hand and that she will throw overwhelming numbers against any force the Allies may send to northern Finland. It is true that Russia is close at hand, but she does not command the sea, and lack of roads and railways in the northern Russian-Finnish border country limits the number of men and the amount of material she could send against an Allied force based on, say, Petsamo, and supported, supplied, and reinforced from the sea.

But even this would not be enough. The Allied expedition to northern Finland might become a second Gallipoli unless it were part of operations of a far more comprehensive kind, operations against Russia as a whole.

Even the circumscribed Finnish war has begun to tell on Russian industry and transport. Russian workmen or peasants who are killed or injured in a railway accident hundreds of miles from the Finnish front will have heard that the Red Army is defending Russian soil against the aggression of the Finnish 'White Guards,' who have been incited by the Imperialist war-mongers—Chamberlain, Churchill, and Daladier. But they will not have realised that the two phenomena are related—that worn tracks and defective rolling stock were just unable to stand the additional strain of the distant war. If the Russian Arctic and Black Sea coasts are blockaded and harried, if Batum is attacked from the sea and Baku from the air and the oil production and distribution are disorganised, if the prospect of a more genuine federation that will loosen the grip of the despotic Muscovite domination is held out to the Ukrainians and to the Caucasian peoples, then that despotism will collapse, not so much under the direct Allied attack as under the additional material and psychological strain that will have been imposed by naval and aerial forces of a size that will seem quite incommensurate with the vastness of their undertaking. It is true that the superiority of the German air force over the combined Anglo-French air forces and the continued menace of the German submarines make the diversion of even small naval and aerial forces from the west very hard to bear. The Allies will

pay for a Russian enterprise in the west and not in Russia. But grievously as these forces will be missed in the west, their absence from there will not be decisive, whereas their presence elsewhere will be decisive—and bring the general and final decision nearer.

Although the Russians have to be governed autocratically if they are to be governed at all, an admixture of that democracy which seems to be inherent in the character of the Russian people and tends to find realisation in the Mir or Soviet will always be essential to that peculiar compromise, between extreme anarchy and extreme despotism, which alone enables the Russians to enjoy any measure of well-being and freedom, and alone permits the efflorescence of their marvellous imaginative genius. If there is one country that is ripe for revolution that country is Russia. It is true that war with Russia would drive her closer into the arms of Germany, if that were possible—but only to crush her shell the more effectively and so release the rich kernel.

It is not for Germany but for the Allies to assist Russia in the management of her industries. By fostering revolution in Russia they will not only rid her of a despot who, having ruined her, is selling her to the Germans, but will promote a new Russian order which will be hostile to Germany. They will complete their encircling military and economic pressure on Germany and carry out that converging movement which will lead to her final defeat, no matter how many sallies and counter-thrusts she may make. They will be able to promote those insurrectionary movements in eastern Poland, and later on in Slovakia and Bohemia-Moravia, which are destined to become an organic part of the war. They will be able to build up an eastern front along which Polish guerrillas (which are being formed on Russian territory even now) will harass the Germans and their communications. They will also foster German revolution as the result of constant pressure and harrying from all points of the compass and of reverses (despite many intervening successes) on land, on the sea, and in the air, and the example set by Russia (as in the last war) will overthrow the National Socialist despotism, and, what is far more important, destroy Germany's armed might.

This prospect of final victory, attainable without murderous, ruinous, and perhaps abortive, offensives in the west,

is opened by the existence of the German-Russian coalition and by its attack on Finland. The prospect will widen if that coalition attempts to establish itself in south-eastern as well as in northern Europe. The opportunity of turning its left flank will then present itself, just as the opportunity of turning its right flank has presented itself in Finland.

It may be that the war cannot be won in the west. But it can be won in the north and in the south-east.

THE EDITOR.

THE WAR—A PLEA FOR ACTION

For five months we have been following a defensive policy, awaiting anxiously the next move of Hitler, and latterly of Stalin, and countering it, where any counter is available, by every means in our power.

As far as the sea forces are concerned, such a policy is inevitable. Our communications must be protected and a defensive screen formed behind which the country may be fed and provided with raw materials, our fighting forces brought up to war strength and maintained in men and matériel, and our military and air reinforcements from India, our Dominions, and our Colonies, be enabled to cross the seas in safety.

Since attack on the enemy's bases can, for obvious reasons, not be made with any chance of success, except in a small degree by air, the moves of the enemy by sea must be awaited and severally countered. We have accordingly, in co-operation with the Royal Air Force, dealt with, and are continuing to deal with, submarine attack on our trade, laying on a large scale of mines of both the moored and ground types, aircraft attack on some of our northern bases, attack on our trade by ocean raiders, and aircraft attack on our trade.

We have had a very fair measure of success, but have suffered losses in ships and men; there has been heavy wear and tear of ships, and officers and men have undergone a long period of arduous and monotonous service, with little to show for it in the way of reduction of the enemy's fighting forces.

Nevertheless, such defensive policy by sea does admit of occasional, though sometimes dramatic and inspiring, counter-offensives, and since the same ships and dispositions as protect our own sea communications destroy those of the enemy, the policy effects the capture, destruction, or internment of the greater part of the enemy's mercantile marine and enforces the blockade of his coasts.

The Royal Air Force has, during the past five months, been playing a similar rôle: defensive patrols, punctuated by occasional minor counter-offensives, arduous and monotonous service, much wear and tear, and little reduction of the enemy's strength.

In contrast to the naval rôle, however, the Air Force has been able, by its offensive, to force an active defensive on the enemy and so to subject him to the same experiences of exacting service and wear and tear of material.

An Army has been sent to France, small in numbers but high in efficiency, and its numbers are being continuously augmented, with the object of assisting our French Allies in securing the integrity of their own country and as a material indication of the substantial reality of the Alliance. But the rôle of the Army again has been purely defensive, and no effect worth mentioning has been produced on the strength of the enemy's army.

In the meantime, while our immense expenditure of money and in depreciation and replacement of material has inflicted no commensurate loss on the enemy otherwise than, as must have been anticipated as a matter of course by both belligerents, clearing the German mercantile marine off the sea, it has caused him no expense of money or material due to wear and tear except that concerned with the maintenance of defensive air patrols.

In what way have we made any advance towards the achievement of our war aims, and in what way can we make an advance provided we continue to pursue a purely defensive policy, one of merely waiting in a state of constant preparation and readiness to counter Hitler's next move?

It is said that 'time is on our side.' It may be so, but even if this is true, and if we are to rely merely upon time and a defensive policy, many years will be required, and we shall be exposed in the meantime to the danger of the war petering out through mutual exhaustion and to unsatisfactory peace terms.

The blockade cannot be expected to have the same effect on Germany as in 1914–1919. She is free to trade with the Scandinavian nations, with Russia, with the whole of South-eastern Europe, with Switzerland and Italy. Her people are organised for war behind their Fuehrer, they have [illegible]

prepared, morally and materially, their financial and economic systems have been developed over a period of years, the people are hardened and accustomed to personal sacrifice and to substitutes. Their endurance is limited by the amount of foreign exchange which they can provide for the purchase of indispensable imports. But unless we can contrive to force upon them a really heavy expenditure of war material there seems no reason why they should not continue to live for many years to come in the same manner as they have recently been doing.

The association with Russia, while hitherto it has by Russia's gratuitous invasion of Finland gone far towards depleting Russian resources which might have been available for Germany, at any rate makes no demands on Germany.

How then is it possible to break this deadlock and proceed to win the war in any other way than by the effect of the blockade over a long period of time? The war of 1914–1919 was won, not by the blockade alone, but by the combined effects of the blockade and powerful military pressure.

Several means suggest themselves.

The most obvious is the adoption of the air strategy which had hitherto been accepted as probable of adoption by both sides from the very commencement of war, viz., mass attack on aerodromes, railway centres, concentrations of troops, stores of war material, factories producing war material, etc. Presumably the enemy has not adopted such a strategy as inevitably in bombing under war conditions a large proportion of the bombs must be expected to fall wide of their military objectives and hit other targets, and they probably fear retaliation, anticipating that the morale of their people would be more affected than that of ours. We could not well initiate such a strategy because it would be repugnant to the nation, but are no doubt fully prepared to put it into practice as a measure of retaliation, and it must be kept in mind that such a bombing strategy, with its inevitable consequence of destruction of civilian life and property, is bound to take place sooner or later.

Whatever other measure may be adopted, a strong economic offensive constitutes an essential complement to our policy of military blockade. We start the economic war with considerable advantages, and expenditure of money to sub-

countries these advantages would be most profitable. We should make use of every available commercial means of exhausting the enemy's resources by outbidding him in the neutral markets and by increasing our own exports and reducing such of our own imports as, even at considerable sacrifice of comfort and convenience, we can dispense with.

A military offensive on the Western front is generally considered to be out of the question, as it would be playing Hitler's game to incur, of our own initiative, the heavy losses which must inevitably be suffered by the attacker of either the Maginot or the Siegfried line, and success would be by no means assured even should we decide to face such losses.

There remains only the possibility of shortening the war as the result of some change in international relations. Opportunities exist in both Northern and South-eastern Europe, and it would appear that they might be utilised by energetic diplomacy. If we remain inactive it seems likely that Finland will not be able to withstand the Russian masses when the spring facilitates movements and the gallant Finns lose their advantage in manœuvring under the conditions of an Arctic mid-winter. Sweden would then be the next victim, and if Sweden were overwhelmed, Norway would follow very soon after. With Sweden and Norway in enemy hands, German resources, especially in iron ore, would last longer, and Germany would also obtain the use of the Norwegian and Swedish Atlantic and the Norwegian Arctic ports. On the other hand, it would be of very great advantage to us could we obtain the use of these ports and of the Swedish iron and timber. It is not likely that Germany, well-disposed as she is towards Sweden, would interfere to help her against Russia, and if she is not prepared to do this, a Russian conquest of Sweden, of which both Russia and Germany would reap the advantage, would be much in her favour. It would cost Germany nothing and must be successful unless we intervene. But we cannot do so unless we declare war against Russia and come immediately to the assistance of Finland, which, again, we cannot do effectively without an alliance with Sweden and Norway.

Consideration must, of course, be given to the effect of such a declaration of war in South-eastern Europe. Sooner or later, unless we can find means of breaking the deadlock, the

German-Russian association would endeavour to do so by an advance on Roumania or Hungary, and should we declare war on Russia an attack on Roumania by Russia might well be the prelude to decisive operations in the Balkans. We are already committed to the support of Roumania, and it can matter little to her whether she is attacked now or later. With the possible exception of Bulgaria, there is no country in Eastern or South-eastern Europe which would view favourably an advance in that quarter either by Russia or by Germany. At the worst, a Russian or German attack on Roumania might mean the annihilation of Roumania, which we should not be in a position to prevent; at the best, the Balkan Entente might come into operation, Italy and Hungary might be expected to remain benevolently neutral, a great demand would be made on resources of Germany, and at the same time much of her trade would be cut off. Roumania in any case must recognise that she is liable to invasion, and that it would be better for her to face her destiny with the chances in her favour than to await anxiously the inevitable moment when she must accept the fate of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and in all probability Finland. The position of Turkey in the event of war between the Anglo-French Alliance and Russia would be delicate, but some chances must be accepted in any initiative that we may take, and it is most unlikely, in any case, that Turkey should declare herself against us.

In conclusion, if the war is to be brought to an end within a reasonable time, and in our favour, there must be no remission of the stringency of both the naval and economic blockades. No immediate prospect of successful action seems possible by direct means of military or air power. Diplomatic action is the only practicable means of breaking the deadlock. Decision as to this action means the anxious balancing of advantages and disadvantages. Such consideration must take time and require full consultation with our Allies, and full attention to the susceptibilities of other nations. But we should know clearly what we want and lose no opportunity of working for it, and the selection of the objective under the present circumstances points to the offer of an alliance to Sweden and a declaration of war against Russia.

Sydney R. Parmenter.

SWEDEN AND THE FINNISH WAR

The Russian invasion of Finland has convulsed Scandinavia. Fear renders the uninvaded Scandinavian states only half articulate. But there is a bitter surging anger that is doubly intense because of its present impotence. Finland, which understandably perhaps in view of her geographical position and recent history, placed her trust in Germany, has learned a terrible lesson. The Russian invasion has been a stern mentor for the other Scandinavian states which, unlike their Baltic neighbours, have still managed to retain their independence. Only one other, Denmark, has attached herself in any way to the aggressor states, and only out of fear of her bullying neighbour, who put great pressure upon her. But as Denmark regards the attacks of the Red Army and its air force on Finland it is brought home to her that a non-aggression pact is no protection from an aggressor state. Norway and Sweden have remained as aloof as possible from the aggressor Powers, neither wishing treaty assurances of non-aggression from Germany, nor anything more intimate than correct diplomatic relations and normal trade with Russia. Though Soviet bombing 'planes are devastating Abo and other towns on the other side of the Gulf of Bothnia opposite Stockholm, and (to quote Herr Sandler, the former Foreign Minister) 'nobody knows whether a victorious Red Army will stop at Haparanda or the Norwegian frontier,' Sweden, much the largest and most powerful of the Scandinavian states, remains neutral towards the undeclared Russian war upon Finland, just as Norway has.

Catastrophe has fallen upon Northern Europe, but Scandinavian unity is non-existent and even co-operation is weak. For co-operation to have been effective against the aggressor states, Scandinavia should have been welded together as a whole by treaties of military assistance. Is it as likely that Russia would have attacked Finland if it had known that the attack would have meant war against all the Scandinavian

[illegible]? Is it even likely that the arch-destroyer of small nations, Nazi Germany, would embark on the conquest of all four Scandinavian states, one after the other, or all together, if they stood united? It is true of course that Denmark could not pull the same proportionate weight as the other Scandinavian states.

Denmark could not of course be defended against Germany. But even Denmark is relatively safe against Russia and could probably have played a part in joint military measures by the Scandinavian states to defend themselves integrally against Russia. There are many reasons, not least economic, why Germany would not have attacked Denmark any more than the other Scandinavian states if they had all participated in common military action to defend themselves from Russia.

The war threat and the Finnish invasion have shown, however, that Scandinavian unity does not go far beyond cultural matters and a widespread community of ideas. In the history of the Scandinavian states there has been more discord than unity. But since the nineteenth century at least the desire for unity has persisted. Certainly nowadays it is no longer based on the domination of one Scandinavian state by another. Economically the possibilities of co-operation are limited. So far as foreign trade is concerned the Scandinavian states are on the whole competitive rather than complementary. They are all exporters either of foodstuffs or other primary products with markets in foreign fields and not with one another to any considerable extent. Norway is a country with an extraordinarily large mercantile marine whose activities are largely outside the Baltic. Denmark exports foodstuffs mainly to England and Germany. Finland and Sweden are competitors in the timber and related trades. Sweden is the only one of the Scandinavian countries with any appreciable industry, but she is not the supplier of manufactured goods to the others. Although so closely associated historically with Sweden, Finland is a latecomer to the recent movement for Scandinavian unity. Nevertheless the Scandinavian countries drew surprisingly closely together in the Great War of 1914–1918, not merely politically but also economically. Sweden's share of Denmark's export of Danish goods attained 27 per cent of the whole in 1918, dropping again in the early post-

Great War years to 6 per cent. only, while Sweden's share of Danish imports at the former time amounted to 25 per cent., afterwards falling to some 7 per cent. Again in the past few years the growth of Nazi Pan-Germanism, with its threats to the neighbouring smaller states, and of Russian Communist neo-Imperialism, which is hardly less predatory, gave a renewed impulse to the fashioning of Scandinavian unity. If the meeting of the four heads of the Scandinavian states seemed to show that it was on the point of being attained, it is now seen that this was wrong. M. Errko, the Finnish protagonist of Scandinavian unity, is no longer a member of the Finnish Government, having been sacrified to Russia, though he is a respected and popular figure in his new diplomatic post in Stockholm. Herr Sandler, whose policy might have led to the cementing of Scandinavian solidarity with provision for mutual military defence, has had to resign the Swedish Foreign Ministry.

Since Russia attacked Finland the Swedish Government has steered the country sharply away from definite co-operation which it believes might involve it in conflict with Russia, abandoning even the project of joint defence with Finland of the Aland Islands, which control the entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia and whose possession by a strong hostile Power would probably be fatal to Sweden as well as to Finland. Instead of Scandinavian co-operation solidifying into joint armed resistance to the proclaimed common enemy, the strongest member has stepped aside, attempting to display neutrality alike towards the invasion of Finland as to the European war itself. 'On the first occasion something serious has been at stake, Sweden has not been prepared to take the necessary risks' (again to quote Herr Sandler).

The invasion of Finland by Russia touches the Scandinavian peoples as acutely as the invasion of Belgium by the Germans would the French, or the invasion of Ireland would the other British peoples, yet Sweden, the largest and nearest Scandinavian neighbour of Finland is adopting an attitude of neutrality, albeit somewhat elastic, towards the conflict. 'The safeguarding of the neutrality and independence of Scandinavia by peaceful endeavour remains the leading aim of their co-operation' (declared the Swedish Premier, Herr Hansson, in his latest speech). 'A policy aimed at military intervention

would have dissolved the nation.' But, he added, Sweden's policy was also governed 'by willingness to assist Finland so far as this was compatible with Sweden's neutral position and was possible with due regard to her own situation and her own resources.' Sweden not only wants to help Finland, but is actually doing so. Even so cautious a person as the Swedish Premier declares so openly. The real question at issue is how much help can be given without endangering Swedish neutrality. In other words, what support can be afforded without Sweden's getting into war with Russia, or, what is of far greater moment to Sweden, of incurring an attack by Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia's treaty partner, or—the supreme fear—of being attacked by both aggressor states. The choice of policies before Swedish public opinion is between 'active' neutrality and 'passive' neutrality.

The present Swedish Government is obsessed by the fear of invasion by Germany, or by joint Russian and German action against the peninsula if Sweden goes 'too far' in support of Finland. It is therefore practising 'passive' rather than 'active' neutrality towards Finland, and its policy of stopping short of military intervention is probably endorsed by the majority of the Swedish public, as Herr Hansson says it is. Nevertheless the Government is tolerating the furthering of very substantial aid in money and material by the Swedish people to Finland, and it is not ignorant of the fact that the Swedish people's help to Finland does not end there. For a relatively small country the sums collected in Sweden for Finland have been immense. The public Finland fund has now reached 13,000,000 crowns, and is increasing at the rate of something like a quarter of a million crowns a day. In addition, Swedish industry has raised the formidable total of 62,000,000 crowns to enable the Finns to obtain war and other material, a large part of which from Sweden. It is not unlikely that Swedish industry's effort will end there. It is probable that something like 100,000,000 crowns will be raised in all by industrial quarters, making a grand total in the future of some £6,000,000. As has been pointed out in Sweden, if the United States had made the same effort in proportion to population in providing cash and kind for Finland, the sum raised in America could have amounted to 390,000,000 dollars, or the better part of £100,000,000.

In addition there is the Swedish Volunteer Force. Its numbers are not large, however, and this movement cannot be compared with the Italian legions which fought in Spain or even with the German Kondor legion, for the Swedish volunteer movement is genuinely spontaneous and private and is definitely not the product of Government agency. The only resemblance the Swedish legion in Finland will have with those of Italy and Germany formerly in Spain, rather with Germany's than with Italy's in any case, is that the Swedish legion will be carefully organised by Swedish officers who have relinquished their Swedish commissions, and that it will probably fight in Finland as a unit, moreover a well-equipped one, possessing a fine spirit, for it will include the *élite* of Swedish youth. It does not however appear that the Government are contemplating more than about 8,000 officers and men leaving the country. The Government is attacked in activist quarters for putting obstacles in the way of the formation of the Spanish legion. Up to the present time it is doubtful whether more than 5,000 Swedish volunteers have entered Finland. The Swedish activists of the Finland Committee would like to raise a much larger force. Their aim is a legion of 30,000 to 50,000, and they hope that the Swedish volunteer force fighting alongside the Finns with additionally Norwegian, Danish, Italian, American, British, French and perhaps other foreign legions, will drive the Russians back out of Finland.

But it is being more and more clearly seen that the legions from all over Europe and America were only visions of hope, and some bitterness is expressed in Scandinavia about this. Help from Sweden, which is the country holding the key position to intervention in Finland and the one most closely concerned with the outcome of the war, is on far too limited a scale to be effective. Though much exaggerated optimism has resulted from the remarkable Finnish successes in holding up the Russians under winter conditions, anybody who gives the matter serious thought perceives only too clearly that it is only a matter of time before the Finns will be forced to give way before the great pressure the Russians will be able to bring to bear on them in the summer. The Finnish army is tiny and it has no reserves. The Finns themselves say, and Scandinavia is beginning to realise, that her need is urgent

something like 100,000 troops and at least 500 aviators and machines will be needed before the weather changes to the disadvantage of the defenders. Moreover, Finland must be able to attack in order to defeat the Russian assault, and she must be able to retaliate upon Russia in the air to be able to check the Russian air raids which are doing enormous harm, and against which the morale of so extraordinarily brave a people as the Finns cannot be expected to hold indefinitely.

There is little doubt but that Sweden would intervene on a big and possibly a decisive scale in Finland but for the fear of Germany. They have every impulse to do so and probably the power. The Swedish Premier may proclaim that the Swedish people have no quarrel with the Russian people, but the average Swede despises the Russians for their lack of civilisation and believes that Bolshevism will bring the Swedish level down to the Russian. What sympathy the working-classes of Sweden or any other Scandinavian state had for the Soviets has largely disappeared since the invasion of Finland. Though it cannot be denied that there are still some active Communists, faithful still to Stalin, and that there remains still the remnant of the Swedish National Socialist Party, with its Fuehrer somewhat under a cloud and the party's finances badly out of order, the bulk of the working-classes are hostile to Russian Communism and German Nazism alike. Bourgeois Swedish opinion is anti-Russian and its Right wing as anti-Red as in any country: indeed, owing to Swedish history and tradition and the proximity of Sweden to Russia, it is stronger fundamentally than in most. Moreover, since the Finnish army's successes against Russia there is much less fear of the Red Army than of the German *Reichswehr*. There are a good many officers in Sweden who would like to take the chance of defeating the Russians alongside the Finns which the present war in Finland offers. The Swedish navy is regarded as superior to the Russian navy. The Swedish air force, however, cannot in any way be compared with the Russian.

The Swedes have little but admiration for the material achievements of the Germans, and if they did not fear them so strongly as they do they would rather like the Germans. German influences were always strong and Nazidom has not destroyed them. The ties between the two countries are close,

the peoples are in many respects not dissimilar. Swedish friendship for Germany is partly an expression of Swedish dislike for Russia which annexed Finland and finally broke Sweden's political power more than a century ago. But the Swedes are terribly apprehensive of the Nazi war machine and the reckless and unscrupulous means employed by the German dictatorship. Moreover, there is a widespread resigned and helpless 'defeatist' spirit in Sweden. The present Swedish Government takes perhaps more than full account of it. Sweden fears that Germany would attack her by sending expeditionary forces against Southern Sweden if she goes 'too far' in helping Finland to repel the Russian invader. If Germany succeeded in occupying Southern Sweden, as is feared by many people, it is probable that this would be decisive for the result of the Russo-Finnish war. The Finns may in any case be forced to abandon Northern Finland, and this alone would probably throw a tremendous burden upon Sweden, for it would bring the Russians behind the retreating Finns to their land frontier, which is not the Swedish strategic frontier. A simultaneous German attack upon Sweden could hardly be resisted. With the Germans in occupation of Southern Sweden, the only remaining communications with Finland would be from central Sweden across the narrower part of the Gulf of Bothnia, but no help could be rendered Finland and the Finnish collapse could hardly be other than swift. The only possibility of intervention would be from France and Britain, and that would mean that Sweden would become the dreaded 'battle-ground in the north.' This is the calculation at least of a large part of Swedish opinion which is determined that Sweden, even through help to Finland, shall not become involved in the European war, and possibly a major front.

But there are many reasons for assuming that this would not be the course of events if Sweden were to intervene on a large scale in Finland. Firstly, intervention in Finland if successful would prevent Russia from being able to bring the war and her armies to Sweden's northern frontier or into her territory. Secondly, a very different Sweden would face a potential German aggressor in that case than if Finland had been defeated. The war in the north would probably be kept to Finland's frontiers with Russia. It is probably a big [illegible]

false to assume that the interests of Germany and Russia do anything more than run parallel. That Germany has joint plans with Russia for the conquest of Northern Europe and the countries of Scandinavia generally at present is, to say the least, extremely improbable, despite Scandinavian apprehensions, which are quite natural in view of the strength and the past record of both the aggressor states. But it would be foolish and blind not to believe that Russia may not attempt to obtain an Atlantic harbour in Northern Norway if she defeats and overruns Finland. The Russians are already reported to have heralded their intentions through a Press overture. It is equally stupid and blind to think that Germany would refrain from taking the opportunity to profit by a Russian victory over Finland by taking what pickings were going, especially if, as is likely, Sweden would not be in a position to prevent her from so doing. Indeed, Germany might consider herself forced to take action in Sweden. That would depend on where the Russian troops halted. But whatever Germany took would be due and in proportion to Sweden's feebleness. Germany has no designs upon Swedish territory as such. And it is not in Germany's interest to embark upon the conquest of Sweden. All the less so against a Sweden in possession of her full military strength and with the will behind it to fight for her independence tenaciously as Finland is at present doing. Germany has no interest in expending her military strength in a way that might result in French and British assistance being requested by Sweden. It would do little more than further the designs she is so fond of attributing to Britain and France of attempting to spread the war for the purpose of causing chaos and the destruction of Germany's raw material supplies. Germany regards a 'war in the north' as an inevitably successful Allied economic battle against Germany. Germany would like perhaps to 'take over' or take Sweden 'under her wing' as a 'going concern,' but it is not in her interests to fight a war in Sweden.

The Swedish Government is probably unnecessarily timid about provoking Germany. Prudence is obviously necessary, but, as many Swedes declare, in an exaggerated form it can be harmful to Sweden's security. At the same time opinion in Sweden is much divided on the assistance which can be given to Finland. There are of course many

Swedes who are indifferent as to the course of the Russo-Finnish war. But there are many people in Sweden who are defeatist and incline to doubt whether Finland can be saved anyhow. On the other hand, there are far too many who believe that even without the aid of troops from outside Finland can continue to hold the Russians even in the short summer and autumn. The view that Sweden cannot effectively help Finland with man-power, however, is chiefly due to the fear of Germany, and not so much to lack of confidence in Sweden's own military strength or fear of the Red Army itself. Thus a military officer recently wrote that in view of the great extent of the country and the risk of a lightning attack by Germany on the south of Sweden and Gotland, Sweden could hardly spare more than two divisions in support of Finland. It was doubtful, he stated, if the general public realised this. As for Norway, he added, she could hardly spare more than one or two brigades. Intervention by Sweden, he declared, might lead to an attack on those countries. Norway and Sweden had therefore very good reasons for not embarking on military adventures. But, he continued, they had every reason to render all possible assistance to Finland 'within the limits of neutrality.' Volunteer assistance from all neutral countries which sympathised with her might conduce to her rescue, and the neutrality of Scandinavia was of the greatest importance for the transport of those volunteers to Finland. Sweden and Norway should therefore, he concluded, maintain strict neutrality at any price. Other military quarters in Sweden take quite a different view, believing that military assistance could be rendered by Sweden to Finland to an extent great enough to turn the scales in favour of Finland in its defence against the Soviet.

Those who hold the view that Finland needs only material help from Sweden and not soldiers sometimes declare, at the same time, that Finland should have volunteers from other countries, especially from Britain and the United States. They state that British and American contingents could be sent directly to Finland by the North Atlantic (Petsamo as a port of landing is sometimes pointed out), and so Sweden would not be exposed to the charge of unneutral conduct by Germany and Russia and thereby of participating indirectly in the European war. The United States has, in fact, been

[illegible] criticised here in connection with their attitude to the Finnish war. A leading Stockholm paper recently registered its disappointment that American-Scandinavians did not come riding into Finland like Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders into Cuba in the 'nineties. It complained that the only help given by the United States, despite a big show of diplomatic activity at the outbreak of the war, was the collection of a million dollars. America had not only failed even to break off diplomatic relations with the Soviet but continued to supply the Russian bombers with the petrol which enabled them to drop their bombs on Finnish towns. America had previously practised the same method of showing its sympathy in the case of China when at the same time it exported vast quantities of arms to Japan. America's conduct, the paper declared, reminded it of Peer Gynt, who at one time in his chequered career had sent both Bibles and idols in the same steamer to the heathens.

But whether activist, passivist or critical of other countries outside Northern Europe for their failure to take action, Scandinavian opinion, slightly paradoxically perhaps, is really unanimous and essentially pro-interventionist towards the Russo-Finnish war. Some Swedish activists ask whether Sweden could count upon the support of Britain and France if Germany attacked Sweden for helping Finland. Doubt is felt about whether Britain is seriously interested in Scandinavia. The Scandinavian countries are fully aware that the loss of Scandinavian supplies, though unpleasant, would not be vital to Britain and France, since the foodstuffs and timber could be replaced from Canada and the United States and the British and French Colonial Empires, while nearly all Sweden's iron ore goes to Germany anyhow. On the other hand, both Norway and Sweden are aware that Britain and France could hardly remain indifferent to the invasion of Scandinavia by Germany, since the establishment of German sea and air bases in south-west Sweden or on the coast of Norway would be only less dangerous in degree for Britain and France than British and French bases in Sweden would be to Germany. Scandinavia has no desire to accept or be involved in Anglo-French guarantees through the Russo-Finnish war, even if they were available, any more now than in the spring of last year. Their fervent desire is for neutrality

and the widest separation from the wars of the Great Powers. Britain and France are not in any case in a position definitely to secure Sweden's rear. But if Sweden knew—and Germany for that matter knew too—that a German invasion of Sweden would mean British and French military aid for Sweden, that fact alone would be an additional powerful brake on any German idea of attacking Norway and Sweden for assisting Finland and attempting to maintain the integrity of the Scandinavian states. A clear knowledge of British and French intentions towards Norway and Sweden in the event of a German attack might enable them to make up their own minds about the exact degree of effective assistance they can give Finland, a matter which will be urgent by the summer.

Very considerable doubts may be expressed, however, as to whether Germany would in any case attack Sweden for assisting Finland. Germany has no economic interest in spreading war in the one sea that is still free to her shipping. Germany has already suffered appreciable harm by the Russian war against Finland. The extent of the German economic losses through that war are not perhaps generally appreciated. Germany took 63 per cent. of her total imports of paper and cardboard from Finland before the outbreak of war and the beginning of the Allied blockade. In addition she took from Finland 38 per cent. of her imports of wallboard, plywood, etc., 12 per cent. of her pulp, 15 per cent. of her fodder, 10 per cent. of her cheese, 9 per cent. of her butter and 6 per cent. of her copper. Owing to the blockade these amounts would form higher percentages of her imports to-day with other overseas supplies cut off. They have all been interrupted by the Russo-Finnish war. If Germany made war on Sweden she would only continue to get her 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 tons of Swedish iron ore, her timber and agricultural produce and other goods, to say the least, with very great difficulty, if at all. The same can be said about her imports from Norway, in the protection of whose territorial waters incidentally Germany continues to get much of her Swedish ore. Moreover, despite the fact that Sweden has not a large population and is further handicapped by the fact that she is among the states which sincerely practised disarmament until very recently, it is not to be assumed that Sweden is incapable of effective resistance to a German invasion. Sweden has much

coastal defences with first-rate artillery and a useful navy which could put up a fight against any of the German units, inclusive of the pocket battleships, with the exception of the two big 35,000-ton battleships which Germany now presumably has in commission. Sweden probably has, under the present partial mobilisation, between 150,000 and 200,000 men under arms, inclusive of all the key services like coastal defence and the northern fortifications. Defending its own soil, the Swedish army, which could be raised to 400,000 or 500,000, would certainly fight with spirit if called upon. Although the Swedes have excellent anti-aircraft artillery, the very small size of her air force would, however, place her in a very grave position of inferiority to Germany, and Sweden fears that the great German air force would be able to wreak upon Sweden the sort of havoc it did in Poland. Sweden is re-arming at a very considerable pace however. In the current budgetary year her expenditure on defence will be 1,100,000,000 crowns, or eight times what it was five years ago.

It is clear that Germany is prepared to use any opportunity that presents itself from the Russo-Finnish war to dominate Scandinavia. It is equally certain that Germany will be in a more effective position to dominate Sweden and Norway if Russia overruns Finland than if Russia is stopped. But, as we have seen, she is unlikely to derive any economic advantage. Certainly none if Scandinavia resisted. And even if Scandinavia did not resist she would not necessarily obtain much more from them than by normal trading in peace. What other advantage could Germany possibly derive from invading Sweden? Germany has a neutral Sweden and for that matter an entire Scandinavia that is neutral towards her. Germany could by a successful invasion ensure that Scandinavia remained neutral, *i.e.*, Germany would prevent Scandinavia from becoming a potential strategical enemy of the Reich and an ally of the Western Powers. She might succeed thereby in establishing naval and air bases in Scandinavia. But invasion is neither the sole nor necessarily the best way for Germany to try and obtain even those ends. Germany might have to fight hard to gain them and might even fail to do so. The Nazis would be still further weakened on the home front by invading a friendly country like Sweden. The

Russian invasion of Finland itself has been a strain on what there is of German public opinion, which is said to be mainly in favour of Finland and against Germany's Bolshevik partner. And Germany would still have to face Britain and France in the West, for Germany cannot win the war by an action in the north of Europe. If Germany really intends to violate any more small countries it would be more profitable for her to attack, say, Holland, where the gains for German sea, air and even possibly land operations in her future conduct of the war would be vastly greater, and where there is only the obstacle of a land frontier. To attack Scandinavia, sea, air and land operations would be necessary and by no means necessarily easy ones, quite apart from the probability of French and British counter-intervention. The advantages for Germany, even if successful, would only be some naval and air bases, which would be troublesome perhaps for the Western Powers but hardly likely to be decisive. And these would be offset by severe, if only temporary, economic losses. Moreover the chaos, with Russia at hand to exploit it, would be unforeseeable not only for the north but perhaps further afield in Europe.

If, on the other hand, Russia were to succeed in defeating and overrunning Finland undisturbed as an 'isolated problem' (in which Germany is 'disinterested,' as she rightly says, so long as there is no effective help from Scandinavia or elsewhere), then Germany will more probably be in a position to dominate Sweden, possibly even succeeding in establishing *de facto* a protectorate over her, though this is less likely in the case of Norway. This is what Germany is more probably aiming at in fact; that is to say, what Germany expects to get out of a not wholly welcome disturbance to the north of Europe by her Soviet treaty partner. If Finland is defeated Sweden has much lesschance, if any at all, of resisting Russia and Germany, who may well make a bargain at her and Scandinavia's expense generally. If Russia breaks through Finland, part at least of the Finnish army will retreat into Sweden across the northern frontier, accompanied by the defeated and perhaps demoralised Swedish legion. Russia may push on through the north of Sweden and Norway to the sea, perhaps at Narvik, occupying or annexing northern Sweden and Swedish Lapland, with the famous Swedish iron ore mines.

in a line running northwards from Lulea along the railway to Narvik itself. Germany would probably then occupy the Aland Islands and Sweden would then have the terrible choice either of fighting and appealing to the Western Powers for help, or of yielding and appealing to Germany to protect her from further Russian incursions southwards. Germany might well accede to the request to 'protect' Sweden, though it is not quite certain that Germany would be able to do so. The result would, however, probably be that domination by 'peaceful means' which Germany would infinitely prefer to obtain than by fighting. If Germany and Russia were successful and collaborated, Germany might even get the bases in Norway, too, as well as Russia her North Atlantic harbour.

Scandinavia's position is grave but not hopeless, and Finland's chances of throwing Russia back, provided she is helped with men as well as materials, are by no means negligible. By resolute action the Scandinavian countries themselves can probably repel the threat to Finland's independence as well as to their own. Outside Finland the bulk of the burden must be assumed by Sweden. The best chances of success are by keeping foreign countries, especially Britain, outside the area of the conflict. The prospects of German intervention on behalf of Russia in Finland are over-estimated. Only direct Allied intervention would be likely to provoke an attack by Germany on Sweden and Finland. If Finland can be saved, Scandinavian unity may be achieved.

C. A. LAMBERT.

THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE BLOCKADE

There is an opinion widespread in this country that all the Allies need do to secure victory is to retain a strictly defensive policy and wait for the blockade to starve Germany into submission. The policy is at first sight attractive and plausible: attractive because it appears to avoid the heavy loss of life involved in land offensives and the material destruction of great air warfare; plausible because it seems reasonable to suppose that the German supply problem will become more acute as time goes by. In fact, however, the blockade is not likely to work in this way at all. Studies like those of Dr. Lajos or the recent Oxford Pamphlet of Mr. P. B. Thomson have spread a feeling of passive optimism, which, though of great value in ridding us of fears of the German colossus, will prove very misleading unless it is realised that the shortages are of particular kinds and are only likely to be decisive in specific circumstances.

In the first place there is no reason to believe that the German food shortage need become acute however long we wait. To show this it is convenient to distinguish cereals, fats and higher class foodstuffs.

(1) Cereals ('000 tons)

	Total Supplies (Greater Germany)	Imports.	Imports as per cent. of Supplies.	Exportable Surpluses of Neutrals.
Bread Grains:				
Wheat . . .	7,521	906	12	1,648
Rye . . .	9,985	532	3·5	291
Feeding-stuffs:				
Barley . . .	6,365	175	2·8	628
Oats . . .	7,784	118	1·5	126
Maize . . .	2,029	1,500	73·6	1,865

The above table shows that in 1939 Germany was virtually self-sufficient in bread grains, only 12 per cent. of her wheat and 3·5 per cent. of her rye being imported. These small deficiencies can easily be made up from the Balkan countries whose peace-time exports more than cover them. In feeding-stuffs Germany's greatest source of danger is maize, importing as she does 73·6 per cent. of her supplies. There is also a lack of cattle cake made from vegetable oil-seeds. Yet the greater part of the maize could still be imported from Russia and the Balkans if transport were satisfactory, and strenuous attempts are being made by Germany to persuade these countries to increase their exports. If feeding-stuffs are short next winter Germany may have to increase her slaughter of livestock, but the number killed need not be a high proportion of the total possessed. The present bread ration is quite adequate for the needs of the ordinary German, and there seems no reason why it should not be maintained.

(2) Fats ('000 Tons)

	Total Supplies (Old Reich).	Imports.	Imports as per cent. of Supplies.	Exportable Surpluses of Neutrals.
Butter . . .	574	81	14	73
Lard and tallow .	576	40	7	—
Vegetable oil . .	635	603	95	256
Whale oil . .	187	156	83	193
Total . .	1,972	880	44·7	

It is generally believed that the crux of the German food difficulties is to be found in the shortage of fats, although, of course, the fats are used for many purposes other than food. Germany, as will be seen from the table, normally imports 44·7 per cent. of her fat requirements, the imports being mainly vegetable oils (imported in the form of seeds) and whale oils. She can obtain, at the most, about 43 per cent. of her normal imports, and much of this would have been extracted in neutral countries from oil seeds brought from

overseas and hence partly subject to British contraband control. Her supplies of whale oil, moreover, are certain to decline, since many of the fishing grounds are now closed to her, while the whole of this season's Norwegian catch has been purchased by the British Government. The seriousness of the total fats deficiency of about 20 or 25 per cent. depends, however, upon the size of the demand for war purposes (*e.g.*, explosives and lubricants). If no major military operations take place most of the fats can be consumed as butter, margarine and suet, or used for cooking purposes. At the moment, for example, the ration is not appreciably below the average German consumption of recent years. Soap and candles may be scarce, but the shortages will not be acute, let alone decisive. Under the strain of major hostilities the position would be much worse.

(3) Higher Class Foodstuffs

The deficit in meat supplies need not exceed 10 per cent. of recent peace-time consumption, while the number of livestock is big enough to permit a high rate of slaughter (necessitated, anyway, by shortage of fodder) for about three years without causing anxiety. The shortages of eggs, fish and fruit, and the poor quality of the coffee substitute make the diet extremely dull, but the supplies of potatoes are adequate, and there is no question of starvation either now or in the future. As time passes transport between Germany, the Balkans and Russia will be developed, and in this way the position may from their point of view improve rather than deteriorate.

Fortunately, however, the German economic system is extremely vulnerable in fuels and raw materials, and particularly in those materials used directly in the manufacture of instruments of war. Now the demand for such materials varies considerably with the scale of warfare, so that while the shortages will not be acute so long as the present inactivity continues, they would under the strain of great hostilities soon prove decisive. The following table may give some idea of the extent to which Germany is in peace-time dependent upon imports for supplies of the raw materials most necessary for war :—

	Total Supplies (Greater Germany).	Imports.	Imports as per cent. of Supplies.	Exportable Surpluses of Neutrals.
	'000 tons		'000 tons	'000 tons
Aluminium .	1,318	1,300	98	722
Chromium . .	131	130	99	298
Copper . .	780	751	96	171
Iron . .	34,426	22,318	66	18,126
Lead . . .	300	218	73	200
Manganese . .	661	545	83	1,096
Nickel. . .	28	27	97	10
Oil . . .	7,249	4,996	69	7,740
Tin . . .	21	20	95	36
Zinc . . .	405	220	54	624

It is clear that an amazingly small proportion of the total amounts of such material required comes from home sources.[1] How much of these imports can she still acquire? This varies for different commodities, and for each commodity depends upon the amounts exported by accessible neutrals, the means of payment possessed by Germany, the condition of transport, and the liveliness of the British economic warfare. In most cases Germany is not likely to get anything like the total amounts hitherto exported by the neutrals, but where her political influence is strongest she may actually get more.

Of aluminium, most necessary in the construction of aeroplanes, machine-guns and electrical equipment, in welding and casting, and in the manufacture of explosives, Germany cannot find more than half of normal peace-time supplies. Chromium, used in the preparation of hard steels, can be imported from Turkey (who has an export surplus of 200,000 tons), Greece (export surplus 55,000 tons), Jugoslavia (24,000 tons) and Scandinavia (28,000 tons). Apart from Scandinavia, however, all these countries can only export to Germany *viâ* the Balkans, where transport is for the time being very bad. The same applies to the accessible supplies of manganese, nine-tenths of which are in the hands of Russia, and again to those of copper and of nickel. Russia could

[1] The figures refer generally to the metallic ore, but where imports of the refined metal are important they have been taken into account.

supply all Germany's manganese requirements, but Germany is certain in any case to be very short of copper and nickel.

Greater Germany's peace-time consumption of iron ore is over 32,000,000 tons. Her own supplies were of very poor quality, and although Austria and Czechoslovakia were gains they had net imports. The home sources give only 36 per cent. of peace-time consumption. If she could acquire the greater part of neutral exports she would still be short, but, with the stocks of 20,000,000 tons which she claims, could hold out even at that rate of consumption for at least three or four years. Of the 18,000,000 tons exportable surpluses of the neutrals Sweden is responsible for 14,000,000 tons, or 78 per cent. In 1938 Germany imported 9,000,000 tons from Sweden, 41 per cent. of her total imports, but it is doubtful if this can be sustained let alone increased. Seventy per cent. of the Swedish ores come from the northern mine-fields, which usually export through the Norwegian port of Narvik, now subject to British contraband control. A railway line has been built to Lulea on the Baltic, and during the first two months of war the 1938 level of shipments was maintained; but Lulea is frozen from December to March, and over the whole year consignments may fall as much as 30 per cent. In all, Germany will probably have about one-third less iron ore than in peace-time, and although civil consumption can be reduced up to a point, there would be tremendous difficulty in satisfying full war needs. To the list might well be added cotton and rubber, where home production provides only 42 and 25 per cent. respectively of the total peace-time needs. They are both required in vastly increased amounts during great warfare.

The really critical commodity is, however, oil. War consumption is variously estimated at between two and five times peace consumption, and the total amounts are so large that it is impossible to store the supplies required in any considerable length of time. It is worth while discussing the oil problem in terms of months rather than years. On the side of supply she is receiving from three main sources. Her own wells (including those in her share of Poland) give a supply remaining fairly constant at about 46,000 tons a month. Her oil from coal was being produced at about [illegible] tons a month in September, and it is estimated that

the figure may rise till it is doubled at 300,000 tons next September. Rumanian imports before the war amounted to 100,000 tons a month. This fell in September to 60,000 tons, rose to 85,000 tons in December, and will fall again to 50,000 tons in January and February because of the freezing of the Danube. After February, with an improvement in transport, the figure may rise to 150,000 tons per month, the amount arranged in the recently revised treaty. By the summer the Polish Galician fields, now in Russian hands, may be sending her 50,000 tons a month, but it is unlikely that any appreciable amounts will arrive from the southern Russian fields this year. On all this data, total current supplies, which fell from 600,000 tons in last August to 290,000 tons in September, will rise fairly steadily to 600,000 tons in autumn of this year.

Now we can safely assume that owing to economies in private consumption Germany will be using about 20 per cent. less oil than in peace-time, or about 400,000 tons a month, as long as the present inactivity continues. In these circumstances she will cease to draw on her stocks in about March or April, when current supplies will rise above current consumption. Her stocks will certainly not give out before then. If, however, major hostilities commence, consumption will rise to at least 1,000,000 tons a month, and the drain on stocks will be enormous. Nobody knows just how large these stocks are, but she does not seem to have been hoarding on a large scale before 1937. At the beginning of the war in September they were probably not above 4,000,000 tons, or nine months' peace-time supply. Even this is an enormous figure, equivalent to 1,000,000,000 gallons of petrol, and would be even more remarkable if true because of the high costs of import and the difficulties of safe storage. Much of this 4,000,000 tons must have gone during the Polish campaign, a war of great movement and vast air activity. In all, the stocks are enough to keep her going until the spring, but if major operations then develop, Germany must gain a decision by July, or her position is hopeless. After July consumption will have to be reduced to the level of current supplies, a level utterly inadequate for the needs of modern warfare. Germany may of course be tempted to annex the Rumanian oilfields, and if she succeeded it would undoubtedly be a severe blow to us. We can only hope that adequate arrangements are being made

for the destruction of the wells in the event of a German invasion.

We have found, therefore, that the major deficiencies of supply in Germany are to be found in those materials used directly in the production of armaments and the prosecution of war. As a result the decisiveness of these shortages depends directly upon the scale of warfare. She seems to have enough food as long as in the military sphere things remain quiet, for then too large a proportion of fats need not be devoted to the manufacture of explosives, and the shortage of labour which in the last war led to such a disastrous decline in home production need not be so severe. If the shortages of raw materials are considerable, that does not mean that we can afford to wait and do nothing, keeping up our spirits by repeated affirmations that 'time is with us.' The less the war strain, the easier it will be for Germany to maintain her exports and so accumulate gold and foreign currency to pay for essential imports. As time passes Balkan railways will be improved, the Danube deepened, and more waggons and barges be provided to carry copper, manganese, chromium, and oil to Germany. In eighteen months they should be ready to carry fodder, manganese, and oil, coaxed from the Russian economic system by German technical experts. If, however, major hostilities develop, especially in the near future, Germany's position will quickly become desperate. Oil is the crux of the matter, and we have seen that her supplies of oil could not last more than four or five months. Since Germany is not likely to gain a decision in that time, her most rational policy is to do absolutely nothing and to wait for the Allies to start asking 'What are we fighting for?' From an economic point of view it is, however, perfectly clear that the only war Germany can afford is a long one. She would run a great risk if she were to attempt a 'Blitzkrieg.'

MARK LITTMAN.

IS FRENCH DEMOCRACY IMPERILLED?

When the peoples of Great Britain and France were called upon by their elected leaders to fight 'for democracy' and 'Freedom,' these words were no mere slogans meant to lure millions of men harassed by centuries of warfare into a struggle which they had honestly and even earnestly tried to avoid.

It has been asserted that all wars are national wars, and sceptical minds infer from that proposition that these ideas which nations chose to defend are but a screen to national ends. To assert that all wars are national only amounts to begging the question. For a nation is not merely the area circumscribed by its boundaries—otherwise it would cease to exist after great defeats in the field—nor the sum total of its riches and possessions—for it would not survive great social and economic changes: it is to the same extent its social, civic and spiritual patrimony, and the common adherence to it by the majority of its inhabitants. Without such cement the edifice cannot survive the wear and tear of time or the strain of human changes.

Despite innumerable differences in history, tradition, national characteristics, the two nations at present fighting on the same battlefield have one common allegiance: it is precisely that form of allegiance which is illustrated by these words of democracy and liberty . . . whose sense is so vague and yet so intelligible to them that this sole common motive has, for the second time, superseded all other considerations (unless one believes in the puerile theory of natural associations between 'Have' and 'Have-Not,' now shattered to pieces by the present alignment of powers, since one of the 'Have' (Russia) is almost in the German camp and attacks a relatively poor State, whilst three of 'the have-not' observe a prudent silence).

'*Noblesse oblige*,' and it is obviously the duty of those Powers which give a spiritual significance to the war that

they have accepted to wage, to preserve those values in whose name they have called their youth to the colours. It is obviously a right for the peoples of Great Britain and France to see that their social commonwealth is not threatened from inside whilst they are defending it against attempts from outside. And lastly, it is admittedly the right of each of the two peoples to watch developments on an Allied land, and to express the hope that its internal evolution will not impair the fundamental factors of their free union-in-arms.

No one in France would therefore take exception—nor did any Frenchman take exception—to a survey by English writers or journalists of conditions in France, or to free comment on changes which, in the opinion of the French people, the outbreak of the present war has made necessary and perhaps vital. When, on November 30th, M. Daladier received plenary powers for the duration of the war, when the Communist Party was banned and Communistic activities suppressed, when some people believed or alleged that parliamentary immunity had been disregarded, questions were raised in this country and elsewhere as to whether France was not, in her turn, swiftly moving towards a degree of 'Totalitarianism' dangerously akin to the political status of the Third Realm. It is well that these questions should be raised, and it is right that they should be answered. This watchful interest is in itself a testimony of strength and a guarantee of the future.

Generally speaking, the drastic character of the steps taken by the French Government since the outbreak of hostilities can be explained by several considerations, each of which are peculiar to the French nation. War, for the French people, means *immediate*, total and unrestricted mobilisation of men and resources, as France finds herself (without a natural shield) in *immediate* contact with the enemy. It is no longer necessary to explain to the British public what mass mobilisation implies; let it be simply remembered that it presupposes the smooth, swift and maximum working and efficiency of every 'gadget' in the national war machine. The slightest flaw, the briefest delay, may mean a considerable reverse for a country which faces an enemy whose man power is greatly superior. The existence of the Maginot Line has reduced the risks but by no means eliminated them. The

whole machinery must be perfectly 'oiled.' The leaders cannot take chances, and any threat to the mechanism of French mobilisation must not only be met but anticipated and prevented. Ruthlessness in the prevention of actual or political sabotage is not only a right but a duty.

In the second place it should be borne in mind that rigour in the suppression of anti-national activities in time of war is for the French a legacy from the Great Revolution. Then France was threatened from inside as well as from outside; then for the first time the people (and not a professional army) was rushed to the frontiers. Treason, civil strife, sabotage, espionage were the menace from inside. The nation could take no chances. It must be saved even if the very men who had issued the 'Declaration des Droits de l'Homme' had to tread on some of those rights to rescue the whole work. The slogan 'La Patrie est en Danger' led not only, it is true, to Jemmapes and Valmy, but also to the excesses of the 'Comité du Salut Public.' Yet, from the worst threat which France ever had to cope with every Frenchman remembers one thing: that in the face of an external enemy she must never again allow the *very existence* of a menace from inside. Here, by tradition, the French will sacrifice some of their rights—of which they are normally jealous to the verge of excessive individualism—to what they consider a greater cause.

Lastly—as far as 'general' reasons of the French attitude in wartime are concerned—it must be recalled that the French democracy differs in many respects from the British as a result of geographical and psychological factors. British democracy is a closer unit whose formation is, historically, almost autochthon, far more easily protected against (or shut to) extraneous influences. It was so in the past for geographical reasons. When these became less effective, it remained so by tradition and also, later, by virtue of the Immigration Laws. It is not so easily permeated as the French. So much for the differences due to geography and history. Temperamentally these are wider still. The democratic machine in Great Britain works more smoothly and in a more orderly way than ours. Once, at a dinner party, a time-honoured peer as famous for his caustic remarks as for his unfortunate habit of slumbering between courses, was repeatedly asked by a

French lady why democratic institutions worked more steadily in Great Britain than in France. He replied between two naps, having at last paid heed to the question: 'Madame, it is quite simple: We cut our King's head a century and a half before you cut yours,' and fell asleep again.

Be it as it may, British democracy is both more hierarchised and somewhat 'tighter' than the French. There is more orderliness, perhaps less 'Happy-Go-Luckyishness' about it. An English writer once remarked that in political life the French had a greater consciousness of their rights as individuals than the British, but a lesser sense of their duties and responsibilities,[1] and he drew the conclusion that, whilst they might be freer in the orthodox sense of the word, they were thereby more threatened in their very freedom. There is unquestionable truth in this judgment.

Then in time of war the balance of rights and duties must be redressed, as there is an almost complete eclipse of the individual as an end in himself for the duration of the national struggle. The transition in France, from the democratic point of view, is bound to be brutal, more so than in England: it is bound to be 'uphill work.' May I be permitted to say that the balance has always been redressed?

Incidentally, and as a result of both the geographical and temperamental conditions in France, this country's free institutions are more easily used (and sometimes abused) by sundry foreign elements which avail themselves of a sometimes too-liberal hospitality and easily succeed in taking part in (or interfering with) French political life. Their action has been, in the last twenty years, noticeable to a degree altogether inconceivable in Great Britain. It is quite obvious that at the outbreak of a war, in this field as in many other, the men responsible for France's safety and even salvation cannot take chances.

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Against this outline of conditions in France at the beginning of *any* conflict, the specific and particular circumstances in which the French Government had to take action in the first months of *this* war may become clearer and more under-

1 This refers to civic ones as in the international field the French have, in my view, shown a more *real* sense of their responsibilities, as Mr. H. [illegible] pointed out in the issue of *The Statesman and Nation* of [illegible] week.

standable. For several years, before the present Government took office, France had known what a politician described as a 'Debauche of Democracy.' On many occasions freedom had outstepped the bounds set to it by its very ancient definition: 'Freedom must stop at the right of others to be free' and sometimes trespassed the limits of democracy. It would be idle to pretend that this or that Government were responsible for it. The reaction was bound to set in. If in this the present Government have been instrumental it was not because they lacked democratic faith, but perhaps because they felt that democracy had better be pruned if it were to avoid withering. Hence such legislative measures as the 'Libel Laws' at a time when the public expression of political antagonism was so vehement as to cause wounds that might never heal. Hence the various 'Decree-Laws' which, in the economic field, had to repair swiftly a damage which traditional legislation would have needed years to make good.

When war broke out the Government were engaged in a work of 'Reconstruction' which in the normal course of events would have taken—to say the least—many months to complete. Several years of political strife could not be written off in twelve months, despite the great *sursum corda* caused by the German coup of March 15th. The real intentions of many man who still carried weight with bodies of workers were, to say the least, unfathomable.

That on the morrow of the German-Soviet agreement which 'released' the war, if it did not cause it, the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* should have presented it as a contribution towards the maintenance of peace was a difficult thing to understand. The Government were then in no doubt that war would shortly break out. This was clearly no time to allow a newspaper whose links with Moscow no longer had to be proved to spread Soviet propaganda under cover of an appeal to peace when this appeal was coupled with assertions that the Government were dragging the French people into an imperialistic war. France was already in the process of mobilisation (this consideration must *never* be forgotten, for it is determining) and could not afford the luxury of a generosity, which would have amounted to weakness, towards a newspaper whose exhortations to the workers were nothing short of incitement to sabotage. Most of the workers who read

L'Humanité did not know, as the Government did, that it had proven connections with the Russian Third International. They believed in 'inspiration,' not subsidy, example, not bribery. *L'Humanité* was banned. But the Communist Party survived. The Government, at that stage, did not yet take it upon themselves to suppress it.

When Poland was invaded the Chamber met. What were the Communists going to do? This would provide a first test. Some voted for the Government. The great majority abstained from voting the declaration of war. Despite the fact that most Communist members of Parliament were in daily contact with a newspaper known as a paid mouthpiece of Moscow, the Communist Party in France had been and still was given the benefit of the doubt. It was hoped that in front of the common peril they would sever the links that moored them to Moscow.

All Communists called to the colours joined their regiments without a hitch and this hope was heightened. But it was soon to become apparent that some of them only did so by the leave of their Soviet sponsors. For after the invasion of Eastern Poland by the Red Army, when both Germany and Russia, having sealed the fate of Poland, realised that their hopes of an early peace were to be frustrated, several Communist leaders immediately deserted, proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that they had only joined their units 'Moscow permitting,' but would not see the war through when Moscow decided that the fight must stop. Maurice Thorez, secretary of the Communist Party, was one of the deserters. Coinciding with these desertions offences such as acts of disaffection, incitement to disaffection and even sabotage were committed. It must be emphasised over and over again that whatever action was subsequently taken was not taken against Communists as such, but against men acting at the instigation of a foreign Power, guilty of treason, sabotage, desertion, disaffection, or public appeals to rebellion. As M. Frossard very aptly said in the Chamber on January 16th: 'We were not suppressing Communists, we were suppressing defeatists.' The whole explanation of steps which commentators in this country have regretted as inconsistent with the spirit of democracy lies in this paramount distinction.

On September 26th a Decree-Law banned the Communist

Party, which legally ceased to exist as an organisation, and prohibited the public teaching or advocacy of Stalinism in France. It also banned organisations affiliated to the Party. The Decree did not affect Parliamentary Mandate, and Communist deputies were still allowed to sit in the Chamber and to give utterance to their views. Some leaders fled to neutral countries. Some more desertions occurred. A considerable number of ordinary members of the Party recanted and repudiated it.

Yet the majority of Communist deputies, instead of availing themselves of their rights as individual members of Parliament, attempted, against the law, to create a party similar in all but name to that which had been banned (Workers and Peasants Party). Formed on October 2nd, this group sent on October 3rd a letter to the Speaker of the Chamber demanding that a debate should take place on the issue of 'Peace and War.' On October 5th the Party was declared illegal by Decree-Law. The Government had evidence that the whole thing had been engineered from Moscow. This was confirmed when the Party's headquarters were raided by the police.

On the same date the Chamber was adjourned by the Speaker. This decision was made to prevent Communist members from claiming parliamentary immunity. When, later, a party of Communist deputies tried to enter the Chamber, twenty-two of them were arrested. More arrests followed when further evidence became available. Some members again recanted. On October 26th sentences were passed by a military tribunal. Thirty-eight Communist leaders appealed. The court maintained twenty-nine sentences, passing judgment on evidence of collusion between the accused and a foreign Power in accordance with the law. That nine leaders should have been released goes to show that France was not in the throes of arbitrariness.

At the outbreak of the war the membership of the Communist Party (official figures are not available) must have ranged between 1,500,000 and 1,600,000. In all 1,800 arrests were made in the country, which demonstrates that the overwhelming majority of the rank and file disowned their leaders. Many of these fled abroad. On November 30th the Chamber, with the exception of two Communists who

had neither recanted nor fled, nor been arrested, ratified the Government's action and voted the *déchéance* of the non-repentant Communist members who were thus deprived of all rights and privileges as Deputies to the Lower Chamber. It was agreed that these Communists who had recanted before October 27th should not be affected.

Had the Communist leaders in Paris and the Provinces, at the outbreak of the war, severed all connections with a foreign Power associated with the enemy—as the overwhelming majority of the Party did—and refrained from acts which no nation at war could tolerate, they might have held and expressed as 'extreme Leftists' the same views as any party may utter in the Legislative Chamber of any country at war. It may quite be that some sentences passed on rank-and-file Communists have been harsh; it may quite be that the repression which followed the events of September and October hit some newspapers and organisations some members of which were merely prompted by feelings of misplaced loyalty towards unworthy leaders. One cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, and war is no time for anti-national agitation—especially after such tragic precedents. The fact remains that the general steps taken by the Government were entirely justified as a measure of *Salut Public*. Many suspected Communists had secured key-posts in the national system. Once more it could be claimed that *La Patrie était en Danger*, and this overriding consideration justified the leaders of France at war in their—in my view belated—decisions.

Great Britain, with one Communist leader in Parliament, with a strictly controlled and filtrated inflow of foreigners, with years of internal peace behind her, with a geographical situation permitting of a gradual and 'homeopathetic' mobilisation of her forces, could well afford the luxury of a Communist Party which could not threaten the safe mustering of her man-power and which remained an exotic curio like the giant Lotus contrasting in the hot-house of Kew Gardens with the temperate Flora of England. France could not.

On that same day of November when parliamentary immunity was suspended in respect of those Communists who had maintained their association with a foreign Power

and were in a position to inform it of national secrets which could not be withheld from them in the 'Commissions,' M. Daladier's Government were granted plenary powers for the duration of the war. And again, on that ground, the question was raised: Is not France deserting Democracy? Is she not on her way to Totalitarian rule, or, alternatively, is there not a danger lest her people, growing accustomed to such a method of administration in a time of emergency, may later become more pliable if some adventurer, some new Boulanger, hoping to emulate a Bonaparte, tried once more to tame the *Cavale Indomptable et rebelle*?

These fears rest on both a factual misconception and a misapprehension of the French character. Let us first deal with the misconception as to the present relationship between the executive and the legislative powers in time of war.

It has been in many quarters implicitly or explicitly believed that, with the vote of the Chamber in his pocket, M. Daladier had suddenly become a Dictator for the duration and that nothing short of a revolution could reverse the steam once he had set his seal to a Decree-Law. Several newspapers, not daring to write it in black and white, have maintained on this capital point a courteous and prudent silence. There was no need for such discretion.

For the Chambers *still* retain the essential right of a democratic assembly: to wit, the right of renewing the Executive if they wish it, as well as of censuring them.

By the vote of the Chambers M. Daladier is entitled to take, by Decree-Law, any legislative measure that he may deem advisable, and of course, as head of the Executive, to enforce it. This means that he need not consult the Legislative body before he acts. Thus far, he therefore enjoys the privileges of a Dictator: and he himself contended, on November 30th, that by this method and by this method only—given the then state of things in France—would he achieve such unity of command and swiftness of action as characterised the Totalitarian Powers.

The main difference between a democracy and a dictatorship lies in the right for the people of a country and their elected representatives, at any moment, to advise or check the Government of their own choosing, should they deviate from the line they had expected them to follow. Time and

time again I have heard it said in this country that the great weakness of the French Constitution lay in the excessive power of the Legislative Assembly which could, even by virtue of the Chamber's ' procedure,' cripple the Government and thoroughly paralyse its action. Readers may recall that in 1932 the question was raised as to whether the powers of the Executive might not be extended. Comparisons were made with the British system of government in which the Executive (mainly in financial matters) retained the initiative and in which the Legislative body's mission chiefly consisted in ' sanctioning ' decisions taken by the Government so that measures deemed necessary to the welfare of the community were not unduly delayed by preliminary skirmishes on the floor of both Houses.

At the present time the French Chambers have, admittedly, not only limited rights, but rights which are inferior, and no longer superior, to those of the British Parliament. But the main question is : can the freely elected representatives of the French people still control, check, or advise, the Executive ? The answer is : Yes.

Let us suppose that a bunch of Decree-Laws is issued whilst Parliament is not in session. Either the majority of the members approve of them, or they do not. In the first case there is obviously no need for action. In the second, whether members disapprove of the new legislation at once or realise its drawbacks or dangers after some time has elapsed, what means do they possess of challenging and repealing the new laws ? Let it be remembered at once that these Decrees, although they become operative forthwith, do not become laws before Parliament has endorsed them. If, however, the Government should try unduly to prevent their revision by deliberately refraining from summoning the Chambers, members of the Lower House can, at the majority of ' 50 per cent. plus one vote,' demand from the Speaker that Parliament should be recalled. The Speaker must at once exercise his right and the Government must answer to the Assembly of whatever legislation has been issued and enacted by Decree. Therefore, whether the Government choose to pass the text themselves or are submitted to it by the Speaker's action, the Executive is still responsible before Parliament. Should Parliament disap-

pieces of their legislation the Government must either accept or withdraw it, or, as in the past, submit themselves to the famous 'Question of Confidence.' If the vote is adverse the Government must go and it becomes incumbent upon the President of the French Republic to hold the usual conferences with party leaders in order to choose a new Prime Minister.

We are therefore satisfied that if the control of Parliament over legislation and, more generally, the administration, is looser than in time of peace and the initiative left to the Executive greater, Parliament has not, however, sacrificed its essential right as a supreme jury. Yet one might still argue that one of the great advantages of a democratic régime lies in the permanent contact between a wide and versatile body of men and the Executive which represents its thoughts, as it expresses its will. One might contend that the present system annihilates parliamentary initiative, contribution and advice, in the conduct of public business. Although this would not be a check to Democracy, it might prevent a democratic country from reaping the full benefit of its diversity, wide representation and manifold talents. Curtailing parliamentary sessions, and, barring a request from the majority, limiting them to the minimum time necessary to a vote of confidence, might well have such an impoverishing effect on the working of democratic institutions. However, one important factor must not be overlooked: the existence of bodies known in France as 'Commissions.'

These Commissions have nothing in common with the British Party Committees, such as the Foreign Affairs Committee of Government supporters. They are representative of *all* parties in the French Chamber of Deputies or Senate. Their members are appointed by each and every parliamentary party in proportion to the number of members which this party has sent to the Lower or Upper House.

There are two kinds of commissions: Permanent (*Commissions Permanentes*) and Occasional (*Commissions Provisoires*). The former are permanently in existence (the chief or best-known ones being the Foreign Affairs Commission and the Finances Commission) but their members are periodically revised. The latter are appointed with the purpose of investigating a particular case or studying a specific question and their members sit on those bodies as long as the problem

concerned has not been fully elucidated and the Commission's findings have not been recorded in a report to Parliament. Any legislative text, or Government's statement of policy on points of importance, must pass the test of the Commission before it is submitted to the Chamber. The same procedure is followed when the Senate has to pass judgment on an act of policy. Although the vote of the Commissions is not invariably a forerunner of the vote in the Chamber, more often than not it influences the assembly to a great extent, as the Commissions are not only exactly representative of the geography of parties in both Houses but also consist of their most competent experts in such matters as these bodies report upon. They discuss and advise in consequence, and in most cases their counsel is heeded and leads, if need be, to reconsideration or revision of the proposals submitted to them. To show that the right of advice and discussion, and the exercise of this right, have not been destroyed by the granting of plenary powers, it is only necessary to say that the main Commissions are still in existence and that temporary Commissions may at any time be appointed on matters of moment which Parliament may, or will have to, discuss or sanction.

It must therefore be apparent that the representatives of the people have not surrendered their fundamental rights, even to a Government whose Republican allegiance its political opponents themselves do not question.

Whether one regrets or not that these rights should have been limited in number, the circumstances in which the method of legislating by Decree-Laws was introduced must not be overlooked. There had for a long time brooded what many political writers described as 'A Crisis of Executive Power' in France. History teaches us that such crises too often lead to incontrollable reactions: witness Germany, Italy and several South American States in the past. The wounds caused by years of internal strife had not yet healed. Foreign influences were at work in a country which had not entirely recovered its balance when war broke out, had lost faith in many values, and could only be united on a programme of action entirely free from other than national and practical considerations. I feel convinced (although I remain one of those who instinctively resents any limitations on the rights of individuals) that the concentration of emergency powers in

the hands of a Government whose democratic faith is beyond discussion has best served the interests of France at the present juncture. No Government is perfect: errors may have been made. But we in France lived at a time when the very name of leadership had been forgotten. If war has brought it back with, perhaps, a vengeance, we are more ready to forgive mistakes than irresponsibility, errors of detail than weakness of purpose. For we know that the people of France would not, for their part, lack the courage to call a halt if the firm hand should become the clenched fist of the despot.

Could any man who has recently toured the French lines, talked and lived with the French soldiers, fear that the spirit of France could be curbed by a dictator? There is always some ridicule attached to a tribute paid by a man to his own country. Yet I would say that no traveller from any land could fail to be struck by the present relationship between men and officers in the French Army. And that *is* a test. There is no 'class consciousness'; there is no servility. There is no humiliation in the Service, no haughtiness in the order. There is not one single trace of civil strife or political feud. There is a degree of collaboration which at the time of my military service would have seemed inconceivable. This is an army of free men, and no judge of human values who had seen them could for one moment imagine that they ever would bend to the will of a would-be master, should he resort to force or cunning. These men could never be slaves nor dupes. They are as strong a guarantee against threats to the liberties of France to-morrow as they are against the threat from outside to-day. All of them are realistic, some of them sceptical. They do not always think in terms of vast systems or rehabilitation for mankind, nor do they believe that the world will become, for their great ordeal, a lovely place to live in, for ever and ever. But, for all their somewhat caustic commonsense, there are two things which they know full well: The first one is that they would *never* have fought for this geographical entity that France is if it were not to remain a land of free men; the second is that if they had not taken up the challenge, but yielded instead to the manifold influences which threatened the moral integrity of France, nothing, not even the might of Britain, could have prevented night from falling over the Continent of Europe.

ALCESTE.

IN SLOVAKIA TO-DAY

THE appalling behaviour of the Germans in Prague and elsewhere in the 'Protectorate' of Bohemia and Moravia is very well known throughout the civilised world, although the details have not been disclosed when the Gestapo has been able to conceal them. It is certain that 124 innocent Czech students in Prague alone have been executed, but several thousand have been sent to German concentration camps, where the expectation of life is not very high, and of them their families know nothing at all.

A milder régime is supposed to prevail in Slovakia, because the Government of that province has been more obedient to Berlin. But the conditions prevailing there, the sentiments of the Slovak people and so forth have hitherto been rather concealed from the rest of the world. The Slovak Government has good reason to maintain this general ignorance.

Who are the chief members of this Government? When Czechoslovakia was in existence one of the Slovak parliamentary parties, that of Monsignor Hlinka, derived its support from the peasants, who in Slovakia are very devout, while most of its deputies were priests, since it made small appeal to other classes of the intelligentsia. At no time did the Hlinka Party possess more than one-third of the votes of the Slovaks, and this in spite of Hlinka's tremendous oratorical gifts and his unbounded energy—which caused him even to harangue the peasants in other dioceses and to urge them to disregard the ministrations of their local priests if they should happen to belong to another political party. When Slovakia broke away, under German instigation, from Bohemia and Moravia, the same procedure was followed as in Germany, and only one party, that of Hlinka, was permitted to vote. Monsignor Tiso and Professor Tuka went to Berlin, where they received instructions. Then they became respectively the President and the Prime Minister of what is called 'inde-

pendent' Slovakia. It is noteworthy that neither of them had even the confidence of Hlinka, who designated as his successor Dr. Sidor, one of his deputies. This gentleman is not a politician of the first class, for he is very irresolute and unwilling to assume responsibility. He lays great stress on his claim to be 'more popular than Tiso' (which is, after all, a somewhat modest claim), but he found no favour in the eyes of Hitler and thus he was passed over.

Dr. Jozef Tiso, the round-faced, rather expressionless cleric, is fifty-two years old and was born of a farmer's family in the district of Nitra. In due course he became a lecturer on religion at a girls' school and a secondary college. At the same time he became politically active and founded in Nitra the Society of Hungarian Catholic Youth. Throughout the Great War he wrote weekly articles, conceived in a Hungarian nationalistic spirit, in a paper called *Nyitrai Szemle*. When, at the end of the war, he returned to Nitra he became a member of the Hungarian National Council there and zealously agitated for Hungary. When this action was unsuccessful he joined the Slovak National Council and began to be wildly active on behalf of the Slovaks. In 1920 he entered Parliament, in Hlinka's group, and in the same year he was imprisoned for anti-State activities. When he became head of the autonomous Slovak Government in the Czechoslovak State he completely followed the orders of Hitler. In March, 1939, he did not dare to go to Prague, where he would certainly have been arrested.

Professor Béla Tuka was born in Slovakia in 1880, and has had a variegated career. From his youth upward he scorned everything Slovak—indeed, he was forty years of age when he started to learn the Slovak language! He was educated as a national Hungarian, and after concluding his studies in Budapest he began his career in the service of the Budapest police, afterwards becoming Professor of Legal Philosophy at the Hungarian University of Pécs, while in 1914 he was appointed to a professorship at the then Hungarian University of Bratislava. Although Bratislava and Vienna were the centres where the Slovak intelligentsia met to discuss ways and means of making use of the Great War in order to accomplish the liberation of the Slovaks, Tuka was never in contact with Slovak society. When the first

Slovak Government arrived in Bratislava in February, 1919, it was greeted by all classes of the population, excepting the staff of the Hungarian University. Their protest was embodied in a memorandum *Pro Hungaria*, directed against the liberation of Slovakia. In 1920 Dr. Tuka suddenly changed his mind, and from being a radical Hungarian nationalist, became a Slovak nationalist—no less radical. The Hungarian University was dissolved and its professors left for Budapest, but Tuka returned to Slovakia after six days. It was evident from the first that he intended to work for the disruption of the Czechoslovak State and the re-attachment of Slovakia to Hungary. Under the direction of a Franciscan, Bonaventura, he began diligently to learn the language. He joined Hlinka's Party, and in 1922 became editor of the party newspaper *Slovak*. (He wrote his articles in Hungarian and had them translated into Slovak.) In March, 1923, he went to Paris, ostensibly to attend the Eucharistic Congress, but in reality to meet the traitors to the Slovak nation, Jehlicska and Dvorcsák, who were carrying on abroad their campaign against the Czechoslovak Republic. (By the way, they called themselves the Slovak National Council and obtained support in some misguided and very obstinate quarters in Britain, although every Slovak senator and deputy, whether in the governmental parties or in those of the opposition, had explicitly disowned them.) When it became obvious that Tuka was working for foreign interests Hlinka regretted having entrusted him with such important tasks, and in 1928 the old man wrote: 'Should I have to leave political life Tuka cannot be considered as my successor, for my successor must be a perfect and genuine Slovak; with Tuka we constantly come across treacherous, Hungarophil dealings.' Tuka's activity, paid from abroad, was to reach its climax in 1928. He wrote a notorious article, 'Vacuum Juris,' in which he argued that in October of that year Slovakia would cease to be part of the Czechoslovak State, and he founded a secret military organisation entitled 'Rodobrana.' In 1929 he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for treason, but in 1937, after admitting his crime, he was amnestied by President Beneš.

The Slovak nation [his newspaper has been saying] has had ample opportunities to learn what the loving-kindness of Beneš

and his friends means. . . . The Slovak nation has definitely settled accounts with Czechoslovakia; we shall never agree to its being reconstructed, for that would mean the end of Slovak liberty.

We may ask whether this self-seeking gentleman was not thinking of his own liberty, which it is possible may again be curtailed. What is the support that he and Monsignor Tiso are finding among the Slovak population? It may be noted that Tiso's election to the presidency was secured only after many difficulties had been overcome and after long diplomatic negotiations. Opposition to the election probably came from the Vatican, where it is thought that Tiso is harmful to the Catholic cause. The papal nuncio was not among those who congratulated the new President at his installation, and the Vatican delayed its recognition for nine months. The people, who accepted the election without enthusiasm, expressed their opposition by ostentatiously acclaiming Sidor at Ruzemberok, Hlinka's home town; and at Bratislava when Tiso walked from the electoral hall to his palace he was received in a very frigid manner.

There have been a number of scandals in the Government, and now a revision is being made of the properties acquired by leading members of the régime by dubious means, so that Slovakia seems after all not to have been completely Nazified. The first to be arrested was the leader of the transport section of the Hlinka Guards (railway and postal services) for fraud involving the sum of 2,500,000 crowns. In Government circles a growing disquiet is to be observed. There is no confidence in the Reich, and there is a tendency to loosen, or attempt to loosen, the close ties with Germany, and to look for lines of contact with other countries and for persons who might negotiate with other countries. Recently, it seemed to the Nazis that the régime has become too lenient to its opponents, who stand for Czechoslovak unity. This naturally does not please the Germans, and for this reason Karmasin, the leader of the German minority, attacked the Government in Parliament and demanded stronger measures against the 'enemies of the country.'

A further danger to a healthy internal political development are the temporary or apparent advantages in the economic sphere. Slovak economic experts, and others who played an important part in Czechoslovakia, have acquired

leading positions in 'autonomous' Slovakia, since the régime has hardly any economic experts of its own. Now in their opportunism they talk of the economic successes of Slovakia, which they regard as their own successes, and emphasise the present 'enrichment' of Slovakia, its growing employment and large export trade. They are probably unaware of the doubtful value of these successes. Germany with the Protectorate owes Slovakia 800,000,000 crowns, while the Hungarian debt is 400,000,000. It seems that the Germans by this artificial 'prosperity' of Slovakia are pursuing a single aim—to deepen the gulf between Slovaks and Czechs, to show the Slovaks by practical example that they prosper better in 'autonomy' than in union with the Czechs. Moreover, the Germans ingeniously import from Slovakia through the Protectorate, so that the German debt is constantly falling, whereas the passive balance of the Protectorate is constantly rising. The intention, of course, is to incite an anti-Czech disposition in Slovakia. (But one is glad to say that German efforts to sow discord between Czechs and Slovaks are meeting with less and less success. The Slovak nation has by now realised who has betrayed them; and because they are to-day threatened even as are the Czechs, they instinctively return to the Czechoslovak cultural community. For example, Czech films are now more popular in Slovakia than ever before. This exasperates the Germans, who have obliged the Prague firms to give up the Slovak orders. To the Slovaks the Nazis have explained that the Prague Film Corporations refuse to send films to Slovakia.) As for the apparent economic prosperity of Slovakia, this has also probably a further purpose connected with foreign policy, namely, to convince for example the [illegible] that a small autonomous State can prosper under German protection. The chief harm, however, of this fictitious prosperity is that it induces many Slovaks to adopt an opportunistic line and turn away from systematic work for the revival of the Czechoslovak Republic.

Apart from this, [illegible] anxiety has been caused by [illegible] difficulties [illegible] after [illegible] The Germans have removed from [illegible] everything portable, both the Reich Government and individual Germans; for instance, soldiers, who buy all they can lay their hands on, after which they send or carry their

away to Germany. Certain articles have been withdrawn from the shops; for example, coffee, tea, shoes, textiles, soap and coal. It has been possible of late to avoid deficiencies to some extent, but the question is—for how long? The people, accustomed to the full shops of the Czechoslovak Republic, criticise these deficiencies very sharply. . . . The relation of Bohemia and Moravia to Slovakia will gravely imperil the Slovak economic system when the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia is incorporated in the German Customs orbit. It has now been agreed that there shall be a transitory régime from April 1st to September 1st, 1940. During these six months Slovakia will be able to obtain goods from the Protectorate free of customs duty, but not the other way round. Slovakia is already hard hit on account of the German depredations—metals, minerals, timber and other products. Under the new customs arrangement Slovakia will have to seek a reorientation of her economic system, and will probably turn to Hungary. . . . With regard to the soundness of the German mark, when Slovakia fell under German influence the relation of the Reichmark to the crown was fixed at ten to one. From that time the inflation of the mark has proceeded to such an extent that on the 'black exchange' the price of the mark varies between three and seven Slovak crowns; the banks are besieged by people trying to exchange the worthless German money. There is, however, no German small change in circulation in Slovakia, and a shopkeeper has to give change in Slovak crowns to any German soldier who pays with a mark. One result has been a notice in barbers' shops: 'We shave German soldiers for nothing.' The barber had no alternative. He would otherwise have paid to every German soldier whom he had the honour to shave a premium of between four and six crowns.

Opposition to the régime in Slovakia has grown, but it is probable that this has not yet sufficiently crystallised. Also in the ranks of the old Populists (Hlinka's Slovak Popular Party) there is anxiety, particularly among the Catholic priesthood, who are nervous at the development of the situation. The consciousness and daring of the 'decent' Populists, who think in terms of a more real, democratic and honest Slovakia, is increasing. This applies equally to [illegible] politicians, who never wished to divide and

destroy the Czechoslovak Republic and took no part in Tuka's anti-Czech radicalism; to the more important expert workers; to Catholic clerical circles and to Sidor's group. As for the celebrated Sokol association, the Czech national movement for physical culture, it is now known that a number of its officials have been arrested at Hodonin, the birthplace of President Masaryk, near the Moravo-Slovak frontier. They were accused of having organised the secret transportation of Czech subjects across the frontier so that they might enlist in the Czechoslovak army abroad. It seems that the flight of Czechs to foreign countries from Southern Moravia has been assuming considerable proportions. And as service in the new Czechoslovak army will embrace men from the Sudete districts, it is interesting to learn that the Germans of those parts are becoming increasingly disaffected against the Nazi rule, finding that they are being neglected or thrown aside to make room for Germans from the Reich. At the recent plebiscite in South Tirol about one-third of the Germans decided to remain in Italy, where, of course, they have been treated incomparably worse than was ever the lot of the Sudete Germans at the hands of the Czechs, a fact which the editor of Henlein's paper, *Die Zeit*, freely acknowledged to me at Liberec (Reichenberg). When a plebiscite is taken among the Sudete people, the result will be very instructive. In the meantime the Gestapo has been arresting large numbers of disillusioned Germans of Liberec and elsewhere. 'We want Beneš back again!' they have shouted. Well, that will happen in due course.

Apart from the opposition in the ranks of the Populists themselves, the Slovak Government is also faced with many opponents among the former Agrarians and Social Democrats. The opinions held by Dr. Hodza, the former Czechoslovak Prime Minister, are still authoritative for the majority of his former partisans. It is difficult to assess the measure of this opposition, the more so because it is not yet properly organised. That is true of the Slovak Agrarians and more so of the Slovak Social Democrats, their two leaders, Dr. Derer and Dr. Markovic, having been consigned to German concentration camps.

Indirect and non-political opposition is afforded by the Protestants, who almost without exception are against the

present régime. Their manifestations (at the grave of General Stefanik, one of the trio who are looked upon as Founders of the Republic, at the meeting of the evangelical youth at Banska Bystrica and at all other possible occasions) have been demonstrations against the régime and for Czechoslovakia. The new régime has welded the Protestants together, has increased their evangelical consciousness (attendance at Divine Service, for instance, has multiplied) and strengthened them in their resistance to the present state of affairs. Moreover, the Government cannot act very severely against them, for it cannot do without them. In the magistracy, in the army, to some extent in the schools and in economic life, but also in many other spheres of public life, there is no substitute for them. It is possible to say that the Slovak Protestant community as a whole is to-day in opposition, and only thoughts for the future of the people prevent them from proclaiming it more actively. It is significant that the political leaders have suppressed the semi-official paper of the Slovak Lutheran Church, *Cirkevne Listy*, which had for a long time previously been suffering at the censor's hands. However, Dr. Tiso is making efforts at present to improve the relations between the Protestants and the Government.

A further important group of opposition is that of the Communists, who have in this respect a considerable advantage over other oppositional currents. They have in the past grown accustomed and educated themselves psychologically and technically in illegal work. They probably gain the adhesion of many people not only by the radical nature of their slogans, but also by their energy. They cleverly exploit every disappointment of the people, economic deficiencies, the anti-social nature of the régime and the lapses of leading personalities, such as the building up of questionable fortunes. The new proximity of Russia has contributed to the spread of Communism in Eastern Slovakia, where it was formerly relatively weakest, and from there it is spreading to the West. But probably the reasons for the growth of this oppositional group are to be found in the realm of foreign policy and international affairs.

The strongest tendency in Slovakia with regard to foreign affairs to-day is resistance against the Germans. The more

the Slovaks come into direct contact with them, the more animosity do they feel. This has shown itself in the army and among the workers in enterprises directed by Germans (such as road-making) and has not passed without bloodshed. But even Government circles have frequently shown that they bear most unwillingly the yoke of German 'protection.' Among the people there is still greater hatred against the Hungarians, which the régime encourages. It does this partly because it is popular, but sometimes probably by command of the Germans.

Both these tendencies are shrewdly made use of by the Communists, who promise that 'Russia will take us to herself.' They spread rumours to the effect that there will be in Slovakia a plebiscite, or some other means of deciding, whether the Slovaks wish to be with Russia or Germany. If the question is put in this manner the answer is easy. The proximity of Russia after the occupation of Eastern Galicia, makes, in the imagination of the simple folk, the arrival of the Russians very plausible. The relationship to-day between Germany and Russia compels the Government to put aside its former anti-Bolshevik slogans. At the Piestany assembly of 1938 the radical Populists secured the proclamation of a manifesto announcing the union of the Populists with the 'World Anti-Bolshevist Front.' The Vienna Anti-Bolshevist Exhibition was subsequently transported to Bratislava. But all that is forgotten to-day. Even Dr. Tiso, when delivering a speech in the Slovak Parliament, spoke not long ago in a very guarded manner on Bolshevism; he advised his audience to watch the great experiment of the 'brother Russian people' without prejudices, asserting that this people is a martyr in the cause of humanity, since it is engaged in an experiment of Communist construction and economic restoration. This speech by the Monsignor was probably read with some interest at the Vatican.

The influence of the Allies on the development of opinion among the Slovak people is negligible, and the unceasing attacks of Nazi propaganda (German and Slovak) deceive or at least depress many. The majority of Slovaks would accept the restoration of common life with the Czechs, but there are many among them who are losing hope of the realisation of this aim. Such people naturally look [illegible]

ny longer, and here, of course, the Communist propaganda comes in.

The various little animosities which a year ago incited a part of the Slovaks against the Czechs have to-day, for the greater part, disappeared. Even many of the leading Populists venture to-day to speak of the Czechs with respect, and one often hears it said that 'this is not what we had imagined to ourselves,' and that they had never desired complete separation from the Czechs. The recent bloodshed in Prague increased the hatred in Slovakia against the Germans and, for instance, the High School students were only dissuaded by the special personal intervention of Mach, who is head of the Propaganda Office and Commander-in-Chief of the Hlinka Guards, from proclaiming, as they desired, their solidarity with their Czech colleagues. October 28th, the Czech National Day, was spontaneously celebrated by the Slovak people in many of their towns and villages. The return of the old times of the Czechoslovak Republic, perhaps with certain changes in the position of Slovakia, appears to-day to the majority of the Slovaks as an ideal. Not all of them are already persuaded that it can be realised. But that the present régime is untenable and temporary is the conviction of almost every Slovak.

Professor Tuka may exclaim that 'not until the resistance of the whole Slovak *nation* is broken will Slovakia cease to be an independent State.' He may also, if it pleases him, allow his newspaper, *Slovak*, to say that

> the leading politicians, generals and experts of former Czechoslovakia have gathered in Paris. . . . We have no objection to these state builders making provision for the future of the Czechs . . . Viest (one of the generals of the army now being organised in France) has declared that the Czechoslovak state exists. The advocates of this dead idea are not ashamed to stand up and tell the world an untruth. . . . For every Slovak the past twenty years are a dark chapter in the history of the Slovak nation. . . . Those who regarded us as their prey, who wish to make mock of our people, who fain would grow rich at our expense and steal our means of existence, who are trying to spread the theory of a Czechoslovak nation, will not be allowed to set foot again on Slovak soil. . . .

Is it not more probable that when the Czechoslovak army enters the lands of its fathers in triumph, when the bookshops

of Bratislava display no photograph of Hitler or Stalin, but those of President Beneš and the heads of the Allied nations, then the feet of Tiso and Tuka will be no longer on Slovak soil, but in Hungary if the Hungarians will overlook the years when they pretended to be Slovak patriots.

Fine Slovak patriots, who have betrayed the country to the Nazis. The German garrison in 'independent' Slovakia has been increased, the Germans have commanded a speeding up of an extensive scheme of road building (which, of course, is a menace to Hungary and thence to Roumania), German agents have taken up key positions in all administrative bodies and finally the Gestapo have intensified their activities. They have set up offices in all the main Slovak towns. . . . According to the latest reports the Germanisation of the staffs of the Slovak army is being carried out in a methodical manner. German colonels are nominated to all the Slovak regiments. At the Slovak-Hungarian frontier German customs officers are now in charge. It is being said in Bratislava that general mobilisation, directed by German officers, will not be long delayed—and as the strong suit of the Germans is not psychology, it may be that they will insist on making the Slovaks serve in their ranks. Presumably, when they go to the front one of Himmler's executioners will be in attendance on every two or three Slovak soldiers. And even then . . .

HENRY BAERLEIN.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since this article was written it has become known that the Fascist Hlinka Guard at their Congress at Trencianske Teplice put forward the idea of a march on Bratislava, and anyhow of making a *coup d'état* and dissolving the Parliament, the majority of whose members openly sympathise with Czechoslovakia. The general nervousness has increased since Monsignor Machacek's speech in the Paris wireless, declaring that at present the Slovak Government must be considered as the executive organ of Berlin in Slovakia. Of course this is not spoken of in the Press. The Monsignor's flight is sensational, for he is an ex-Secretary-General of the Hlinka Party. The great majority of Slovaks are becoming more and more convinced that it is indispensable to reconstruct Czechoslovakia if Slovakia is not to perish. . . . Owing to the blockade, tin and coffee are now very scarce, and the people rejoice, as they see in such difficulties the beginning of Germany's fall. The economic situation in Slovakia is such that many officials, having their salaries reduced, prefer to resign and enter private employment. So numerous have these desertions become that the authorities have issued a decree to forbid State employees leaving their posts without the consent of the Government.

LAW AND FORCE

CARL OLIVECRONA, the distinguished Swedish jurist, gives an analysis of the nature of law which, if it leans heavily to the positivist side, escapes many of the errors of Marxian relativism.[1] He does not indeed offer any comprehensive criticism of the various theories of the nature of law which have been put forward at one time or another; it may be because his thesis is a sufficient criticism of most of them. He starts by rejecting every 'metaphysical' theory which attempts to place law 'above the facts of life and the world of space and time.' Law is a human creation and the obligation to obey it must rest upon something outside itself. That it possesses a 'binding force' is simply an idea in human minds; it is, in fact, only binding in so far as it exerts effective pressure. Thus he rejects, equally, the classical natural law theories, all of which premiss a basis which is, more or less, supernatural, and the generally accepted nineteenth-century definition of law as 'the will of the State,' which rests again upon the 'metaphysical' conception of the State as a *persona ficta*. For the State is not an entity which can be conceived as existing independently of the law. It is an organisation which rests upon law and could not exist without it.

Again, the fact that the form of law is expressed as an imperative has led to the widespread and untenable view that law is a command of the State. But law, strictly speaking, is not a command at all. When the head of a State signs a Bill, of the details of which he can have but the most superficial comprehension, it is only in a purely formal sense that he can be said to be commanding anything. A command, in a proper sense, implies a personal relationship between someone who issues an order and someone who obeys it. The rules of law cannot be defined as the commands of anyone. They are

[1] *Law as Fact*. By Karl Olivecrona. (Humphrey Milford. Oxford University Press, 1939. 7s. 6d. net.)

what Professor Olivekrona calls 'independent imperatives,' imperatives which, so to speak, are left in the air, and which, like the Decalogue, are given the form and language characteristics of a command. We feel the psychological need of attributing to such statements as 'Thou shalt not steal' this quality of real judgments and we thus ascribe them to God. Similarly in the legal field, the State is put behind the rules of law in order to render more effective the inhibitions which they create to perform, or not to perform, certain actions.

Again, duties and rights are purely subjective concepts. All that exist are certain notions of duty in our minds with which the idea of an imaginary bond is connected. Nor have rights any objective reality, whether they are the so-called 'Natural Rights' or positive and legal rights. They are simply social facts with which the idea of a right is connected. What matters to the owner of an object is, in fact, not his 'right' at all, but his legal title which secures him possession as long as the laws of property are administered and he is in a position to set their machinery working. Rights and duties elude every attempt to place them among the facts of social life. Both concepts are, however, of use as a means of directing action and behaviour. For this purpose it is not necessary that they should correspond to objective realities. It is enough if a pattern of conduct be created in the mind of the citizen and that he be incited to follow it.

What, then, we call law is, essentially, organised force. To hold that force is only of secondary importance is an illusion, though, if the force of which the machinery of the law disposes be strong enough, it may be kept very much in the background. Again, a metaphysical view of the law leads to the false belief that law and force are opposites, a distinction which disappears when once it is recognised that law is nothing but a set of social facts. Law includes force and is not guaranteed, or protected, by it. It consists chiefly of rules about the use of force, as something without which no society could exist, at least under modern conditions. The equalitarian Marxist state, if it ever came into existence, would be no exception, as it would probably be more difficult to maintain an equal distribution of property than an unequal one.

'The rule of law,' or 'organised force,' thus [illegible]

sufficient influence within the bounds of the nation-state. The effect of the sanctions applied against law-breakers is, however, slight when compared to the continual indirect pressure exerted by the knowledge of their existence. The public are not, of course, told that the courts exist to determine the use of force, but rather that they 'administer justice.' Nor is the conduct of the citizen, save under a terrorist régime, consciously directed by the fear of punishment. Yet the relative absence, under normal circumstances, of the element of fear must not be held to imply that fear is without significance. The fact that we are made aware, from our earliest years, that sanctions are regularly inflicted, has a profound effect upon our attitude to the law, and our ideas of right and wrong are themselves primarily formed under its influence. The restraint which morality imposes upon taking life is not very strong, and leaders of states have seldom experienced difficulty in inducing people to kill one another in war. So with property, in so far as it can be done with impunity, men have shown little unwillingness to enrich themselves at the expense of others, and the law finds it exceedingly difficult to impose restrictions on the desire for gain. Take away force and morals change quickly enough. Transfer a man from a lawful to a lawless society, place him under conditions different from those to which the moral code under which he grew up were suitable, and he will quickly find that many actions which he was taught to abhor have become necessary, or even virtuous. The two most important determinants of law are expediency and self-interest, and between the two no clear dividing line can be drawn. Certainly the laws of no country are determined by those considerations to which we attribute a peculiar moral value, unselfishness, gratitude, and the like. The consideration which supports the death-penalty for murder is largely fear for our personal safety, while behind the property laws lies the fear of destitution, desire for material comfort or love of power.

Thus it is folly to demand that force should be abolished and our concern should be, rather, to ensure that it is used to further common ends. For this end it must be monopolized by the organization which we call the State. Marxism is right in identifying the State with organized force, but is wrong in [illegible]

supposing that the 'function of the State is to safeguard capitalist interests.' The Marxist teaches that force will not be necessary in a classless society. But how does he know this? The 'withering away' of the State is a *fata morgana*, as are all political programmes based upon the abolition of force. There is nothing to justify the foolish hope that the liquidation of an unjust class-system will solve every problem of justice.

The international field presents, however, a situation in which law is not essentially a body of rules about the use of organised force. Certainly there exists a 'law of nature' in the form of certain traditional rules, expressed in an imperative form, but less coherent than the laws of a particular state. Yet international law is not real law, for it does not include force. Its rules do indeed create inhibitions, but these are neither so powerful nor so reliable as those imposed by the fundamental rules of civil and criminal law. Thus the inhibitions which the League of Nations sought to create have not proved strong enough to prevent the use of violence, a failure which was inevitable as the principles of the League were not backed by any adequate organised force regularised and used to further common ends. The result has been that, although the occasions for its application have been numerous, there has been no single instance in which the collective system of security has been applied according to the Covenant.

Only a few observations can be added. Professor Olivekrona teaches that the morality of the citizen is mainly conditioned by the legal system under which he grows up, a system of which the essence is force, and that we are not conscious of this is due, he maintains, to the adaptability of our minds which refuse to entertain so disagreeable a reflection. Yet this is pure assertion, and if a man should be so bold as to say, 'On the contrary, I obey the law simply because my moral instinct tells me to,' there is no way of proving he is wrong. Indeed, were Professor Olivekrona right, it would follow that the only way to bring up a child is by applying force, since a knowledge of rewards and punishments will alone make him act rightly. Yet fear is only one element in the complex of a moral situation.

The central thesis of this book is, however, well deserving of attention as an attack on that idealist [illegible] which

with its romantic over-statement of human virtue and capacity, seeks to enthrone reason and morality, alike in individuals and groups, above the natural turmoil of instincts and the struggle for existence, and so to evade, or transcend, the limitations of finite humanity. It is natural that a society which has long enjoyed prosperity and security should come to suppose that the world is directed by eternal and unchanging standards and believe itself in a position to define their nature. The events of the last twenty-five years have undermined this confidence. Professor Olivekrona is quite right in insisting that force is essential to law and to any form of organised society. The problem is how to make it an integrating and not a disintegrating factor. In municipal law it is an integrating factor, at least until revolution comes. In international law it has proved, so far, a disintegrating factor. Professor Olivekrona has indicated the problem very clearly. It scarcely lies within the scope of his book to suggest a solution.

R. N. CAREW HUNT.

OUR SECULAR SAVIOURS

HUMANITY keeps asking the same questions if it does not always give the same answers. 'Sirs,' said the gaoler at Philippi, 'what must I do to be saved?' The question was never more insistently asked than at present. Matthew Arnold did not succeed in curing the Englishman of his Hebraism, and there was a good deal of it even about his own Hellenising. It is hardly surprising if the present state of the world finds those of our contemporaries who profess to answer the question particularly active and prolific. Yet, perhaps, from some points of view we should be a little astonished at it, for those who with many variations would probably be classed, and wish to class themselves, as moderns were telling us not so long ago that another war must mean the end of civilisation. Some of us have always thought there was a lack of historical perspective in a good deal of this, but if those who were so fond of repeating the assertion had really believed it we might have expected them to retire into silence. It may not be their fault that humanity has not accepted any of their various prescriptions for creating a world in which there shall be no 'wars and rumours of wars,' but it has happened and there would seem to be nothing for it but to wait for the collapse of civilisation and the return of darkness and primeval night. We find, however, that without exception those who have adopted this attitude are now as busy as ever telling us what we are to do after the war. Civilisation, it appears, can still be saved if we will federate, or form a brains trust, or do more persistently what we have been doing ever since the last war. It seems not unreasonable to suppose that the cataclysm to which we are now making a gradual approach represents the collapse of something. What is it that has collapsed? We are all familiar with the query: 'Has Christianity failed?' It has been repeated every time there has been striking evidence of the failure of

his world to such that perfection which Christianity has lways taught that it could not reach. But surely the demise f Christianity was announced a long time ago. Mr. H. G. Vells asks us who, except cranks and lunatics, reads the Book f Revelation. If anything be on trial to-day it is surely the ecular religion of modern emancipated man. It is not very consistent to tell us that the world has outgrown Christianity and at the same time that Christianity is responsible for its present plight. One finds a glimmering of a recognition of this in much that is being written, but a desire to have it both ways runs through most apologetics for modernism.

We have recently been looking at three books from representatives of contemporary non-Christian modernism. They are *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*, by Mr. H. G. Wells[1]; *The Danger of Being a Gentleman*, by Professor Harold Laski[2]; and *Dangerous Thoughts*, by Lancelot Hogben.[3]

The titles are not exhilarating—fate and danger are the *Leitmotiv*—but neither are the times. This gloom of the emancipated is, however, no new thing. 'Pourquoi sommes-nous tristes?' asked Anatole France many years ago, and he came to the disillusioned conclusion that 'le Dieu de ma vieille bible avait raison.' What have these three writers to tell us? What must we do to be saved?

Mr. Wells's book represents another substantial addition to his lengthy autobiography in several volumes, and we are not surprised to find a good deal of rumination on his own personality. Perhaps he could hardly be expected any more than the rest of humanity to see himself as others see him. 'Mine,' he writes, 'is a very direct mind; put unfavourably, it is unsubtle. I am impatient of complicating details.' We seem to remember a Mr. Wells who devoted some part of *First and Last Things* to an assault on Aristotelian logic for its directness and lack of subtlety. Some solemn higher critic of the future will certainly prove to the satisfaction of his contemporary intellectuals that the voluminous Wells literature is a blend from many different sources. But how does Mr. Wells face the question we have raised? Where does he place the responsibility for a present and a future

[1] Secker and Warburg, 7s. 6d. net.
[2] George Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.
[3] George Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d. net.

which he sees in such a very sombre aspect? That Christianity is a 'back-number' he does not contest. He places in the Victorian era 'the breaking of the barriers set to our imaginations by the myth of the Creation and the Fall.' We are not at all clear why the doctrines which he here dismisses so contemptuously should be any more limiting to the imagination than the theories—or, as Mr. Wells puts it, 'the realisation'—of development or evolution. St. Thomas Aquinas debated in the thirteenth century with an intellectual rigour far beyond the reach of Mr. Wells the philosophical possibilities of each hypothesis. If, however, imaginations were released as long ago as the days of the Good Queen why have things gone wrong? Mr. Wells's emancipation was quite complete, and he tells us that, in spite of his early teaching, he was able 'by extraordinarily good luck' to catch up 'to something like contemporary knowledge in the course of a few years.' His explanation of the troubles of the modern world is an ingenious one, but the difficulty is that many people will find it impossible to reconcile it with the facts. There is, according to Mr. Wells, a great body of modern knowledge of which the effect should be emancipating. The trouble is that we are prevented from assimilating it by certain inhibitions, to use the fashionable word, in our minds. There are a number of 'quite incontrovertible ideas' which our contemporaries cannot assimilate 'because in this reserved region their minds are already strongly occupied by idea systems that are incompatible with it.' Mr. Wells, who caught up with contemporary knowledge in a few years, has found time to acquire the science of anthropology from a few books and naïvely tells us that 'very few Christians know these facts.' Visitors to the anti-God museum in what was formerly St. Isaac's Cathedral in Leningrad will be shown by a 'Professor of Comparative Religion' a Lasalle Pendulum, suspended from the dome to prove the rotundity of the world by its deflection. 'This experiment,' he gravely explains, 'is forbidden in Christian countries.' There is some excuse for not knowing better than this in Leningrad, but there is none in London. Does Mr. Wells seriously imagine that eminent workers in the field of anthropology who are Christians, and in some cases clerics, are ignorant of any facts about the science that are known to himself? Know-

ledge of cannibal sacrifices is not the peculiar property of secularists. The statement that they have been 'refined at last into the mystery of the Mass' is not, *pace* Mr. Wells, an 'incontrovertible idea,' but just a notion, and, as some of us think, a rather silly one. Together with this conviction that only ignorance can prevent other people from drawing Mr. Wells's own conclusions from his smattering of scientific knowledge is the curious idea that it is very difficult for people of small means to read the most modern ideas and easy to read the traditional ones. A glance at the railway bookstalls would show him that anybody can obtain the speculations of Professor Freud for sixpence, and they are much more likely to come the way of contemporary youth than either the Scriptures or anything written about them. No doubt this 'advanced' literature is easier to read because the mental discipline required is considerably less. Mr. Wells can talk about a *tabula rasa*, 'prepared to learn.' Anyone who has submitted to the discipline of philosophical thought or wasted his time on theology will know that a *tabula rasa* is incapable of learning. We are not concerned with those parts of Mr. Wells's book in which he describes the British Empire in language very like that of Lord Haw Haw or with his acceptance of the Nazi version of the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Wells is presented to us as a 'master mind,' a guide to humanity in its difficulties, and it seems to us that what he has to offer us is just the old Victorian 'Free Thought' seasoned with some personal prejudices of his own. 'The man of the new world order, if ever it is attained,' he tells us, 'must learn to go right on without leaders, just as he must learn to go right on without God.' *Ni dieu ni maître* is an old story by now; it has not worn particularly well. We are tempted sometimes to suspect that Mr. Wells himself has some recognition of this. If he really believed the Christian conception of the world to be as bankrupt as he suggests, he might refer to it in less violent terms. The village atheist may be considered a little shaky in his atheism as long as he finds it necessary to be rude to the vicar. Mr. Wells's present specific is something he calls 'Ecology.' Applying himself to the age-old question: 'What is man?' He tells us: 'The species man is, as we all know, one of a great series of species which we can speak of roughly as cerebral animals.'

There is no need to speak quite so roughly. Seven centuries ago a philosopher said that man was the highest in the material order and the lowest in the spiritual. There is more food for profitable reflection in that one sentence than in the whole Wellsian corpus.

The sombre picture drawn by Mr. Wells in his concluding chapter entitled 'Decadent World' has been sufficiently quoted to be very familar. We gather that, like the panorama presented by Marley's ghost, all this does not represent what must be. It is what will be unless we adopt Mr. Wells's plan. He reminds us how after the last war he and a few other thinkers were financed by an industrial magnate to save the future. As might be expected they were soon all out of step except Mr. Wells, and the financier fell from grace. Nevertheless in all his successive phases the author of this book never loses his sense of an apostolate. He is always serious. The last charge that could with any fairness be brought against him is that of frivolity.

We feel that it is otherwise with the other two authors whom we are considering. It is probable that the public for which they cater is inclined to cast a pitying glance on 'poor old Wells.' Has he not already figured as one of the subjects in a Marxian book of *Studies in a Dying Culture?* Professor Laski can use the language of evangelicalism. He admits the necessity of being saved. 'Our civilisation,' he writes, 'is being tested by a strain as great as ever led to the destruction of past empires. . . . If we are in the end to survive, we must, above all things, bend our energies to the discovery of knowledge. There is no other road to salvation.' That is earnest enough, but here we have a passage from the same address to the London School of Economics. After the cryptic assertion that 'this school is old enough to have a tradition and young enough to have avoided dogmas,' he proceeds:

> It works in an atmosphere that is eager only that inquiry should be made, and regardless of, even if it be interested in, the conclusions of the inquiry. . . . In the years that lie ahead we shall seek additions to knowledge as worthy as we can make them of the trust that has been confided to us. We shall do that, not with the thought or hope of impressing upon our students any special doctrines or convictions but, as we desire, with the power to live their lives more fully by reason of the ferment created in them. By

in our ambition to inspire in them a silent devotion to the great subject we serve.

For obvious reasons most of us see the products of the London School of Economics in their state of ferment rather than engaged upon their silent devotion, but this passage suggests some interesting reflections. Professor Laski is particularly anxious to make the texts of political speculators available. Nobody will deny the interest and value of this, but if 'the discovery of knowledge' is to be the only 'road to salvation,' it seems to us that it will have to be a different kind of knowledge from that which Professor Laski has in mind. He complains that for lack of texts we do not know why particular thinkers thought as they did. That may be regrettable, but surely what concerns us much more is whether they thought right. We are bewildered by what seems to us the fundamentally frivolous attitude of those who cannot distinguish between the vitally important quest for truth and the interesting study of the history of speculation. In this matter the real Marxists, for all the crudity of their philosophy and the violence of their methods, seem to us to have a title to respect which is lacking in our drawing-room Bolshevists. Mr. Hogben, though he suffers from the same fundamental frivolity, seems to be rebuking Professor Laski when he tells us that a hall-mark of a leisure class-culture is 'ostentatious insistence upon sheer uselessness.' He finds that the futility of contemporary social studies in Britain is directly traceable to the dominant Platonism of the humanistic teaching of the older Universities, especially Oxford.' Mr. Hogben, as we shall see, has his own idea of what Platonism means, but the comment is a fair one as applied to those who seek salvation in knowledge and approach it with a sceptical bias. The basic fact that the mind is made to know truth as the eye is made for sight and the ear for sound is nowhere recognised in the self-stultifying speculations of the Laskis. The collection to which the essay on *The Danger of Being a Gentleman* gives its title contains lectures delivered at various dates, and in one of them we have the assertion: 'There is no one unaware that a recurrence of 1914 must mean the end of civilisation.' If this were anything but one of those easy phrases that are bandied about from time to time we might expect the author to bow to the logic of facts and refrain from publishing a

volume in which we are urged to pursue the study of political thought over several centuries.

Mr. Hogben, for all his repudiation of 'useless' thought, is one of the most flippant writers of our time. He seems to have no doubt that high spirits and an epigrammatic turn are an adequate substitute for hard thinking. That he can tell us of services in the Cornish language in the non-existent Falmouth Cathedral would not be worth mentioning if it were not indicative of a general looseness of mind which is the very antithesis of the genuinely scientific spirit. There are times when his fluency leaves us wondering what he is driving at. After telling us that agitation for the removal of religious tests in the English Universities coincided with a vigorous episcopal crusade against the evolutionary doctrine, he proceeds: 'This circumstance is chiefly responsible for the growth of a movement to check the influence of the Churches on English educational policy and public discussion of such matters as the age of the earth, the spiritual value of venereal disease, and the personal convenience of anæsthetics.' With a flippancy to which Mr. Hogben can hardly object we can think of no more appropriate comment than that of Miss Gracie Fields:

> It looks all right, old bean,
> But what the dickens does it mean?

We are again baffled when we are told: 'Although we do not confine a man to a Bishop's Palace with the use of books when he looks up a telescope and announces a new truth about the satellites of Jupiter, penalties for inquiry into forbidden topics are scarcely less discouraging than in former times. If he pries into the balance sheet of a great financial corporation and publishes the truth about it, we shall send him to hard labour without writing materials. We no longer call it heresy. Our secular theologians call it criminal libel.' All this is a wild misuse of words. It was never heresy to look through a telescope at satellites which had not been seen before nor is there anything in common between the theological conception of heresy and the legal notion of criminal libel. Certainly Mr. Hogben cannot write as rashly about balance sheets on which other people's livelihood may depend as he can about theological and

philosophical subjects, nor is he entitled to call any bright ideas which come into his head and cannot be supported in the witness-box 'the truth about it.' Anybody can throw argumentative half bricks at theologians in these days, but no theological student would be allowed without reproof to be as temperamental as Mr. Hogben. Like Mr. Wells, Mr. Hogben is concerned at the obstacles which, as he conceives it, prevent the rest of the world from seeing things as he does. His particular remedy is not 'Ecology' but 'Scientific Humanism.' The obstacle is something that he calls 'Platonism,' which he seems to regard as the besetting sin of Christian theology. If we are to have any regard to the usual meaning of words it seems necessary to point out that the dominant note of Christian theology, since the thirteenth century, has not been Platonic but Aristotelean. The traditional philosophy of the Catholic Church finds its starting point, as does modern science, in observed facts.

Freedom of thought is the professed desire of all our moderns, but we find little disposition to concede it to those who disagree with them. Mr. Wells and Mr. Hogben may not say that those who do not accept their postulates are 'heretical'—that would be mediæval—but they accuse them of being ignorant or mentally deficient. We have had occasion to notice Mr. Wells's assumption that Christians are ignorant of anthropology. Mr. Hogben amiably introduces his opinions on theology with the formula: 'Like all sensible people, I believe . . .' This does not leave much room for argument.

No study of our secular saviours would be complete without some reference to the position the Russian experiment holds in their scheme of things. The latest exploits of Comrade Stalin may well have caused some embarrassment and are sufficient to make a good many of Professor Laski's speculations on war and aggression look rather foolish. None of the three writers under review is a professed Communist. Mr. Wells is at times almost as peppery about Karl Marx as he is about the Bishops. Mr. Hogben tears to pieces the more obvious absurdities of Marxian Hegelianism. Yet it is impossible to read any of these books without a feeling that Moscow occupies very much the same place in the minds of 'progressive thinkers' as Rome does in those of a good

many non-Catholics. They reject the Papal claims but follow Rome rather than Canterbury on all points. Mr. Wells cannot forget that whatever else may be said about the Bolsheviks at least they are not Christians. Mr. Hogben has *allowed himself* to be persuaded *that Russia has* 'debunked' Capitalism and that 'a backward and illiterate people, brutalised by the Oriental ferocity of the Czarist régime, has become a great nation undertaking vast constructive projects which put capitalist enterprise to shame.' Mr. Hogben's subject, it is fair to say, is biology, not history or economics.

Professor Laski's is the most curious case in this respect. His address on 'Law and Justice in the Soviet Union' creates that feeling of embarrassment with which one might witness an infatuated swain introducing into society the object of his devotion, whose deficiencies are painfully apparent to everybody but himself. Starting from the Marxist assumption that every legal system is simply devised for the protection of the privileged classes, his contention really is that, just as in Capitalist communities a worker has small chance of a verdict, so in Russia 'it would be difficult for a counter-revolutionary to prove his innocence.' If we accepted this simplification we should still find it difficult to see why the Russian system should be supposed to be superior to the other. Professor Laski finds nothing abnormal in the fact that while a small minority of lawyers are members of the Communist Party all the professional judges should be. Nor does he seem to object to laymen correcting the trained judge on questions not only of fact but of law. Training for the law in Russia seems to be about as impressive as training for the army, and we find it difficult to believe that the results are very different.

Events are likely to make this kind of special pleading for the Soviet system less successful among our intellectual bright young people than it has been. We have indeed a suspicion that the mass of 'progressive' literature under which the bookstalls are groaning is going to be, as Mr. Hogben would say, 'debunked' in the days that lie before us. 'For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.'

Reginald J. Dingle

SERMON IN CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH IN WARTIME

Milton shines like a seal in the rain,
But Cripplegate's glass is boarded-up.
Milton shines in his meaning plain,
But inside the church the loving-cup
Is flat to the taste, and the dead men sup
On a body of Christ too easy to gain.

Lucifer lopped from the limbs of the Lord,
Samson, the blind strength agonised,
Hear the smooth priest and reach for the sword
—One in his will to wrestle with Christ,
The other for darkness exorcised—
To strike down the dead and rally the Word.

Lucifer, heat the slow air with your breath!
Samson, heave till the stone falls in!
Till the light strikes true on the truth of death,
And secular sweetness is rough with sin,
And bare bones answer the hollow within
With rattling rumour of what is beneath.

Break this poor dream of Heaven here won,
With empty November and Christmas-to-come
And Spring beyond with the false new sun
And the Son dying; and flesh the sum
Of impossible wills. Let air be dumb
For a while, and the visible Church be none.

L. Aaronson.

November, 1939.

POPE'S 'IMITATIONS OF HORACE'[1]

THE long awaited rehabilitation of Pope's reputation as a poet is now at hand. In other words, the Pope racket has started. For some years now a number of professional scholars of English literature, resentful of the demands made by serious poetry, have concentrated on the eighteenth century, and have pursued the study of the Neo-classical period, not as a stimulating welter of ideas in action, but as a pleasing resting place from the Muses' ardour. The quarrel is an ancient one. It is the conflict between Classic and Romantic, or, as some might put it more strongly, between Pope and Poetry. Dr. Johnson, at the end of his Life of Pope, very prettily begged the question :

> If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found ? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made.

Coleridge more wisely reduced the problem to fundamentals

> It has, I doubt not, occurred often to many of my auditors, as well as to myself, when the conversation has turned on literature, to hear it asked, whether we think Mr. Pope a great poet—the offence and shock given to many—the dispute warm—the disputants leave off with but a mean opinion of each other—yet never thought that the dispute was strictly preposterous, *i.e.*, began at the wrong end, and that each should have first ascertained what the other understood by the word *Poetry*.

An earlier attempt at rehabilitation was made during the less propitious Romantic period, and the poets took sides. Byron's coldness towards Keats was due to his feeling that Keats was one of the anti-Pope gang. Coleridge made the rejoinder, 'If Pope was a *Poet*, as Lord Byron swears, then Dryden, I

[1] *Alexander Pope. Imitations of Horace.* Edited by John Butt. ([illegible])

think, was a very *great* Poet.' Since then the pendulum has swung right over. Dryden has come back with Mr. T. S. Eliot as his sponsor. Pope has returned under the guardianship of Miss Edith Sitwell, and a neo-neo-classic age inaugurated.

As a symptom Pope is exceedingly important in his own day, revealing the critical and creative temperature of an age in which the counters and catchwords are 'wit,' 'native' and 'the universal,' when the cabinet of critics includes Aristotle and Horace, Boileau and Rapin, and his rehabilitation to-day is as instructive as the precedent 'come-back' of early and late Baroque in Donne and Restoration Drama. As a resting place in the moving panorama of 'taste' the supplanting of Donne by Pope as a fashion of the mind is of some significance, above all as it is reflected in this volume by the Second and Fourth Satires of Donne 'versified' by Pope. (It would have been valuable to have had for comparison the neglected Third Satire 'versified' by Parnell.) Part of the problem lies in the attitude of Pope and his age to the 'true wit' of Donne and his fellows. Pope was exercised about this, as Shakespeare was earlier exercised about the relation of 'wit' and 'will,' was worried by the 'metaphysical style' of Donne, and the aberrations of Crashaw and Cowley. 'Donne had no imagination, but as much wit, I think, as any writer can possibly have' His schoolmasterly correction of Donne's satires does not ease his mind. We see how weak his rival position is, from the early comment in a letter to Wycherley, 'True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought and a facility of expression,' to the memorable paraphrase of a platitude in Boileau,

> True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

and we see how excellent, in its own right, as a different thing entirely, is his retuning of Donne's couplets. The relation is almost exactly, in chronology and nature, that of Vanbrugh's rendering of Inigo Jones's mansion, side by side in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The poems in this volume provide perhaps the best material of any in the Pope canon for an estimate of Pope's achievement, by the test of his own standards. Everything

is imitation, variations on a theme, a new expression of what had previously been attempted, the quintessence of his own theory. The apostle of correctness and finish is here observed with two satires of Donne's before him, and for one of them with an early draft of his re-working, hitherto unprinted, discovered by Mr. Norman Ault in one of those manuscript miscellany volumes in the British Museum in which the political and satirical taste of the age is so well displayed. He is seen with certain satires and epistles of Horace as groundwork for his embellishments, and in one fortunate instance, also discovered by Mr. Ault, with the much corrected manuscript in Pope's hand of his imitation of the ninth ode of Horace's fourth book. Only one thing is needed to complete the story, the 'polished' version, never executed, of 'Samson Agonistes,' which Atterbury urged him to attempt.

The Twickenham edition proposes to replace the standard Elwin and Courthope edition of 1871–1889 in ten volumes. It is to be in six volumes. The present by the general editor devotes 400 pages to the Imitations of Horace and other satires, another is to contain the Pastoral poetry and the 'Essay on Criticism,' another 'The Rape of the Lock' with certain other poems, yet another the 'Ethic Epistles,' a fifth is to be devoted to 'The Dunciad,' and a sixth to 'Miscellaneous Poems.' The edition will be far from complete as a collection of Pope's writings, since the letters, occupying one-half of Elwin and Courthope, are excluded. Their definitive edition by Professor George Sherburn is one of the most eagerly awaited desiderata of eighteenth-century scholarship. The translations of Homer's 'Iliad' and that of the 'Odyssey' are not to be included, and must be sought in Professor Boynton's magnificent one-volume American edition which will still be indispensable, and which, incidentally, does not appear in Mr. Butt's bibliography. The prose is being finely collected and edited in another edition by Mr. Norman Ault.

Mr. Butt has many merits as an editor, and would have many more if he did not deliberately limit his activities. The task he sets himself is one of factual elucidation, and his plan of the political background is careful and helpful. His annotations are fuller and more to the point than those of any previous editor, and his illumination of Pope's humour

[illegible] allusions and parallels goes far to give us the material for an adequate study of this essential aspect of Pope's art. His biographical appendix gives many valuable, if unequal, sketches of contemporaries mentioned or alluded to in the poems, and he is the first editor to make a serious attempt to use Pope's letters to illustrate the poetry. The grave fear is that such rich annotation, as if of Holy Writ, might be regarded, with some justice, as a kind of editorial 'inflation.' Sometimes he is betrayed by his generosity to a friend or colleague, as in the borrowed note on Aphra Behn, which is sheer nonsense, or when he quotes from a school edition concerning Dryden's triplets, when he might have used the more relevant comment of Swift on the same matter:

> What they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of riming wherewith Dryden abounded and was imitated by all the bad versifyers in Charles the 2nd's reign. Dryden, though my near relation, is one I have often blamed as well as pityed. He was poor and in great hast to finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very incorrect. He likwise brought in the Alexandrine verse at the end of his triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions that above 24 years ago I banished them all by one triplet with the Alexandrian upon a very ridiculous subject. I absolutely did prevayl with Mr. Pope and Gay and Dr. Young and one or two more to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in, and I think in one or two of his last poems he hath, out of lazyness, done the same thing, though very seldom.

The edition is a work of piety, designed to remove the nasty taste of Elwin and Courthope's ungentlemanly treatment of the Hero, and there is a suspicion that evidence from Pope's enemies is not to be admitted, and that awkward comments, if not exactly suppressed, are at any rate glossed over. So valuable is the evidence obtained from Pope's own letters that one is surprised to find, in a short account of William Kent, the landscape gardener, architect and artist, 'Some letters which have survived (*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 2nd Report, p. 19) show that he was on terms of considerable intimacy with Pope at this time (1738).' The edition, according to the preface, is designed for 'the common reader.' Surely the common reader should not be expected to consult the

unwieldy early folios of the Historical Manuscripts Commission's reports, when the editor could so easily have quoted, for his instruction and delight, the two short relevant passages:

Pope is very busy; he last night came to me about 8 o'clock, in liquor, and would have more wine.

and

My service to Mr. Bethell, and tell him his friend, Pope, is the greatest glutton I know. He now talks of the many good things he can make; he told me of a soup that must be seven hours a making; he dined with Mr. Murray and Lady Betty, and was very drunk last Sunday night.

One of the greatest losses to English literary scholarship was the recent death of Dr. R. B. McKerrow, editor of *The Review of English Studies* (the only journal in this country wholly devoted to serious research in English literature), editor of the monumental edition of Nashe's prose, and editor of the new Oxford Shakespeare, which, alas, had not advanced beyond a brilliant volume of *Prolegomena*. His last task was to write, wisely and pertinently, on the presentation of literary research. This appeared after Mr. Butt's volume, but the standards there laid down are of the highest importance for the technique of editing. Three observations may not be amiss. The first is a matter of clarity. Mr. Butt refers to the vogue of Donne in Pope's day.

Jonson, the publisher, considered that there was sufficient demand for a new edition of the poems in 1719, and fifteen of them are found in *Dryden's Miscellany*, the most popular and representative anthology of the period, re-issued for the fifth time in 1727.

It is true that an edition appeared in 1719, but the rest is not clear. Are we to suppose that Dryden, who attacked Donne in 1693, included a group of Donne's poems in his anthology? Is the 'general reader' expected to know that *Dryden's Miscellany* was not an anthology at all, but a series of volumes, rather like *Georgian Poetry*, giving new poetry by contemporary authors, and that it did not become an anthology until the fourth edition in 1716, long after Dryden's death, when the contents were extended to include Milton's 'L'Allegro,' 'Il

Penseroso,' and 'Lycidas,' poetry by Ben Jonson, some traditional ballads and a translation from the Scandinavian, as well as a batch of Donne's poems, possibly as a 'try-out' anticipating the edition of 1719?

The second is a more serious matter. The preface somewhat surprisingly says:

> The readings of Pope's manuscripts have been omitted from the textual notes. . . . These readings belong to the unformed, pre-natal history of the poems. They had definitely been rejected as unsatisfactory. Our chief regret in omitting them is that we have not catered for the student of poetical origins; the common reader, we think, will be sufficiently occupied with the printed variants.

Surely, important as it is to trace the consecutive growth of a romantic poet's imagination, with a poet of a type whose task was, as Keats put it, 'to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,' an apostle of correctness, it is doubly necessary to show what was rejected and finally chosen. The matter is made worse when we are given a photograph of a 'Page from Pope's autograph MS.,' with the solemn comment:

> A textual apparatus might be devised to carry the manuscript changes, but it is doubtful whether anything could be satisfactory short of the treatment which Aldis Wright gave to the Trinity College manuscript of Milton's *Minor Poems*.

Well, why not? The model is admittedly there, scores of editors have done it without making a fuss, there *is* only one page of manuscript in question, nobody should be more competent to read Pope's handwriting than the General Editor himself, the variations are instructive, and the common reader will get something of what he has paid for. It is a regrettable decision, for there is an ethics of editing as well as a technique, and this is a matter in which an editor cannot, by a mere disclaimer, abrogate his responsibilities. The third point is perhaps trivial and unfortunate. The common reader, in the face of so much learning, may well pause before the famous line here printed:

> Yet let me 'slap' this Bug with gilded wings.

and wonder whether this is the sacred text restored, or the kind of unhappy oversight which may happen to the best of

editors. Our Universities are beginning to treat these problems seriously, and are establishing schools for editors. It is to be hoped that the General Editor will maintain discipline among his team, and justify this attempt to supply a definitive successor to Elwin and Courthope.

J. Isaacs.

SOME NOTES ON BERLIOZ'S 'BENVENUTO CELLINI'

Some months ago the French Radio Orchestra, under its conductor, D. E. Inghelbrecht, performed large excerpts from Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*. Listening, it seemed strange that a work so rich in ideas, and of such beauty, should have been, for so long, completely ignored. There is no need to claim a place for it in the customary repertoire of the world's opera-houses; but this admittedly flawed masterpiece surely deserves as much popularity as, shall we say, *Boris Godunov*, which, incidentally, it resembles in form. One is no less a masterpiece—and no more flawed—than the other.

The romantic attitudinising of Berlioz's early life—in middle age he became the most cynical and introspective of men—is in a great measure responsible for the exaggerated limelight which has been cast on the man himself, to the detriment of the proper appreciation of his creative work. Wagner was assuredly no less an egotist than Berlioz, but he was not responsible for volumes of soul-searching self-revelation in which, for example, Berlioz's physical reactions to listening to music, good and bad, are set out in almost pathological detail. So much self-indulgence, so much adoration of the ego, in fact such brazen romanticism embarrasses us to-day, but must have made good reading in the age of Chateaubriand, de Vigny and Hugo. Romain Rolland has admirably put it that Berlioz was the 'very incarnation of the romantic genius: an unbridled power, unconscious of the path it is following.' Besides, Berlioz had the gift of the pen and it is due more to the fact that he wrote so much about himself than to his activities in the musical world of his time—he was, for the greater part of his life, a leading critic and, according to all reports, certainly one of the greatest conductors the world has known—that the greatness of a very large proportion of his creative output has been obscured.

Benvenuto Cellini is a good example of the unjustified neglect of some of Berlioz's best work. Composition was begun on it in 1834, when three movements of *Harold in Italy* had already been written. One of the composer's two librettists, Auguste Barbier, tells us that it was at first planned as a *dramma serioso* in four parts and that the actual libretto, an 'opera semi-seria,' is but an episode from the first part. Even then it was considered too unwieldy for the Opéra Comique to accept; undeterred, Berlioz proceeded with the composition and was rewarded, early in 1837, by an acceptance from the Paris Opéra, although he had to await the production of two full-length operas by Niedermayer [1] and Halévy before *Benvenuto Cellini* could be given. The opera was finished in 1837 and produced in September, 1838; it had four performances before being withdrawn. As Berlioz himself has said, the failure of *Benvenuto Cellini* closed the doors of the Opéra to him for the rest of his life. Since then, apart from a few performances under Inghelbrecht at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées in 1913, the work has received no stage performance in France. Liszt wholeheartedly championed Berlioz's works in general, and *Benvenuto Cellini* in particular, and he was instrumental in bringing about the successful German production at Weimar in 1852. In the course of an interesting correspondence between Liszt and Berlioz preceding this event, important alterations were made in both the music and the libretto (which was translated into German by Peter Cornelius, composer of the *Barber of Baghdad*) under Liszt's own supervision; the opera quickly became popular in Germany and entered the repertory of no less than twenty towns. It gives us something to think about to read Liszt's opinion in 1854 that '*Benvenuto Cellini*, with the exception of the Wagner operas—*and the two should never be put into comparison with one another* (the italics are ours)—is the most important, original musical dramatic work of art that the last twenty years have to show'; Liszt was perhaps in a better position than any other man has ever been to judge the respective merits of the creative genius of Wagner and Berlioz. Following the triumph of the first Weimar production, *Benvenuto Cellini* was given in Italian at Covent Garden, but had to be withdrawn after a single performance. Berlioz,

[1] Auber, according to J. H. Elliot.

in the *Mémoires*, puts the chief blame for the failure on a cabal, but it seems likely (as Mr. W. J. Turner has pointed out in his book on the composer) that a contributory cause was the utter inability of an audience steeped in the Italian opera of the time to appreciate the strikingly original genius of Berlioz's music. The work has not been heard since in England.

The famous French writer, Alfred de Vigny, took a large part in the shaping of the libretto and, in the preface, Barbier relates how Berlioz suggested that de Vigny should write the libretto, but that pressure of work obliged him to decline it; instead, he delegated Léon de Wailly to do so and the latter took Barbier himself as collaborator. Nevertheless, de Vigny took an important part in the collaboration, and, until the very eve of the first production, the 'book' was announced as being his. Berlioz had a keener sense of the dramatic than any of his librettists and it is known that most of the improvements which were made for Weimar were due to him. It is generally held that the chief cause for the failure of *Benvenuto Cellini* to gain recognition is the feebleness of the libretto. This is where the misunderstanding has arisen. In its original form, admittedly somewhat unwieldy, certain scenes did not lend themselves particularly well to musical continuity, but, even so, the libretto as such was considerably better than the usual affair of the Paris Opéra at that time. What did cause it to fall flat was the realism of its language. The public was shocked by a style which, to us, seems refreshingly natural and sympathetically ironical; it was inconceivable for example that one of the characters, on going out, should demand his 'walking stick and hat'! Having said this much, it must be admitted that, as an opera, *Cellini* does lack a certain dramatic continuity and that the various 'tableaux' have little or no connecting links. This, however, should not detract present-day audiences, who gladly accept a makeshift stage production of the series of tableaux which is the *Damnation de Faust*. In sum, in its present form, the libretto of *Benvenuto Cellini* is no worse and the music better than that of many a work which is now in the repertoire of the world's opera houses.

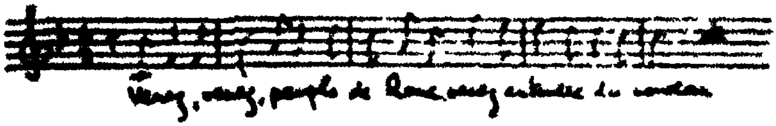
The music of *Benvenuto Cellini* presents a rather different problem; like many of Berlioz's works on a large scale it is of very irregular quality and, for this reason, would require

some cutting in order ever to become popular with the public at large. Nevertheless, it is well worth bringing to light because it contains some of the composer's best work, in which his qualities of gallic vivacity and romantic impetuosity are well displayed. Without entering into any great detail, the score of the work is so little known that it might be of interest to touch on certain of the vivid features in which it is so fertile.

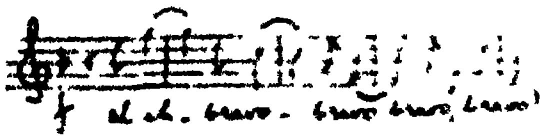
The first act is, on the whole, the least inspired of the three, boasting a perfect example of an ornate and quite uninspired *cavatina*. However, this is preceded by a 'Chorus of Maskers' (invisible) rather in the style of the soldiers' chorus from the *Damnation of Faust*, and containing some extremely effective modulations (notably towards the end, the sudden occurrence of a soft D minor chord following on an E major section on the words 'de profundis'). The well-known cor-anglais *andante* from the *Carnaval Romain* overture appears in this act, beginning on the words 'O Teresa, vous que j'aime plus que ma vie,' sung by Cellini, then taken up by Teresa and, lastly, as a duet in canon form, the two voices uniting for the descent in thirds which, in the overture, is on muted strings. As is well known, the second half of this theme appears in a much earlier work of Berlioz—the cantata *Cléopâtre* of 1829, a *Prix de Rome* attempt whose harmonic boldness scandalised the judges of the Paris Conservatoire. The pursuit by the neighbours of Cellini's rival, Fieramosca, and his subsequent ejection from Teresa's house to the accompaniment of buckets of cold water, an episode with a certain resemblance to Beckmesser's drubbing in Act II of *Meistersinger*, caused Berlioz to write a high-spirited finale to that act, terminating in a characteristic headlong *allegro* of great zest.

The early part of the second act would not suffer by cutting, as it contains much conventional music like Cellini's aria 'La gloire était ma seule idole.' The 'Chorus of Chisellers' has a typical Berliozian melodic turn but moves monotonously through several pages. With Fieramosca's lively 'Ah, qui pourrait me résister?', an amusingly pompous *aria di bravura*, the interest revives, and the remainder of this act, consisting of the carnival scene, is throughout of the first water. Repeated trombone flourishes alternate with the

pulsating woodwind figure which occurs in the last few bars of the andante of the *Carnaval Romain* overture. As in the overture, the latter leads directly into the *Saltarello* rhythm, the 'Chœur des Bateleurs' calling the people to the show:



to which the 'Chœur du Peuple Romain' replies:



The well-known themes are magnificently effective in their original choral form. The show itself—'The Pantomime of King Midas, or the Asses' Ears'—is a pungent satire on Rossinian operatic convention on which Berlioz had good reason to vent his wrath. It is mimed throughout and contains two 'numbers'—the *Arietta* of Harlequin on a Theme for cor anglais with *pizzicato* string accompaniment (used in the overture) and the *Cavatina* of Pasquarello, a gem of parody in which the tuba disports itself in an elaborately ornate *coloratura* melody. Balducci[1] recognises himself in the disguise of the player king and rushes furiously at the improvised stage. Meanwhile, profiting by this diversion, Cellini and his friend Ascanio, disguised as monks, approach Teresa to execute the planned abduction, but Fieramosca (who had overheard the plan in Act I) with his hireling, Pompeo, similarly dressed, approaches a puzzled Teresa on the other side. Confusion leads to chaos, chaos to tumult, as Fieramosca, challenged by Cellini, flees, leaving Pompeo to fight the duel. The surprise of the crowd and its excitement are conveyed musically by a breathless *crescendo* culminating in a long chord in which a typical Berliozian modulation expresses perfectly the crowd's horror and consternation when Pompeo is slain (he is in monk's garb). The act closes amidst pandemonium in the course of which Cellini makes good his escape and Fieramosca is arrested in his place—a truly French piece of comic relief. This remarkable scene

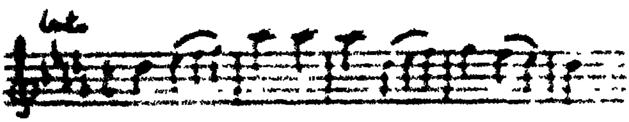
[1] Teresa's father.

is unequalled in Berlioz's works and may be ranked with the closing scene of the second act of *Meistersinger* for its sustained musical inspiration and lucidity in polyphonic writing. Here, incidentally, occurs the passage, 'Assassiner un capucin . . . un camaldule, ah, c'est infâme!', the theme of which, as Ernest Newman has pointed out in his annotations to the *Memoirs*, Berlioz was using for the third time: in the *Resurrexit* of 1825 for the so-called Saint Roch Mass, in the *Tuba Mirum* of the Requiem and here.

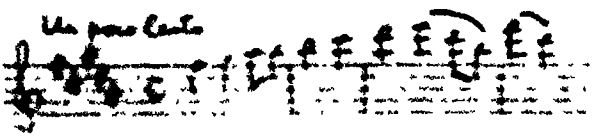
The third act opens with the chisellers retiring to Cellini's foundry the morning after the carnival. A sad and disconsolate impression is given by soft echoes of their chorus in the minor and transformed into a kind of dirge. (Compare this with the same treatment of the Trojan march towards the end of *Les Troyens à Carthage* when Aeneas has taken leave of Dido). A melancholy 'Chanson des Matelots' for chorus precedes Ascanio's entry. He tries to console Teresa in a song in six-eight, with an irresistible lilt, which would assuredly become very popular if it were at all known. There follows a characteristic example of Berlioz's power of suggesting an immediate change of mood. In a very short number of bars he has created, with complete naturalness, an entirely different atmosphere—we might almost call it quick sketching. Ascanio's song is hardly finished when a chorus of monks is heard (on reiterated notes) interspersed with Teresa's and Ascanio's prayer for Cellini's safe return; this contains some very beautiful modulations. Berlioz tells us in the *Memoirs* how, when only sixteen, he was 'unspeakably affected' by the chanting of the litanies; this peculiarity, no doubt, accounts for the frequent appearance of religious chanting in his works. As well as here, we find it in the *Sancta Maria* passage of the *Damnation* and in the funeral procession in *Romeo and Juliet*. There is great rejoicing at Cellini's safe return; he relates how he fled under cover of night when the guns of the Castello Sant' Angelo had given the signal for the *moccoli** to be extinguished. The eminent Berliozian authority, Julien Tiersot, in a series of articles in the *Ménestrel* (1904 and 1905), has drawn attention to an interesting point of comparison between Tannhäuser's *Rome narration* and Cellini's story of his escape. Both fall into a faint—Tannhäuser:

* Carnival lanterns.

'Da sank ich in Vernichtung dumpf darnieder . . . die Sinne schwanden mir. . . .' Cellini: 'Tout haletant de fatigue et d'émoi, le cœur me manque, et le sol fuit sous moi. . . .' The resemblance continues in their relation of how they came back to their senses. Tannhäuser: 'Als ich erwacht auf öden Platze lagerte die Nacht, von fern her tönten frohe Gnadenlieder. . . .' Cellini: 'Quand je repris l'usage de mes sens, les toits luisaient aux blancheurs de l'aurore, les coqs chantaient. . . .' Stranger still, however, is the coincidence of the musical phrase. In Tannhäuser's narration the long silence which follows the climax is broken by the following theme played by the flute:



In *Benvenuto*, over a typically Berliozian violin tremolo, the flute has this:



There could be no better example of the manner in which composers of opera have unconsciously made use of the same phrases to express certain sentiments. As M. Tiersot points out, the coincidence is all the more remarkable because there are extremely few similar points of contact in the works of these two great contemporaries.

Undoubtedly the remainder of the act is generally of lower musical value; the entrance of the Cardinal is accompanied by the somewhat insipid trombone theme by which he is represented in the *Cellini* overture. This same theme is heard again during the Cardinal's aria, this time with a heavy brass accompaniment, giving an impression of considerable weight and ponderousness. There is a sudden flash of inspiration in the very dramatic scene where Cellini, on being told that another shall complete the statue he has neglected, makes to destroy the mould. The Cardinal, a true Maecenas, assents to Cellini's demands that he shall be permitted to finish the work with his own hand, that he shall obtain a

the pardon and that he shall marry Teresa. But the work must be done by the same evening or Cellini will hang. The Cardinal goes into the workshop to watch Cellini get busy. Here Cellini is given a conventional tenor's song *Sur les monts*, which resembles *Nature immense* in the romantic hero's attitude of wishing he were in any other place but his present one; but Cellini's aria is not in the same class as Faust's. The last number is headed *La Fonte*; the great activity on the stage is matched by a martial theme in trombones with a bustling semiquaver accompaniment to represent the casting of the statue (we are tempted to compare this musical figure with that in the first of Siegfried's forging songs, but the resemblance is only superficial). From now on, the music is more remarkable for its energy and vitality than for its inspiration. A dramatic crisis is reached when there is not enough metal left to complete the cast; Cellini prays for inspiration and then orders his friends to follow his example and throw all his masterpieces in the foundry. At last the casting is finished; Cellini breaks the mould and the Perseus appears, incandescent. The Cardinal keeps his promise, and all exult, including Fieramosca, who now considers Cellini the finest fellow in the world.

JACQUES BORNOFF.

NOTES ON LERMONTOV

(On the 125th Anniversary of his Birth)

When we consider his life, we shall, above all, bear in mind the striking fact that he was only twenty-seven years old when he was killed in a duel. The author of the most melodious verses in Russian lyrical poetry, the only authentic follower of Pushkin, who exercised a direct influence on the composition of Leo Tolstoy, had just left adolescence behind when his work was so brutally interrupted. We deplore the premature end of Pushkin, who died before he reached his fortieth year. But what is it in comparison with the end of Lermontov? This astounding young man wrote in thirteen years (considering the fact that his *Juvenilia* embraces the years from fourteen to twenty) 400 lyrical poems, twenty-five long poems, five plays and seven novels, of which some are incontestable masterpieces. Even on a reader not particularly well acquainted with Russian letters, this cold enumeration produces the effect of a miracle. One cannot help feeling a pang at the thought that we owe *The Demon*, *Valerik*, *The Death of a Poet*, *The Masked Ball* and *Hero of Our Times* to the pen of a poet who had only known three or four years of maturity.

According to a long-standing family tradition, the Lermontovs descended from a Scottish bard, Thomas, alias the 'Rhyme-maker,' consecrated to poetry by a witch who introduced him also to the secrets of black magic. Mikhail Lermontov particularly cherished this legend, but was equally attached to another one that made him out a member of the Spanish family of the Dukes Lerma. All that history tells us is that the poet was a descendant of the Scottish knight Learmont, who was taken prisoner by the Russians at the beginning of the seventeenth century when he was fighting as a mercenary in the Polish army.

Lermontov's mother was a gentle, fragile woman who died very young when her son was only three years old. The memory he retained of her throughout his life was tender and confused.

When I was three I often heard a song which made me cry, the memory of it has vanished, but I feel that were I to hear it to-day it would have exactly the same effect on me. It was a song my mother sang. [This note is made by the poet's hand in one of his school copy-books.]

Adored by his grandmother, who took charge of him after his mother's death, he had, nevertheless, a deeply sad childhood. An undiagnosed disease tormented him for several years and left him with rickets from which he suffered all his life. He started early the habit of solitary meditations and reveries. There are more notes found in his early copy-books:

I remember a dream I had when I was eight. It made an ineradicable impression on my mind. I went for a drive one day about the same time and was overtaken by a storm. I can remember a small cloud which looked like a cloak in tatters. It moved along the sky as quick as lightning. I can see it to-day as though it was at this moment before my eyes. . . . When I was small I loved watching the moon follow the clouds who, like knights in armour, assembled around her. One might have taken them for knights, overcome with jealousy and anxiety, escorting Armida.

He brilliantly completed his studies in the preparatory school, and then in the University of Moscow, where he was in the company of Turgenev, Herzen, Bielinsky. After a quarrel with a professor incapable of appreciating the wide knowledge which the young student derived from assiduous reading at home, Lermontov suddenly left the university and entered the Officers' School of the St. Petersburg Imperial Guard. But he never deserted literary work.

With all this heavy burden of reading in him (he read in French, Russian, English, German, and begun in his childhood), he lived as much in society and in places of entertainment at St. Petersburg as in the imaginary world of Pushkin, Byron and Schiller. The first sketches of his most astonishing works belong to that period.

Here is a testimony of an intimate friend of Lermontov's:

The greater part of his works attributed to these years (1829–1833) are filled with scepticism, despair, morbidity, while in reality these sentiments were far from being expressive of his real state of mind. He had a joyful nature, was sociable, particularly happy in the society of women, was an assiduous theatre-goer, went to parties, masquerades. He never knew privation or grave trouble. His grandmother worshipped him and could refuse him nothing. He was the adored child of his family and of every group of people which he came across. From where, then, the despair and the morbidity? Was it a mask donned for purposes of attraction? Disenchantment, Byronism were in the fashion then . . .

. . . As a student he fell passionately in love with Varvara Lopukhina, a charming, intelligent and exceptionally attractive young woman, and an exalted, ardent, poetical character. I can remember well even now the caressing and luminous expression of her eyes. She was only 15 or 16 years old. We who were still mere children, loved to tease her, but she with her angelic heart never nourished any grievance. . . . Lermontov's sentiments towards her were spontaneous and at the same time deep, genuine and as far as one knows remained the same all his life. Anyway this love could in no way throw a shadow on his life . . .

He was 'Byronic,' but also knew well and deeply admired Shakespeare. Here is an entry from a letter to his aunt in 1831:

My dear Aunt, I am intervening for the defense of Shakespeare's honour. It is precisely in *Hamlet* that he is great. It is in *Hamlet* above all that he is the real Shakespeare, that immense genius penetrating powerfully into the recesses of the human heart, into the laws of destiny, the incomparable Shakespeare! Unfortunately you are reading not a translation of him, but a wicked and clumsy adaptation of the play by Ducis, who, to satisfy the sugary taste of the French, incapable of grasping the sublime and conform with their stupid regulations, has altered the movement of the tragedy by sacrificing many scenes, essential from the artistic point of view. To think that this is the stuff produced in our theatres!

In November, 1834, Lermontov, twenty years of age, was promoted cornet of the Guard Hussars. He then plunged into St. Petersburg society and, though despising it inwardly, he submitted to its charms. The development of his sentimental intrigue with Catherine Sushkov belongs to that

period. Her celebrated memoirs, although not free from vanity and exaggeration, abound in precious details about the poet and the people that surrounded him. This is, in a few words, the story that Lermontov's enemies never failed to make use of in order to tarnish his reputation. The affair started in Moscow. They were not happy. The beauty of Moscow ballrooms did not take too seriously the courting of the young student, whose passionate declarations in prose and verse failed to keep her away from the assiduousness of her other admirers. Cruel and flirtatious, she never missed an occasion to humiliate the amorous youth. In St. Petersburg the rôles were reversed. The brilliant Guards officer, confident of his social successes, found no difficulty in setting fire to the imagination of the one who had once spurned him; he used this to prevent her marriage with Varvara Lopukhina's brother and, to put an end to the intrigue, sent her an anonymous letter to the meeting-place chosen for their elopement in which he depicted himself in the most despicable colours. The next day he presented himself in person at the unfortunate young woman's house to tell her that he had never really loved her.

He was playing with great skill his part of a St. Petersburg Byron.

His real attitude towards Varvara Lopukhina was entirely different. She married towards the end of 1835. He was playing chess when the news was brought to him. His face became deadly pale and he was unable to conceal his misery. The turmoil of the social life of which he believed himself to be a slave was unable to make him forget his first love.

The years went by; the young officer continued to shine at parties. Officers' debauches, love affairs and noisy cavalcades went their course. But this did not represent the whole of his life. He went on strenuously with his literary work and buried himself in books, much to the astonishment of his companions of pleasure.

Pushkin died, killed in a duel on January 29th, 1837, by the Frenchman d'Anthès. This event came as a great shock to Lermontov, whose cult of the elder poet was ardent. The circumstances of this death, strangely similar to the one which fate was reserving for him, aroused in him a violent

[illegible]. His poem *The Death of a Poet* was the direct expression of it. Written on the very day of the event, these verses did not only reveal the intense emotion of the disciple, but also his profound attachment to the liberal ideas that animated the best representatives of his generation. Lermontov was at the time still quite unknown as a poet. Pushkin's death marks the dawn of his glory. A contemporary has left a moving description of that historical day :

> Pushkin's death awakened St. Petersburg from its apathy. . . . Crowds of pedestrians, people arriving in carriages, besieged the house of the dead man : cabs were hailed with one laconic sentence : 'To Pushkin's,' and they proceeded there without a moment's hesitation. All sections of society considered it their duty to kneel down before the body of the poet. . . . The verses composed by Lermontov the day before were spread in thousands of copies, read and learnt by heart. . . .

The 'incendiary' poem made its way to the palace of the Emperor and its author paid a heavy price for this sudden glory. He was arrested, tried by military law and sentenced to be transferred to an infantry provincial regiment. He arranged to be moved to the active army in the Caucasus, and participated in operations undertaken against revolting natives.

After a time he was reinstated in his old regiment and returned to St. Petersburg. In a letter to Maria Lopukhina, Varvara's sister, he describes this period as follows :

> For one month I was the fashion. . . . All this world which I did not spare in my epigrams showers flatteries upon me. The prettiest women beg for poems and boast of them as of trophies. There was a time when, neophyte that I was, I searched to be admitted into this society,—I failed. Now all doors are open to me not as to a beggar, but as to someone who has conquered his rights. I awaken curiosity, people bow down before me. . . . The women who only entertain celebrities ask me to come to their houses, since now I too belong to the lions. Yes, your Michael, your old friend of whom you did not even suspect the talent! I admit that all this may go to the head, but happily my natural laziness is getting the upper hand and I am beginning to find it all rather tiresome. . . .

In February, 1840, he fought a duel with the son of the French Ambassador, Monsieur de Barante, following a sentimental intrigue. He was put to arrest again, and it was during his time in the military prison that the great critic Bielinsky came to see him and was inspired with a reverence for him—'suddenly realising my own nothingness,' as he said himself. In April Lermontov was again deported to the Caucasus, where he spent all the summer of 1840 on the battle-field, giving proof of an incredible courage, as though deliberately seeking death. With a detachment of some forty desperadoes under his orders he scouted at the head of the principal column, surprising the enemy like thunder out of a blue sky, mercilessly using his bared weapon (official report of his chief).

In October, 1841, back on leave in St. Petersburg, he went straight to a dance where some members of the Imperial family were present. Such behaviour on the part of a disgraced officer was estimated as insolent, and he was given the order to leave the capital in forty-eight hours.

The poet leaves for the Caucasus haunted by the presentiment of his nearing death. Feeling seriously ill, he stopped at Piatigorsk in order to undergo a cure. Here he met an old school friend, the retired Major Martynov. Being of a limited intelligence and exaggerated susceptibility, the latter resented the teasing jocularity of the poet. On July 13th he challenged him. Two days later the duel took place at 7 p.m. on an isolated plot of land in the mountains. When the witnesses gave the order to fire, Lermontov, without moving from the spot, raised his loaded revolver. His face was calm, almost smiling. Martynov walked rapidly to the barrier, fired his shot, and killed the poet outright. The storm which broke out at the moment was followed by a shower submerging the body of the poet, which remained on the spot the whole night.

How can one convey to those who do not know our language the magic power of this poet? I give it up and leave the job to Maurice Baring. In his *Oxford Book of Russian Verse* this subtle expert in Russian letters says:

> Lermontov is a romantic poet. He chose certain themes in his youth and clung to them. His most widely known poem is *The* [illegible]

[illegible] way that might have been chosen by Byron or Moore, but Lermontov's poem is as fresh to-day as when it was written. He wrote other romantic tales in which he made experiments with his brush and colours until in *Mtsyry* (the Novice) he produced a finished picture. In this tale of a Circassian orphan Lermontov reaches the high-water mark of his descriptive powers. The pages and the lines glow like jewels. Although Lermontov was a romantic—and he felt Byron's influence more deeply than Pushkin—his treatment of romantic themes is that of a realist. Like Pushkin he is a lyric poet, and profoundly original, subjective and self-centred. His descriptions—and here Shelley's influence is said to be discernible—however magnificent, are always concrete and sharp; he can be the most unadorned, truthful and vivid of all Russian poets at times. In fact, he succeeds in writing a poem or presenting a situation without any exaggeration, emphasis, imagery or metaphor in the very language of everyday conversation, and at the same time achieving poetry of the highest, most 'inevitable' order. . . .

The best examples of Lermontov's gifts at their finest amongst his long poems are the *Song of Tsar Ivan Vasilievich the Oprichnik* (body-guardsman) and the *Merchant Kalashnikov*; and, amongst his shorter poems, *The Testament*, where a wounded officer gives his last instructions to a friend who is going home on leave, or his account of the battle of Borodino as told by a veteran. His short lyrics every Russian child used to know by heart. A prose translation of *The Testament* will give an idea of the way in which Lermontov handles a subject:

I want to be alone with you my friend, just for a moment. They say I have not long to live and you will soon be going home on leave. Well, look . . . but why? There is not a soul over there who will be greatly troubled about my fate.

And yet, if someone were to ask you, whoever it might be, tell them a bullet hit me in the chest and say that I died honourably 'for king and country,' that our doctors are fools and that I send my best love to the old country.

My father and my mother you will scarcely find alive, and to tell the truth it would be a pity to make them unhappy, but if either of them should be still living, say that I am bad at writing, that they sent us to the front and that they need not wait for me.

We had a neighbour . . . as you will remember, I and she—how long ago it is—we said goodbye. She will not ask after me.

But no matter, tell her everything, do not spare her empty [illegible],
let her have her cry, tears cost her nothing.

Everyone knows the remarkable effort of Prince Mirsky to communicate to the English reader the results of his intuitive and wise penetration into the most secret depth of Russian literature. After corroborating the judgment of Maurice Baring, he thus ends his essay, consecrated to the Demon :

> The quality that makes Lermontov so irresistibly significant to poets is what one might call the pure unrefined alcohol of romantic poetry, a quality that does not rest in words but in the personality behind them, in the heroic and tragic dream of the romantic personality which is the tragedy of the individual opposing himself to society and mankind, and seeking to overcome his tragic and unbearable solitude by union in love with another being. . . . It is this tragedy inherent in the fate of the individualistic poet that Lermontov's poetry expresses with a conviction that is all the greater because it is expressed not in the symbols of poetry but in the direct oratory of individual pride. [Preface of D. Mirsky to Shelley's translation, published by the Richards Press in 1930.]

This is what Bielinsky thought of Lermontov :

> A diabolical talent. I visited him in prison a short while ago and had the opportunity of talking to him frankly. What a deep and powerful mind! He will be, no doubt, a Russian poet on a gigantic scale! What an admirable character! I was particularly pleased to hear him say that Cooper was superior to Walter Scott, that his novels contained incomparably more truth and artistic unity. I've thought that long ago myself, but it is the first time I met someone who shares my views. He venerates Pushkin and likes best of all his *Eugen Onegin*. Pechorin is the portrait of himself, as he really is. I was glad to find in his rational cold and sharp opinions on life and men the sparks of a deep faith in the dignity of both. I told him that and he replied with a smile: 'God willing.'

Alas, it was destined that this life should gleam past like a sparkling meteor, leaving nothing but light and aroma behind, disappearing in all its beauty.

A foundation coming from the depth of a powerful nature, a titanic range, a satanic flight of imagination—insolent conflict with the skies—all this leads us to believe

that we have lost in Lermontov a poet who would have surpassed Pushkin.

Let us hear what Leo Tolstoi had to say of him :

What a pity he died so young ! What power that man had ! What deeds he could have accomplished ! *He* began all at once, like a man all-powerful. No playfulness about him, playfulness comes too easily. Every one of his words is the word of a man all-powerful. . . . Turgenev was a man of letters, so was Pushkin, Goncharov was one as well, even more so than Turgenev. Alone Lermontov and I are not men of letters. . . .

His *Borodino* is all my *War and Peace* in an embryonic state. . . .

We shall end with these lines of Tchekov :

I do not know of a better language than that of Lermontov. What I would like to do is this : take one of his stories and analyse it as one does at school, stopping at every preposition, every word. It is in this way that I should like to set to learn the art of writing.

Taman is a text-book of the highest artistic mastership.

What can we add to the testimony of such witnesses ? Only this : Lermontov is the most *Russian* of our great poets. His magic language remains as pure and inspired as it was a century ago. Pushkin oppresses us to-day with his Olympic clarity, and it is to Lermontov we turn, meditating sorrowfully on the tragic destiny of our nation.

J. PUTERMAN.

BOOK REVIEWS

Political and Strategic Interests of the United Kingdom. An Outline by a Study Group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Oxford University Press, 7*s.* 6*d.* net).

Frederick the Great, Bismarck, William II, Hitler—that is the Prussian record, for whatever were Hitler's origins he is now Prussia incarnate. It is a record of aggression and a proof of the reluctance of Europe to learn by experience. To the general level of wilful obtuseness there stands out one exception, the France of 1919 to 1939. The great unteachable has been Britain.

These reflections are forced upon the mind more strongly than ever by reading this book, drawn up for the use of the United Kingdom group which attended the British Commonwealth Relations Conference at Sydney in September, 1938, the fateful month in which Mr. Chamberlain made his greatest attempt to appease Germany. The Chatham House experts who drew up this comprehensive summary did not then know for certain what was about to happen to Czechoslovakia, Poland, Albania, the Baltic States, and to the great Powers of Europe, but as one reads their marshalling of facts one cannot help marvelling that so many statesmen should have been so blind. We are now all wise after the event; but the greatest statesmanship consists in foresight. In the last ten and twenty years there were men in Britain who saw and judged the drift of more significant things than straws, and 'told us so,' but their voices were disregarded. True, few did foretell, or could have foretold, all the perfidies and outrages of Hitler, for in very few eras has such an unscrupulous being gained autocratic control of a great European nation. But if Germany were not what she has always been ever since Prussia seized the hegemony of the German

peoples, even Hitler could not have brought about the present tragedy of Europe. Surely the trend of German policy for many years past did not require a crystal-gazer to interpret it! 'We shall never get anywhere,' said Sir John Simon at the time of the Disarmament Conference (*vide* p. 33), 'unless we try to look inside the German mind and understand Germany's feelings.' France, with memories of two invasions, saw inside the German mind clearly enough, but the British statesmen in authority, whose land had never been invaded, steadfastly shut their eyes to the obvious.

The British tendency to favour the under-dog is amiable, and in many cases (*e.g.*, the policy followed towards the two Boer republics after their annexation) it has proved wise. But to lay overmuch stress on Vergil's *parcere subjectis* may bring, and in this case has brought, calamities on others besides the benevolent conquerors. The political philosopher may ask what right has the victor to play the part of Frankenstein when others beside himself and his own subjects are liable to the ravagings of the monster.

All through the records of European diplomacy from the Armistice to the eruption of Hitler run two main objects, France's quest for security and Germany's ambition to be strong enough to make war on some neighbour. Concomitant with these was Britain's lack of sympathy for France's desire and her growing sympathy with Germany's ambition. Even the writers of this book, who are mainly impartial in presenting facts, remark on p. 250 that 'Germany . . . *not unnaturally* (my italics), refused to be bound any longer by restrictions which left them (*i.e.*, unarmed nations) militarily helpless in the presence of heavily armed neighbours.' But how many lives would have been saved and what agonies avoided if France had attacked Germany when Hitler defied the peace treaty and marched into the Rhineland! The British Government at the time would strongly have disapproved, but many pounds would have been saved by the spending of a few wise pennies.

The Royal Institute is debarred from expressing opinions, and disclaims in a note any responsibility for those (few as they are) which are expressed in this book. One very pregnant sentence should be widely taken to heart. On p. 223 the writers, after describing the British and American

attitudes towards Japan's policy in China, remark: 'the small results of parallel British and American diplomatic activity show how little can be achieved by co-operation which is not supported by the willingness and the ability to answer force with force.'

On occasions the omissions of the writers are striking, notably in the case of Italy's conquest of Abyssinia. It is not brought out well that Britain's action was dictated by the desire to uphold the principle of collective security and not by any special consideration for Abyssinia. It is stated concisely that the Hoare-Laval plan was 'unacceptable to public opinion,' but it is not explained that the indignation directed against the plan was because it proposed to reward the aggressor. Though the temporary entente between France and Italy is mentioned, no stress is laid on the lukewarm support given by France to the sanctions policy; or on how France, though always anxious for collective security against Germany, failed *consule Laval* to see that a principle must be of universal application, and so, for once short-sighted, ruined the League's first (and only) real chance of checking an aggressor.

In two cases very natural opinions expressed in this book have not been justified by events. On p. 176 Mr. St. John Philby is quoted as saying that in a European war 'the Arabs are almost bound to throw their weight into the scale in favour of Germany against Britain and France.' The opposite has happened, but those words were written before Mussolini conquered Albania and so largely swung Muslim sympathy round against the Axis. Another opinion not yet justified, and now not likely to be justified, is the respect paid here and there in the book to the alleged importance of the bomber aeroplane. On the whole, however, this book is highly conscientious and accurate, and to read it now is more than instructive. It gives a warning for the future; it is a tragic study in the might-have-been.

F. A. DE V. ROBERTSON.

A Bookseller Looks Back, by J. S. Bain (Macmillan, 15*s.* net).

Mr. Bain—James Bain the third, in the bookselling dynasty of the name—achieves a threefold retrospect. He

looks back at his own family; he looks back at his bookshop (which was his uncles' and his grandfather's before it was his); and he looks back at fashions and tastes in book-collecting to which three generations of his trade have sought to cater. Each one of these retrospects has its peculiar interest; but there is an element in this book, not directly relating to its contents yet arising from them, which to those familiar with Bain's Bookshop is especially welcome, as illuminating the highly individual character of that place of business.

Ask a Bain-addict what quality in the shop most impresses him, and you will get various answers. Sir Hugh Walpole will say that it is a bookshop where you can sit down, where you may meet famous men, and whence come (if such be your taste) fine press-books and eighteenth-century firsts and drawings by certain once famous illustrators.

A second will recall the enchanting contrast between the author of this book and his partner William de Coverley; will relive that tiny moment of excitement he always felt in passing into the shop from the street, wondering by whom he would be received. Would it be Bain himself, with his quick forward glide, his urbane distinction of manner and appearance, his clipped but genial efficiency? Or would it be de Coverley—sidelong, sardonic and melancholy—who practised to the point of genius that form of salesmanship which, by bitter denigration of what you toyed with the idea of buying, determines you to buy it?

A third, at longer range, would revert to Thomas Bain in Charles Street—a formidable and truculent phenomenon to the nervous stranger, a staunch and venerated friend and guide to those admitted to his circle. They still tell stories in bookland about Thomas Bain (and maybe about his brother James also, but he was before my time) and any one of them brings back that severe and monumental figure, who glared accusingly through his spectacles until the customer expressed some wish of which he approved or showed some glimmer of bibliophilic intelligence. One day an innocent undergraduate, passing through Charles Street, suddenly recollected that he had to read Bryce's *American Commonwealth*. He saw a second-hand bookshop, and Charing Cross Road was a walk away. The sight of Thomas Bain, huge and motionless behind his desk, was certainly a little disconcerting; the lad

stated his business with the obtuse simplicity of earnest youth. 'I want Bryce's *American Commonwealth.*' Bain brooded over him a moment. He did not move; he just looked. At last: 'I only keep the first edition, three guineas,' he said in his deep hoarse voice. The undergraduate fled.

The fourth characterisation of Bain's Bookshop shall be my own. It includes a few timid memories of Uncle Thomas, and many treasured ones of James the Third and de Coverley, overlapping to this extent numbers two and three. But it makes its own small contribution also—a hitherto unspoken question, to which Mr. Bain's book supplies the answer. For years I have been struck by the persistent presence on the shelves of this agreeable, intimate and above all *civilised* bookshop of specific classes of stock and of works by specific authors. That among moderns and almost-moderns there were always books by Hugh Walpole and Maurice Baring and T. E. Lawrence, by Gosse and Whibley and others, was easily understood. One knew these men were, and had been, intimates and habitués. But why were there always Cory and Calverley and Stephen? Why, if there was Stevenson, were other authors of the same 'collecting-period' more or less ignored? Why this fidelity to Kelmscott and Ashendene and above all to Doves? Why the fondness for Charles Keene and Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway? Why Austin Dobson or Alfred Ainger?

These and other whys are now fully and delightfully answered. Every one of the noticeable specialities of Bain's Bookshop has its roots in personal contacts between the shop and individual writers or artists. No matter how long ago So-and-So was a frequenter of Bains and a friend of the family, his work will still be paid the highest compliment a bookseller can pay—and be kept in stock. This seems to me as admirable a quality in a bookshop as it is unusual, and to find the key to it in the pages of Mr. Bain's book has given me something of the relief and satisfaction with which a jig-saw player sees the last half-dozen pieces of his puzzle drop into place. I have held Bain's Bookshop in affectionate esteem for many years; only now do I fully understand it.

This perhaps over-personal appraisement of *A Bookseller Looks Back* may suggest that the book contains little for the

general reader. On the contrary, for a book of its kind it contains a surprising deal. As has been said, Mr. Bain 'looks back' at other things besides the specialised trade at which he has spent his life; and one of his main achievements is to present a convincing and satisfying picture of a century of family life.

The Bain family has combined a long tradition of book experience with relationship or friendship with several of the best elements in book-trade history. James Bain the first—who had been head-man to Sir Richard Philipps, the publisher, who started the bookshop in 1816, who moved it to Number One Haymarket in 1828, who reigned over it there until about 1860—married Louisa Burn of the bookbinding dynasty, whose firm is now one of the largest in the country. They had three sons, of whom two—James and Thomas—came into the bookshop and succeeded their father in charge of it. As a lad Thomas had been apprenticed to the Macmillan brothers in Cambridge. There he met Robert Bowes, a nephew of the Macmillans, and his intimacy with the Macmillan-Bowes-Maclehose clan lasted all his life. It persisted under his nephew and is suitably commemorated by the imprint on that nephew's book.

James the First (and for a while James the Second) lived over the shop in the Haymarket. Then the family moved to Highgate and, later, to Broxbourne. It was a Victorian household of an ideal kind—unpretentious but comfortable, high-principled but high-spirited—and was presided over by a woman in a thousand. Louisa Bain (née Burn) began keeping a diary in 1857, when she had been married thirty-two years and was fifty-five years old. She kept that diary until 1883; and the extracts given by her grandson are perfect expressions of the sterling qualities of the age. Louisa is downright, devoted to her family but standing no nonsense, without a trace of snobbery or affectation, and alive with that tart, almost *sotto voce* humour characteristic of certain domesticated but keenly intelligent Victorian women. Her comments on daily events, on public happenings, on visitors' books and journeys; her disapprobations and anxieties; her instinctive unselfishness and unsparing eye for selfishness in others, make of her diary an exhilarating document of real period value.

Her son James also kept a sort of diary. He wrote down in a series of note-books encounters in his shop, experiences in buying, viewing or reading books, opinions on persons and things. Of these jottings also Mr. Bain gives an excellent selection; and the stories of Dickens, Forster, Wilde and others, Canon Ainger's jokes, and a hundred other miscellaneous details and anecdotes, cannot fail to interest those readers to whom a bookshop is not *per se* a magician's cave.

In the period subsequent to James the Second—that personally remembered by James the Third—the family talent for friendship with customers was as strong as ever. We see Thomas Bain in intimate talk and correspondence with Cobden Sanderson, with Thackeray's daughter Lady Ritchie, with R. L. S., with A. J. Balfour, with Henry Tedder of the Athenæum Library. Then comes the turn of James the Third, with recollections of Charles Whibley, Edmund Gosse, Sir Frederick Macmillan, T. E. Lawrence; and with warming tributes to still living men—notably to St. John Hornby, to Edward Marsh and, most bounteously of all, to Hugh Walpole.

I have seen Mr. Bain's book criticised as badly arranged and as failing to distinguish between things important and things trivial. This criticism seems to me unfair. The book is many-stranded, and a certain discontinuity is inevitable. To find fault because some of the material is, by outside standards, more marginal than the rest is to ignore the author's purpose and, therefore, the essential character of his work. *A Bookseller Looks Back* is a book about the Bains by one of them. It is a personal book; and contacts, incidents and friendships which were important to the writer and his forbears are important to their story. Only such as are willing to enjoy a Bainfull record have the right to praise or to dispraise; and to them a few shortcomings of style or structure are nothing beside the pleasure of renewing acquaintance, in the pages of his book, with the sensible, generous-minded and humorous person who for so long presided over one of London's few Bookshops of Character.

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

I

There is a sense of transition, I think, in the air this month. There is a waning, faint but noticeable, of certain optimisms; there is a tendency to examine critically what were the unquestioned axioms of the first three months of the war. As thus . . .

Axiom One. We must wait for Germany to move. Our part is a passive one, time is on our side, no more suicidal assaults. *But*—Germany doesn't move; she thinks—or she professes to think—that time is on her side too. So—should *we* do something? Maybe we shouldn't attack the Siegfried Line, but is there no other thing we could usefully do? The Finns, for instance; shouldn't we help the Finns? It is given out that there are two reasons against this—(*a*) Finland is inaccessible, and (*b*) we aren't at war with Russia. But, in regard to (*a*)—if our planes can fly over Vienna? . . . And in regard to (*b*) there are never any wars nowadays. China and Japan are not at war; there was never any war in Spain; nor in Abyssinia. Need we, then, be deterred from action which appears practically useful by a mere word that doesn't mean anything?

Axiom Two: Our blockade will bring Germany to her knees. But—Germany has been blockaded now for some months; why doesn't she begin to squeal? Would *we* squeal in such circumstances? Of course not. Why not? Because we are British. But if, *of course*, we would not because we are British, why should the Germans, *of course*, because they are Germans? Are they perhaps tougher than we thought? They have been down to cabbage and potato and shrub tea for some months now: they seem content to go on with them; and these are things of which there is likely to be no noticeable shortage. So—will the blockade, alone and merely *our* blockade, produce the effect we desire?

Axiom Three: This is a war of siege. Yes, *but*—who besieges who? If we are never able to *start* anything . . . ?

Axiom Four: Germany is bound to revolt against Hitler. But—she isn't in point of fact revolting. After six months of war, in the course of which the balance of exchanges has been very markedly against Germany, no name is heard as the avowed leader of an anti-Hitler movement. Answer: of course not—how should it be? If any such name came forward the Gestapo would cope with it immediately; all must be done subterraneously. Perhaps, perhaps; but we would like to see some evidence. There are two reasons why things are not seen: one because they are subterranean and the other because they don't exist. So—*are* the German people to any serviceable extent anti-Hitler? And *per contra*, if they are preponderatingly on Hitler's side, what is the use of repeating that we are not fighting against the German people but only against Hitler? So that *Axiom Five: We've got to get rid of Hitler*, would seem to require some scrutiny as well.

Axiom Six: The 'German people' know they can't win. But—do they? Who told them so? Certainly not Goebbels, nor Goering, nor the German Press, nor the German radio. Have even we ourselves told them so—or such of them as can hear us? Not very loudly. Do they, then, actually think that they have a chance of winning? *Have* they such a chance? No; none; but are we right in supposing that they realise as much and in debiting them with the defeatism such a realisation would engender?

These are things, I think, which people are saying and thinking everywhere throughout these islands to-day. And it is a most cheering and encouraging fact that it should be so. A couple of months ago I wrote in this Review of the easy transition in our minds from 'We will win this war' to 'We have won this war.' I think the pendulum is swinging backward—and what a useful and salutary swing that is!—from 'We haven't won this war after all' to 'Then win it we *will!*' None of us need wear mourning for the disappearance of an easy optimism; we might even hail a tempered pessimism with delight, and grasp its hand as that of an ally. No fight, great or small, was ever yet won by a combatant who took it too cheaply. One is almost inclined to think, paradoxically, that a German success of some sort in the near future would

win us the war. It would wake us up—and perhaps we need it. The rank and file of the country is not to be blamed for complacency; it has been given soothing speeches, soothing newspapers—the soothing failure of the bugaboo prophecies. If it gathered from the journals on its breakfast table that the important consideration of the moment was some rather academic 'Declaration of the Rights of Man' to be effective *after* the war, that the foremost exercise of our minds should be what to do with the peace, it would hardly be culpable. Our war aims; what we shall do *after* the war. But there is one war aim which, though paramount, is apt to appear shelved—namely, to win the thing first. So many are writing and speaking and planning and proposing as if the war were already over. Some sudden disconcerting event which would hammer home the realisation, 'By Jove, it isn't over after all!' might be no bad thing. If it could not make more certain the certainty of our winning, it could—and probably would—accelerate the approach of victory.

These ideas, I think, are in the air to-day. And alongside these modifications of standpoint there are two more personal transitions. One is the darkening of the accepted picture of Goering. (This follows to some extent from the weakening of *Axiom Five: We've got to get rid of Hitler.*) A little while ago it was customary to describe Goering in terms of a semi-affectionate contempt. 'Goering's a *human* chap; he has a drink and he likes a good dinner; and he goes home to his wife.' Human, genial Goering. 'If Hitler falls, Goering will take his place and then we'll have someone possible to deal with—none of your sexless teetotal vegetarian cranks.' Somehow or other, in the last month or two, it seems to me that Goering has lost in many eyes this—always fictitious—geniality. The answer to the question, 'If Hitler fell and Goering took his place, would we be any better off?' is given increasingly in the negative; it is becoming understood that there are fat villains who drink alcohol and shoot stags and are married and are—still villains. And so, by transition, and in refutation of *Axiom Five*, comes the thought, 'If Hitler *is* a sexless teetotal vegetarian crank, if he *is* a neurotic mountebank, if he *is* within nodding distance of lunacy, then isn't it to our advantage that he should remain in command in Germany as long as is possible? Far from wishing him out, should we

not wish him to stay in? And Goering—this fat, gross and thoroughly practical Gott-strafe-Englander—do we *really* want him instead?'

The second personal transition—in a minor personality this time—is in the case of our friend Lord Haw-Haw. A soldier in France was reported as telling one of our peripatetic Ministers the other day that he had ceased to listen in to Haw-Haw 'because he wasn't funny any more.' Well, if he isn't funny, what is he? If people have ceased to take him as a joke, are they beginning to take him seriously? His reputation as a 'comic' has gravely dwindled; but is that because he is beginning to bore or because he is beginning to score? We are a painfully fair-play-and-free-opinion people. 'That there Haw-Haw—silly ass!' 'Well, I thought there was something in what he said to-night. That bit about the ——' 'Maybe he ain't such a fool after all.' Naturally, Haw-Haw is no fool; he is a picked man armed with the best material the cleverest propaganda brains in Germany can devise. The fact that he talks nonsense is beside the point unless his hearers are shown that it *is* nonsense. Haw-Haw won't tell them so. And who else does? Perhaps he is too unimportant to be worth answering; but perhaps he isn't.

It still seems to be an open question whether this is a good time to be alive in or whether it is the reverse. I met a friend the other day who said to me, 'It may sound a strange thing to say, but I am thankful my dear wife died last year; this is no world for anyone.' And I heard of the opposite case, an old gentleman, who exclaimed enthusiastically, 'I'm *glad* to be living through this; I wouldn't have missed it!' Opinion seems to waver between these extremes. There are those who despair of the world and of its future; there are those who are wrapped up in the absorbing interest of the moment. The best plan, again, would seem to be to stick to the immediate task in hand; if we all did that, we should have very little time for Jeremiads.

Out of many, many conversations of all degrees of intelligence and fatuity, I have so far met only one man who has said to me, 'We shall lose this war.' And he, it seemed—of all curious things on earth—was afraid of the Russians.

HILTON BROWN.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

II

It has been a grim winter in our village, but as one of the old 'landmarks' remarked the other day, 'B'ain't no good grumbling: us 'ave been through times like these afore now an' what the Lord h'a mind to send we, us b'ain't going to find fault with!' 'That's one way of looking at it,' I replied. 'T'es t'only way, M'am, don't 'e make no mistake: we'm going tu see this durned war through even if us never sets eye on 'nother bit of streaky—us can get along without he!' 'Can't you and Mrs. —— get your rations?' I asked. ''es, my dear, us can get 'em but how can us *pay* for 'em at the price they be? 'Tis food for gentry and not for we, but the Lord be good and merciful and He b'ain't going to see we die o' hunger.' My informant and his wife are old age pensioners: Mr. —— had worked on one farm for over seventy years, whereas his wife, now in her eighty-eighth year, had recently fallen, fracturing her thigh, when tending her bed-ridden husband, and—having been sent for to render first-aid—insisted (despite the great pain she was in) on assuring me that 'The Lord knows what H'em done but, dear Lord, do 'e help me bear the pain!'

Knitting comforts for members of the Forces brings periodical gatherings in the village to-day, such gatherings having, to a large extent, replaced the ever-popular whist drives and socials. I attended one of these functions the other afternoon. 'Don't let's hear so much about them "poor Germans,"' remarked a middle-aged woman. 'I reckon they damned well deserve all what they gets.' 'And a damned sight more,' added her companion. 'I wouldn't go so fur as that, Mrs. ——,' remarked another member of the community. ''itler, 'es! but not them Germans, they'm the same as what us be.' 'No! that they b'ain't, Mrs. ——,'

snapped the middle-aged woman. 'Look 'ere, Mrs. ——, you'm a member of the Women's Institute, same as I be, *now then*, we votes for our President every year, don't us? S'pose us had a bitch of a woman what us didn't want as President, but when yer chance came to vote yer all voted for 'er like a flock of Farmer ——'s sheep and *yer got 'er for yer President*, time after time, *wot then?* Well! you'm the same as them Germans: they 'ad their chance same as wot us gets, and they got that b—— 'itler for their President; now then, don't yer all see wot my meanin' is?' The middle-aged woman resumed her knitting with renewed energy. 'Never looked at it that way before,' commented her companion in a subdued voice. 'No,' replied the middle-aged woman tartly, 'p'haps not, but don't let's hear no more 'bout them "poor Germans": they'm got wot they'm asked for.' 'Well, Mrs. ——, seein' as how you'm so well read maybe you'll tell we how soon this darned war's going to start and we'm going to muck old 'itler and the Germans out of it,' ventured the woman with the subdued voice. 'Might as well ask I when squire's going to put new thatch on my roof,' retorted Mrs. ——, 'so I don't need to go to bed under my grandad's old gamp: don't s'pose that's why Chamberlain's always got one along with he!'

'Do some of them toffs a power of good to put up with wot some of we puts up with, b'ain't you of the same mind, Mrs. ——?' ''es, you'm right, but we'm much to be thankful for: if us was Germans, talking as us be this afternoon, us would 'ave been in a concentration camp afore this,' came from another knitter. 'That's so, Mrs. ——, us may be poor, us may be feeling the pinch a bit from t'war, but, thank God! we does wot us likes and we says wot we likes; though us may grumble when us 'as a mind tu, so we'm a jolly sight better off than them Germans an' their oighty-toighty 'itler.' ''ear! 'ear! you'm 'it the right nail on the 'ead there, Mrs. ——, but I do say *this*, if old 'itler do get over 'ere, I'm making a 'ole in the first pond I comes across. I b'ain't going to be beholden to no 'itler *nor* 'is likes.' 'I'm with ye there, Mrs.——, and my ol' man ses the same, but not afore 'e's shot the last cartridge from 'is gun wot he keeps for them darned wild pigeons wot's eaten every bit of greenstuff us 'ad in the garden.' 'That's bad that be, Mrs. ——, wot be ye going

to do by it?' 'Same as wot us be doing over lots of things, Mrs. ——, *go without*.' 'Did I hear tell you'm taken another "vack," Mrs. ——?' came from a member who hitherto had remained a silent listener. 'Yes! bless his little heart! That's three boys I've got, Mrs. ——; I wouldn't be without 'em for worlds. Brought real sunshine into our 'ome they 'ave,' volunteered a buxom woman. 'Don't yer 'usband kick up a howdy-do over 'em?' 'Not 'e! Proud as Farmer —— were when he brought 'ome first prize for his Jersey cow two years come Michaelmas; helps me bath 'em every Saturday night and their parents be so grateful that they'm sending me postal orders for what I'm doing for their kids.' 'Don't see how you feeds 'em on wot ye gets, Mrs. ——; 'tis more than wot I can do, for the "vacks" we'm got fair eats their 'eads off.' 'Me and my 'usband never believes in going short,' replied Mrs. ——, 'and we'm serving the three kids just the same.' 'Any fool can see *you* don't go short,' replied her neighbour; 'do yer a power of good to go 'ungry, I'll be bound. Wot's yer weight now, Mrs. ——, fifteen-and-a-'arf stone, I'll warrant.' 'Sixteen and a 'arf, silly,' proudly retorted the buxom woman. 'Anybody listen-in?' asked the middle-aged woman; 'I 'adn't turned in a penny owin' to this blinking weather so I went out washing to-day and missed the one o'clock. Wot's 'appening about them poor Finns?' 'Still 'olding out, poor souls,' replied the little woman with the subdued voice. 'Now, then, Mrs. ——, you'm put us wise 'bout old 'itler and them Germans, 'oo's the 'itler wot's got them Finns in the mess they'm in?' "itler!' volunteered a fifth knitter; 'w'o else could it be but 'itler? If it's 'itler wot's made we go short of wot us wants, I reckon 'itler's to blame for bombing all them Finns —poor dears.' 'If you wants to know, Mrs. ——, it's Stalin,' replied the middle-aged woman. 'Same thing,' answered the fifth knitter without looking up from her work; 'if 'itler 'adn't shook 'ands with Stalin 'e wouldn't 'ave copied 'is monkey tricks!'

The Londoner who, seated at the table of a neighbouring café, proclaimed that 'All we wanted was peace, shake hands with Hitler and bring this war to a quick end,' was met with a storm of abuse from 'locals,' also taking shelter from the cold (including members of H.M. Forces). 'Peace be damned

and Hitler too—not till we've got him and his crowd properly beat—even if it takes us a lifetime—so take that back to your London pipe and smoke it,' was all the would-be peacemaker got in reply. A farmer's lad stopped me the other day to enquire, 'How I be going on,' and to remind me that 'twas a purty time zince he'd zeed me.' 'Well,' I said, 'you'll be staying on the land, of course?' 'No vear, M'am, I be ready to die for England: there be thouzands wot can milk an' dreeve a plough: I be goin' to vind ways and means to zerve my King and country: there b'ain't no viner land to vight fur nor to die fur. What do ye think about Chamberlain? I veels the old boy's done 'is best but 'e be *var tu old*—that's wot's wrong with 'e. 'e don't zee things zackly like we young ones do. I don't blame 'e, but thur that bastard Hitler properly took 'e in; but don't ye worry, M'am, I'll vite fur ye and zee things b'ain't zo bad az what we'm thinking they be. Tu of my brothers zailed for Australia vifteen years come March: they b'ain't scholards, nor be I, but danged if they ain't wrote I zaying they'm joined up and they'm on their way overzeas. Zo I'm working things too zo I be along with they in the Army: France zure b'ain't so big but wot I'll be zeeing they!' And, wishing my friend the best of luck, he left me saying he was off to have a drop of beer at the 'local' to 'zee if any of his old skule vriends were still to be vound, fur zitting by the virezide all the winter b'ain't no good to no one!'

A young man took the next seat to mine at a neighbouring cinema. He wore a cloth cap and the white muffler around his neck so reminiscent of the men in the long queue one still sees outside the Labour Exchange—at any rate in this part of the country. I offered him a cigarette—which he accepted, remarking that 'cigarettes are cigarettes in war-time': this after I had apologised for the less expensive brand of cigarette I am in the habit of smoking. 'We ought to be thankful that we still have cigarettes to smoke,' he continued. 'Are you out of work?' I ventured. 'Well, I'm just filling in time by doing a temporary job. I've just brought some horses up to put them on rail as they've been purchased by the Remount Department. I'm a ship's steward by profession, but the liner I was on got away from Bremerhaven just

was born in this town and this is the first time I've visited it since I ran away to sea at the age of twelve.' 'I don't suppose you're anxious to return to sea?' 'I wouldn't give up my profession for all the U boats in Germany if it comes to that. I'm waiting to hear of a new berth by every post and the sooner it comes the better I'm wondering what things are like in Bremerhaven *now*,' he added, 'the food was rotten enough when I was there at the end of August: bread I wouldn't be seen dead with and some sort of grease they called butter. Well! the Germans have brought it on themselves, but it's the kiddies I'm sorry for: poor little devils, *they* didn't ask for it.' The programme had come to an end. 'Good luck,' I said, 'and thanks for what you and all your mates are doing for us: I don't envy you.' 'Don't you worry, Madam; after all it's a grand life and if I'm to be one of the unlucky ones . . . well, thank God, there's always another one ready to take my place: we've got to see this job through even if I'm blown sky high in the attempt.'

'Well! if this weather ain't just as much of a joke as this blinking war's been up to date,' remarked a transport driver from 'up-along' in my presence the other day: 'one step f'ward and two backwards, I call it. Why doesn't our ruddy Government order a damned good air raid on Germany? Sinking all our ships like they blinking Germans are doing—and what about them neutrals, why don't they kick up hell's delight instead of taking it as a matter of course? Darned fools and no mistake. Then there's Finland—what's the good of sending a few bits and pieces in the shape of war material? Why doesn't our Government declare war on Russia and have done with it? There you are! if we hadn't been such sloppy fools and allowed Franco to get away with it I reckon there wouldn't have been no war. Coo! too many high-up blokes what wants peace, I figure it out. Peace be damned: there's time to talk about that when we've got Hitler and Co. on the run. D'you think I'm going to face a concentration camp just because all the Lord Haw-Haws in our Government don't want to offend old Ribbentrop? S'truth, I wish they'd give *me* a job in the Cabinet, I'd soon show 'em what for!'

ELIZABETH DASHWOOD.

WORLD OPINION

A Press Summary

Russia

A new feature in *Izvestia* is short reports, or rather stories of acts of valour of individual officers and soldiers of the Red Army in the war against Finland. Simultaneously, lengthy columns are filled with names of officers and privates who distinguished themselves in the 'fight against the Finnish white gangs,' for that is how the war against Finland is designated. The communiqués of the staff of the Leningrad military district are, as hitherto, laconic and monotonous. But the long lists of distinctions awarded prove that it is no longer possible to keep the peoples of the Soviet Union in the dark with regard to the Finnish war.

For the first time since the actual start of hostilities *Izvestia* devotes an editorial to the war: 'Who can equal it [the Red Army] in the great enthusiasm, containing intense hatred towards the enemy and the all-embracing love for the fatherland as well as warm and active feeling of brotherhood for the working masses of the people who implore for help. . . . Mercenary scribblers try . . . to assert that even though the technique of the Red Army may be good, the men, the cadres are not. . . . The valorous fighters of the land of Socialism, despite frost and cold, natural and artificial obstacles fight the cunning and malicious enemy, fulfil their sacred and honourable task. . . . With the name of Stalin on their lips they go into battle and smash the hornet's nest of the Finnish white guard' (January 16th, 1940).

In the January issues there are a few feuilletons on foreign policy, but, as usual, without a single word on the policy of the Soviet Union. They are mere propaganda reports on the foreign policy of other Powers. The foreign policy of France remains, as it has been for some time, out of range.

These articles are assigned to Britain. The tendency tells in the very titles: 'W. Churchill' (January 26th), 'British "Civilisers" in India' (January 27th), 'British-Japanese Friction' (January 30th). The concluding sentence of the article on Mr. Churchill runs: 'Notwithstanding, it is undeniable that the England of Churchill and those who stand behind him, endeavouring, as in 1914, to draw more and more countries into the war against Germany, to put those countries at her own disposal, availing herself of the forces and resources of those countries, thus imposing upon them a blood tribute to the welfare of Great Britain.'

To show the tendency of the article on 'British-Japanese Friction' it is sufficient to quote the following: 'Every close observer of Britain's military measures in recent years is compelled to state that these measures have been directed substantially precisely against Japan. . . . The fact that the second imperialist war begun by the Anglo-French block against Germany, holds the main fighting forces of the British Navy on the European arena, prevents at present the British strategic plans in the Pacific from being carried out. . . . British warships, under pretext of the anti-German blockade, ride about seas very distant from the present war theatre, stopping neutral ships. . . . Such actions cannot be considered other than a well-planned exploration of the naval war theatre of the conflicts to come which are systematically being prepared by the warmongers.'

The purpose of the article just quoted is to give an exaggerated dark picture of the relations between Britain and Japan, and—above all—to bring out clearly England's responsibility for the complication of the relations in the Far East. Another article, 'Japan's Economic Difficulties' (January 29th), gives an extremely pessimistic picture of the economic position of the Japanese. In general, events in the Far East have not been treated in a spirit of friendship towards Japan. Every issue prints a column of communiqués from the Chinese General Staff. The policy of Wang Ching-wei, which is boiling down to the formation of a pro-Japanese Chinese puppet Government, is systematically described as the betrayal of the interests of the Chinese people.

In an article on 'Naval Strategy of the U.S.A.' we read: 'The basis of the foreign policy and of the strategy of the

U.S.A. is—to make use of the war between its imperialist rivals in order to strengthen its own hegemony in the two American continents. The U.S.A. strives not only to squeeze out Germany from the markets of Latin America, but also to push Britain off her old positions there. At the same time the U.S.A. endeavours to solidify its strategic control in the Western Atlantic and in the Eastern Pacific' (January 12th).

Attention is drawn to the policy of the Vatican. A special article on the subject says: 'Vatican, that living corps, that product of the Dark Ages of Europe, shows new signs of life, as if it got a new lease of life from the blood of the war victims. . . . The Vatican, probably under the direct influence of Cardinal Pacelli, assumed a negative attitude towards racial legislation in Italy. This is not to be attributed to any humanitarian tendency on the part of the Vatican, but was merely an expression of its dissatisfaction with the German-Italian alliance. To Britain, doing its best to separate Germany from Italy, this attitude of the Vatican seemed highly desirable. At the papal election in February, 1939, the Anglo-French *bloc* lent its open and energetic support to Pacelli, whilst prominent persons of the ruling party of Italy, like Farinacci, were strongly opposed to Pacelli. . . . The German Press strongly urged the cardinals to abstain from electing a politician pope. . . Behind the Vatican are the reactionary forces of Britain and France. . . . The alliance with the Vatican is highly characteristic of those British and French circles that want to masquerade as "democracy." All that was lacking in the small but congenial band of Blum, Jouhaux, Citrine and Greenwood was the Papal Nuncius. The Jesuits' cloak fits these gentlemen perfectly' (January 22nd).

Germany

The period under survey coincided with the seventh anniversary of the Third Reich: January 30th, 1940. Nazi Germany is not only a country at war. The outbreak of war has driven the 'permanent revolution' of Nazism several steps further. It was, in fact, the beginning of a new chapter in German history. Nazi Germany's new alliance with Soviet Russia, the need for even greater centralisation and

state control, and—equally important—the Nazi leaders' constant fear of internal opposition may explain the torrent of 'German Socialist' propaganda which is gaining in strength and volume every day.

So far the outside world has taken little notice of this new development. More or less casual observations are not enough to gauge the full force of this new trend. Yet much may depend in the immediate future on the Nazis' failure or success to bolster up their so-called 'inner front' (consisting, in its majority, of a lethargic, tired, ill-informed and incredulous people) In the attempt to give a more comprehensive picture of Germany at war this month's survey has been devoted to extracts from the German Press only.

Danziger Vorposten (January 21st) contains a leading article on 'Russia's Position in Europe.' The arguments, used to explain the new alliance of Naziism and Bolshevism, represent the official attitude which was adopted by all German newspapers. The main passage reads: 'There have been rather profitless discussions whether or not post-war Russia was to be regarded as a state belonging to Europe in any sense. For us Germans this question has once and for all been decided during the summer of last year: Owing to her geographical position Russia, as a state with pronounced national interests, has her roots in Europe as well as in Asia. In so far as her European interests are concerned Russia's relationship with Germany has been clearly defined. They do not concern German *Lebensraum* and prestige in Europe where they might conceivably clash. The spheres of influence have been demarcated. The danger of infection through an ideology foreign to National Socialism does not exist thanks to the national unity of our people. It is a mutual understanding of the two countries that neither has any interest whatsoever in the internal conditions and political structure of the other. . . . Why, one might ask, this extreme sobriety with regard to the ideological differences of two systems of government after the bitter struggle of so many years? Because both Germany and Russia recognised that a third Power, that is England and her allies, was gaining by the continued struggle.'

Westfälische Landeszeitung (January 18th) contains a leading article which discusses the problem when and where 'the real war' will begin. Its headline reads: 'When Is It Going

To Start . . . ?' It says: 'National Socialism follows its own laws. Our Jewish critics and beer-hall grumblers used to complain in the years 1925–1933 that things were not moving quick enough. Every year they prophesied that the National Socialist party would collapse. And yet this party came into power. The same Jewish-capitalist critics who had ruined Germany before suddenly discovered after 1933 that the new reconstruction of the Reich was too slow. Hitler would fail, they said, and even the hotheads and the "one-hundred-and-fifty-percenters" in our own ranks often became impatient, when this or that point of the Party Programme was not fulfilled with sufficient rapidity. But the gigantic socialist structure of Greater Germany was erected in seven years! When National Socialism was compelled to lead its first campaign against Poland we heard mocking voices from London and Paris 48 hours later, saying that this was no *Blitzkrieg* at all. Some of our beer philistines got terribly worried when Warsaw did not fall on the tenth day of war. But the Polish campaign soon became a *Blitzkrieg* and Warsaw fell on the thirtieth day. . . . If critics and all the little home strategists keep on asking now "When is it going to start?" and "Will it ever start?"—we can only reply: look at the history of National Socialism. The final victory is as certain as the party's victory in 1933 was already a certainty in 1923. . . . One thing is absolutely certain for us Germans: neither oil nor iron ore will decide the war, but enthusiasm, determination, the idea (*die Idee*) and leadership. If, how and when it is going to start—we don't know. Nor do we ask. We only know that 80 million Germans trust the Leader.'

National Zeitung (Essen) (January 28th), Göring's own paper, and one of the most important newspapers in Germany, contains an article entitled: 'What the First War-Winter Teaches Us.' It reads: 'Socialist economy is in every respect different and opposed to capitalist economy. If it were not so, the plutocracies Britain and France would not have launched this war. The plutocracy of Britain and France hates the socialist Germany because the peoples of France and England might one day discover that not all is well in their own country. . . . That would be the end of exploitation. If the Greater German Reich of Adolf Hitler were a capitalist state, then there would be no danger for the Anglo-French

Jew-controlled state of exploiters. . . . After 1933 we began to build a socialist Reich, especially a socialist economic system which had so long been a bulwark of Capitalism and therefore retained capitalist views and methods for some time. . . . We must never lose sight of the fundamental contradiction between Capitalism and Socialism in so far as the economic structure is concerned; that is particularly necessary in time of war when men are inclined to think more and more deeply than in normal times.'

Völkischer Beobachter (January 30th) contains a special middle-page article by its second editor Wilhelm Weiss. The article bears the headline: 'The War Against Hitlerism.' It says: 'The war which has been forced upon the National Socialist is a new and typical proof that those who live in the past are incapable to recognise in time great historical movements. The 30th of January, 1940, stands under the shadows of war which the Western Powers are leading with the slogan "Down with Hitlerism." And that seven years after this Hitlerism became a State power. One might ask whether this Hitlerism of 1940 is something different from that of 1933. For a National Socialist such a question cannot arise. . . . Chamberlain's and Churchill's war against Hitlerism makes the impression of belated theatrical thunder. It is not our fault if the aged gentlemen at the Thames recognised only to-day the fundamental difference between the system of national socialist leadership of the nation and capitalist class dictatorship. The nation of workers, peasants and soldiers is no empty phrase in Germany, but political reality. The "nice people" might have recognised in 1933 that our struggle against the plutocracy of bank and stock exchange jobbers was not just a phrase that need not be taken seriously. If they had only taken the little trouble of getting down to a real study of our movement. . . .'

[It will be noted that in this article Germany is described as 'the national socialist Reich' and as 'nation of workers, peasants and soldiers.' The latter might have been taken from any communist pamphlet of the nineteen-twenties. In subsequent passages Germany is described as the 'Socialist People's Reich of German Workers and Soldiers,' or simply as 'People's State.' The formerly popular expression 'Third Reich' is no longer used by the German press and has evidently been banned.—The Ed.]

Der Angriff (January 31st) has on its front page one of Dr. Ley's articles preaching the gospel of 'socialist people's war against British capitalism' to the German workman. The article is incredibly crude and written in appalling German—even by the standards of Nazi journalism. One passage reads as follows: 'In the old bourgeois Germany there were people who said that the German workers were selfish, that their demands were nothing but an expression of unlimited egotism. That was short-sighted, stupid and false and characteristic of the narrow-mindedness of our philistines. By his social demands the German worker showed that he was one of the most valuable members of the national family; it proved that a natural courage to live and a natural will to live were still alive in the German worker. . . . Now we are in the midst of a tremendous struggle for the destiny of our German people. This war must, shall and will create the material and spiritual conditions necessary in order to allow the German people to live for many centuries to come under such circumstances of life as its race and blood require. More bread, more clothes, better housing, more Kultur and more beauty. That is what our race needs—or it will die. German worker, that is your Socialist Programme!'

National Zeitung (Essen) (February 2nd) has a leading article entitled 'Socialist Struggle,' which says: 'The historical importance of this war is this: the clash of the age of stock exchanges with the awakening forces of the twentieth century. The world of Capitalism—emasculated in mind and body—is making a last and desperate effort to hold down the rising peoples and nations. It is fighting to maintain an outmoded and unjust distribution of the goods of the world; it is fighting to protect the system of effortless gain through exploitation of other nations. This morally depraved world of the Western democracies uses the slogan of freedom while it supremely disregards the rights of the weak neutrals who have nothing to do with this war. Not only Germans call that sort of thing brute force, but other nations, too, have no doubt that there can be no freedom without right. That is why the propaganda of our enemies—who are only interested in propaganda and not in truth—is doomed to fail. . . .'

Frankfurter Zeitung (February 5th). The praise of Nazi 'Socialism' is by no means confined to the Nazi Party press.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* follows in Dr. Ley's footsteps, although it is spoiling half the effect by a somewhat academic tone and scrupulous consideration of German grammar. It may be a source of mild amusement that the article from which the following passage was taken bears neither the initials nor the sign of the writer—an absolutely unheard-of breach of a *Frankfurter Zeitung* tradition. The article says: 'He who has done nothing to further the cause of justice should not go out to fight in the name of justice. Indeed, what justification has England to pose as fighter for a better world order? Social distinctions have always been pronounced in England, reforms were slow in coming, and, as a rule, followed German examples, although the industrialisation of England preceded that of Germany by half a century. Germany has a claim to be called a pace-maker in all matters concerning social welfare. It has, in this respect, an old tradition beginning with the land-reforms of Frederic the Great and Maria Theresia, continuing with the social legislation for the protection of the working class in the nineteenth century and the system of social insurance introduced by Bismarck. This tradition finds its continuation in our present system, guaranteed employment, a new order of labour and countless other measures in the same direction. . . .'

Westfälische Landeszeitung (February 7th) contains, in prominent place, an article which is typical of all recent press references to Soviet Russia. The headline reads: 'Greatest Echo of the Führer's Speech in Moscow.' Sub-heading: 'Never has the Press devoted so much space to a foreign Statesman.' The passage reads: 'The Führer's speech on the occasion of the anniversary of his coming to power was reprinted in the Moscow Press at great length. Never before have Soviet newspapers devoted so many columns to the speech of a foreign Statesman. Those passages of the Führer's speech which dealt with the policy of Great Britain since the World War and which unmasked the real war aims of England and France were specially emphasised. One has the impression that the Russian Press is most anxious to instruct the Russian public about the causes and motives of Germany's life-struggle. The Führer's sarcastic remarks about Chamberlain and Churchill are also emphasised. These remarks are wholeheartedly supported

in Moscow. All references to the German-Russian relationship are printed in full.'

[While articles of this kind are as frequent now as anti-Bolshevist abuse used to be twelve months ago, all news about the war in Finland (or what little there is) is published in remote back-page corners.]

Frankfurter Zeitung (February 7th) contains an interesting leading article summing up Germany's views on the diplomatic problems of the day. Articles like these are comparatively rare. Under the headline: 'At the Diplomatic Front' the '*F.Z.*' writes: 'While the Western Powers must realise that their hopes of successes of military and economic warfare are becoming remote they are beginning to increase their efforts all along the diplomatic front. There are two main weapons at their disposal: foreign policy and propaganda. Both weapons must carefully be kept in harmony with one another. The enemies of Germany wish to act in two directions: to create among the German people a disunity which will lead to defeat and to embrace all those States which they regard as welcome allies and helpers. We need not talk about the first point: Germany will not commit suicide. But what about the foreign political and propagandist successes of our enemies in other fields? We are greatly indebted to the statesmen of our opponents—they made terrible blunders. The Western Powers have done themselves great harm by their frantic efforts to gain the Soviet Union as an ally against Germany, and, at the same time, cursing us for concluding a Non-Aggression Pact and economic agreements with Russia. That should have brought us nothing but praise in normal times. Even if we had invited the Russians to fight with us—which we did not—we would only have done what our enemies tried to do. But we do not require the help of arms—our great strength is our independence. We do not lack soldiers, guns or aeroplanes; but we do want Russian supplies. And that makes the British furious. . . . With the Italians England has been most unfortunate. It was not only a terrible misunderstanding, but, indeed, a bad tactical mistake of the British to read into certain Italian remarks about the Soviet Union and about Bolshevist policy of expansion that Italy's attitude towards Germany had changed. Certainly, Fascism grew in the struggle against Bolshevism

tendencies. Certainly, Fascism opposes everything that is Bolshevist, just as it opposes everything that is democratic and that one may call bourgeoisie. . . . But it is a terrible miscalculation on the part of the French and British if they imagine that this apparent agreement on one particular point (*Teilproblem*) might become the basis for a common policy between Italy and the Western Powers, or even of a policy which could be directed against Germany.'

Frankfurter Zeitung (February 8th) contains a long article which has a special interest for the readers of the *Nineteenth Century and After*. It quotes extensively from an article by the Editor of this Journal. Under the headline: 'For a War of Destruction' the '*F.Z.*' writes: 'The idea that Britain could win this war by sitting still is rapidly losing ground. In addition, the effectiveness of the blockade is being doubted more and more and it is merely one step from there to the surrender of the theory of pure defensive with which most Englishmen went into this war. . . . These problems are discussed in a characteristic fashion in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, a journal which already in January pleaded for a more energetic strategy. . . . The author of this article wishes for a clear defeat of Germany. He does not want a negotiated peace: "Peace conditions must be dictated," he says quite openly, "and they must be conditions which will break Germany's military power for ever." . . . Here it is clearly expressed who really wants and has an interest in the extension of the war.'

Westfälische Landeszeitung (February 9th) deals with another important item of the Nazi press: Germany's relation with, and attitude towards, the neutral States, and in particular the official justification for Germany's unrestricted warfare against neutral shipping. This article may again be regarded as a fair example of a hundred similar ones in other German newspapers. Having stated that Germany's losses at sea do not exceed 236,957 tons, while the German Navy claims to have sunk 1,500,000 tons, the article continues: 'After this German balance at the end of the first phase of the war British propaganda will find it difficult to impress the neutral Press with "Germany's enormous losses" or with that worn-out phrase of "British domination of the seas." Of course they will try to discredit the German figures by saying

that some of the 409 ships sunk by the German fleet were neutral ships. We do not deny that. But they were neutral ships which sailed right into the fighting zone because they wanted to make money (*um ein Geschäft zu machen*) and which thus showed clearly enough their sympathies for England (*ihre Parteinahme für England*). Had they acted differently, all these neutral ships would still sail the seas. In so far as they lost ships through guilt of their own (*durch eigene Schuld*) the neutrals have no right to accuse Germany, for not the Reich but Great Britain's sea blockade has turned the North Sea into a theatre of war.'

Berliner Börsenzeitung (February 9th) contains a similar article, some passages of which are worth quoting. The article appeared on the front page under the headline: 'Free Trade on Unfree Seas?': 'The worst blow against free world trade was dealt out by England twenty-five years ago when she introduced total economic warfare and the illegal sea blockade. This is what killed the system of international trade which England wishes to re-erect. Yet England blames Germany and other disinherited nations for the act of destruction. . . . But one sin was followed by others. The principle of political loans with which the Western Powers financed their system of alliances. Britain's attempt to gain complete control of the most important raw materials by way of international cartels. Britain's systematic campaign—long before the outbreak of the present war—to destroy by all possible means the natural commercial and economic blocks in Europe and overseas. Thus Britain has itself destroyed free trade. Apart from that, history has taught us that international capitalism—whose most important representative is Great Britain—was so much hated by the disinherited and economically less developed nations so that the last World War was followed by a universal revolt of the young peoples against capitalist exploitation and by a process of economic nationalism. . . .'

COLERIDGE (Table-Talk).

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NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DCCLVIII—April 1940

THE SITUATION

The second campaign of the Second World War has ended in a complete victory for the German-Russian coalition. In the First World War, Germany won an almost unbroken series of *battles*—but it took her three years to win the *campaign* in the east, and she never won the *campaigns* in the south-east and the west. Her victories, in the east, the south-east, and the west, were so costly in men and in material, they imposed such a cumulative strain, that she grew weaker as the war went on. The Allies grew stronger despite their many reverses.

She was defeated by her own victories as well as by the British blockade and the Allied counter-offensives—it was a Turkish general who said to one of the German commanders who boasted of German prowess in the field: '*Ihr werdet euch zu Tode siegen*'—you will kill yourself by your victories.

In the Second World War, Germany won the eastern campaign in three weeks, and won it completely. The armed forces of Poland were destroyed and the war on two fronts was converted into a war on one front. It is the principal object of German strategy to fight as little as possible on one front only, on the impregnable 'Westwall' (to give the Siegfried Line its correct name). The principal

purpose of Allied strategy is—or ought to be—the reverse, namely, to fight as much as possible on as many fronts as possible.

Germany has won two campaigns in the first six months of the present war, whereas in the first six months of the last war she had not won a single campaign (despite her many victories). Six months of war leave her much stronger than she was before, whereas the first six months of the last war left her weaker.

She won the Polish campaign with losses that were heavy, but not so heavy as to counteract the immense advantage she gained by eliminating one of her two fronts and by securing her rear against attack and opening her eastern frontier to future supplies. She has won the Finnish campaign without any losses, either in men or in material. It is Russia who has suffered the losses and has endured the heavy strain. Russia has thereby become more dependent on Germany than ever. The real victor in Northern Europe is Germany—and it is the Allies as well as the Finns who have been defeated.

The settlement which the Finns have had to accept may well be called 'a Northern Munich.' 'Munich' has become a generic term for treaties imposed by force, or the threat of force, that deprive the victim of his main defences so that he is no longer able to resist vassalage and spoliation or hinder conquests further afield. Indeed, further conquest is the essential purpose of every 'Munich.'

Under the original 'Munich,' which was negotiated in September, 1938, the main defences of the Czechoslovak Republic were surrendered to Germany, who was thereby enabled to make herself master of all Central Europe. Thanks to her alliance with Germany, Russia was able to impose a series of 'Munichs' on the Baltic States, including Finland, for under the 'settlement' which has now been negotiated in Moscow, Finland's main defences are surrendered to Russia, Finland herself is exposed to vassalage and spoliation, and the way is cleared for further Russian and German conquests (the Russians will take Helsinki when they want to take it—or rather when the Germans want them to take it).

The defeat of the Finns and the surrender of the 'Man-

Mannerheim Line' make the German-Russian Coalition master of Finland and give it a commanding position in northern Europe. Germany will now be able to make sure of a continued supply of iron ore, she will be able to develop the Norwegian nickel mines (or compel Norway to develop them for her), and she will, above all, be able to strike at Allied communications in the northern Atlantic. By the defeat of the Finns, Germany enlarges her economic basis and contributes towards relieving the shortage caused by the Allied 'economic war.' The Coalition will make its own 'economic war' more deadly by harrying Allied maritime communications from naval and aerial bases on the Norwegian coast (the Varanger Fjord is now at the disposal of the Russians, and therefore of the Germans because the defeated Finns and the subservient Norwegians can no longer contest the German-Russian command of its shores).

Had the Allies been quicker to apprehend the significance of the German-Russian Pact and of the Finnish war, they would have converted the threat to themselves into a threat to Germany. The contemplated landing at Narvik would have been insufficient if it had not been accompanied by military, aerial, and naval operations in the Arctic Ocean and the Black Sea. It would have taken the Allied expeditionary force many weeks to establish contact with the Finns, for the difficulties presented by distances and the terrain are enormous. It would, therefore, have been necessary to relieve the pressure on the Finns by striking at Russia elsewhere. She is so vulnerable and her internal situation is so precarious that she might have been defeated before she could have defeated the Finns. It is true that Germany would almost certainly have intervened on her behalf by invading Sweden. But the deadlock between the Allies and Germany would have come to an end, the 'eventless war' would have become eventful, an immense strain would have been imposed on the resources of the German-Russian Coalition, the German shortage of petrol would have been increased, the supplies of Swedish iron ore would have been cut off, and, if the Allies had been able to establish themselves at all in northern Europe, they could have harassed German communications in the Baltic, thereby augmenting the

pressure of the 'blockade.' The Second World War might have been won in northern Europe if it had, at the same time, been carried into the Black Sea, for the Allies would have threatened Germany's immensely extended right and left flanks and would, in time, have been able to close in on her for the 'decisive campaign.'

The opportunity has been missed. The 'eventless' war, which the Germans can stand so well and the Allies so ill, threatens to drag on for years. That the Allies *can* win the war is still certain, although it is no longer certain that time is or will remain on their side. That they *will* win the war must be uncertain as long as the initiative is not theirs. Indeed, it is certain that they will lose it unless they change their strategy, their diplomacy, and their mental attitude, for without these changes no well-judged, audacious and successful initiative will be possible.

The extreme consideration which the Allied Governments have shown towards the neutrals would have been more commendable if it had been less prejudicial to the welfare of their own people. Their fear of offending American opinion has begun to have a paralysing effect on the conduct of the war. It would almost seem as though they would rather lose the war with America than win it without her. At the moment American opinion seems to be less favourable to the Allies than it was when the war began. The Allies can win the war without the armed intervention of the United States. But they do need American good will, and they have it still, for America still wants the Allies to win. American good will is sure to increase if the Allies take the initiative and show their determination to win. America will overlook much if they fight hard and criticise freely—she will overlook nothing if they do not fight hard, however much they refrain from criticism or display that obsequiousness which is so often a cover for condescension.

The European neutrals have been hard-pressed by Germany. It may well become necessary for the Allies to press them even harder. The Allies must, of course, be considerate to all neutrals, but no consideration should be allowed to stand in the way of victory. Sweden was a barrier through which ineffectual help could but effective help could *not* reach Finland. The Norwegian interpretation of inter-

national law is such that the Germans can do almost anything they like in Norwegian territorial waters. Germany has played a decisive part in Scandinavian affairs, the Allies have not. There is no such thing as absolute neutrality—the neutrality of the Scandinavian States has been pro-German, for German menaces have made it so. The result is that the Finns have suffered defeat and Germany has continued to import Swedish iron-ore uninterruptedly by the North Sea route.

The opportunity of closing in on the Germans from the north and the south-east simultaneously has gone. But operations in the Near and Middle East are still possible. They mean war with Russia as well as with Germany. The question is: 'Will war with Russia promote the defeat of Germany?' If the answer is 'Yes,' then the Allies must go to war with her even if she is the heaven her admirers imagine her to be. If the answer is 'No,' then they must remain at peace with her, even if she is the hell her detractors pretend she is.

The answer is 'Yes.' War with Russia will be more hazardous and more difficult than it would have been two or three months ago when she was heavily engaged in Finland. She has learnt much in the Finnish campaign and she will have time to recuperate and to strengthen her defences in the Black Sea and in Caucasia. Nevertheless, the Allies will have to consolidate their power in the Near and Middle East and secure the full co-operation of Turkey in building up a front against the German-Russian coalition. The Allies may have to make a considerable sacrifice to convert the very cordial but still rather indefinite association with Turkey into a defensive *and offensive* alliance.

We have repeatedly expressed the view that Germany *plus* Russia is weaker than Germany without Russia provided the Allies seize every opportunity which active German-Russian co-operation offers. Failure to seize the opportunities offered by the strategic and political situation in the Near and Middle East, following upon the failure to take advantage of the Finnish war, will allow Germany to limit the operations to the Western Front and so perpetuate the general deadlock. An inconclusive war, or one that ends in a compromise, is a German victory.

By striking at Russia, the Allies will complete the 'blockade' of Germany. They will deprive her of those Russian supplies which she will surely obtain in course of time if her partnership with Russia is not dissolved. It cannot be dissolved, but can only be cemented if the Allies attempt 'appeasement.' 'Appeasement' has had the same effect on Russia as on Germany—in buying off the aggressor, it has placed a premium on aggression and has thereby helped to bring it about. The policy of 'appeasing' first Germany and then Russia was one of the principal causes of the Second World War, of the German-Russian Pact, of the partition of Poland, and the conquest of Finland. Hard blows alone will dissolve the German-Russian partnership and promote a Russian political order that will let the Allies send *their* managers and experts to recondition Russian industry, that will enable them, instead of Germany, to draw on Russia's exportable surplus, and perhaps threaten an isolated and fully 'blockaded' Germany with armed risings in her eastern border regions. The threats of armed action against her Arctic and Black Sea ports, of raids that will interrupt her oil production and distribution, and of rebellion in Caucasia, the Ukraine, and Russian Poland—this threat to Russia will be a threat to Germany. If carried out with success, it will make final victory certain.

There is little sign of an Allied initiative although Germany, fresh from her triumph in the north, is active in the south and south-east. She is consolidating her influence in the Balkans and is attempting to reconcile the antagonism between Russia and Italy by playing the double part of mediator and arbiter.

For England, these are dark days. Failure abroad, corruption at home, the unskilful handling of the trade unions (who have shown their patriotism in this war as they did in the last), the lack of political guidance so bitterly needed by a public that responds magnificently to every daring exploit, to every kind of initiative, to every heartening word, to the faintest signs of true leadership—all this makes it seem more doubtful whether the present Government can win the war. It is a calamity that the initiative is still with Hitler, that the question is always 'What will he do?' and never 'What will we do?'

Mr. Chamberlain is a patriot and he is as obstinately resolved to win the war as he was to win the peace. But he lost the peace because his understanding of foreign affairs and his judgment of people was too narrow, although he has considerable shrewdness. He has learnt something since the war began (who has not?), but his principal defects remain. He does not understand the Continent, least of all Germany, and he is still surrounded by persons who appear to regard the war as though it were an industrial dispute, as though the Germans had received a handsome offer, had foolishly turned it down, had gone on strike, and were now being subjected to a sort of lock-out which will, in time, bring them to reason. But the war in no way resembles an industrial dispute, and those who think of the future peace in terms of conciliation such as could be negotiated between workmen and employers will certainly lose that peace if they have any hand in the making of it.

But it is also true that there is no obvious alternative to Mr. Chamberlain or to the present Government as a whole. The Opposition would not be able to form a better one. Lord Halifax has a certain greatness. Mr. Churchill is not quite the Churchill of the last War. But neither he nor Lord Halifax could be easily replaced from the ranks of the Liberal and Labour Parties. The leader of the Opposition is a man of candour and some charm. But he is not a personality. Mr. Chamberlain may not be a great man, but he is tougher and shrewder than Mr. Attlee, who could never replace him.

In any case, things cannot go on like this, either abroad or at home. If Hitler is not to be master of Europe, and of Great Britain, the present administration must be altered so as to include big men and true patriots like Herbert Morrison and Sir Archibald Sinclair. It should also make use—or more use—of men like Lord Lloyd, Sir Arthur Salter, and Sir Robert Vansittart.

A genuinely National Government is the only alternative to the present so-called National Government. And it is the only alternative to Hitler.

THE EDITOR.

DIARY OF THE WAR

By the middle of February the struggle for Finland—in its wider aspect a struggle for all Scandinavia—entered upon a decisive phase. The heroic army of the Finnish Republic was still fighting back on all fronts. Costly defeats were being inflicted upon the Russian aggressor. After a four-weeks' offensive of battering intensity the main defensive system in the Karelian isthmus still held. Signs of weariness were evident and beginning to make themselves felt. Material damage was extensive. Morale was strained. Yet Finland still stood.

Her leaders, all the same, were forced to realise that the country was confronted with a situation which seemed to present an insoluble problem. In the face of the military and political conditions, the only way of avoiding catastrophic collapse seemed to be by submission to the aggressor.

As early as February 16th the *Voelkischer Beobachter* was summing up the military position as follows:

> . . . Ever since the beginning of February, Russian pressure upon the defences of the Karelian isthmus has been steadily increasing. The Finnish High Command are now facing grave difficulties. The need for assistance from abroad is becoming more and more pressing. Reserve stocks of munitions are dwindling. Sustained aerial attacks on means of communication and on centres of armament manufacture behind the front are beginning to show results. What will happen when the freeze-up ends and the weather grows milder, when the blizzards stop, when road conditions improve sufficiently to give Russia's powerful motorised units full freedom of movement, when the Finnish skies clear and the Russian air force is able to exert its full force upon the enemy? When that happens Finland will discover that a few thousand volunteers, a few aeroplanes and guns, will no longer serve; and then, moreover, it will have become too late for effective aid to be given.

It soon became obvious to Finland's political leaders that effective assistance on a large enough scale would not be forthcoming. On February 16th Mr. Hansen, the Swedish Prime Minister, had refused the Finnish appeal for military help. At the same time the Swedish Government made it clear that they were not prepared to allow the transit of foreign troops through their territory. This attitude on the part of Sweden was obviously the result of the very considerable pressure that was being brought to bear on the country by Germany; and there is no doubt, in spite of vehement denials from different quarters in Sweden, that a definite and categorical warning from Germany had been received shortly before Mr. Hansen's statement was made. This was to the effect that the provision of military aid for Finland by the Swedish Government, or even the granting of transit facilities for more volunteers, would provoke immediate and forcible counter-measures against Sweden. In Stockholm this threat shattered the last vestige of the fiction, still paid lip-service to in certain Government circles, of Scandinavian solidarity. For Sweden went even farther, again presumably under menace from Berlin, in that all her influence was now exerted to induce Finland to accept the crushing peace terms offered by the Soviet Union.

The extent to which German and Russian influence over Scandinavia has already grown during this particular stage of the war was illustrated two days later by the way in which Norway handled the *Altmark* incident. By a mixture of daring, determination and supreme competence at their job—qualities traditionally expected of the British Navy—more than three hundred British seamen were rescued from imprisonment in the hold of the *Altmark* in the course of a naval action later described in diplomatic language by the Prime Minister as 'a technical breach of Norwegian neutrality.' There can be no doubt that the status of the ship was known to the Norwegian Government; and that, therefore, the infringement of Norwegian neutrality by the ship's use of Norwegian territorial waters was an infringement deliberately permitted by the Norwegian Government. The diplomatic discussions that have taken place around this incident make it pretty clear that, during this first phase of the war, very serious German pressure has also been exerted against Norway.

And knowing, as we do, the facts of Germany's intervention in Sweden, we may be fairly sure that our conclusions as to similar intervention on the part of Germany in Norway, based though they are on scantier and less definite evidence, are nevertheless not far wide of the truth. It is, for example, almost certainly true that Norway, in the course of recent discussions between herself and the Reich, was threatened with a possible German occupation of her important naval bases.

Finland capitulated because it seemed the only way of avoiding complete annihilation. Her capitulation was approved of, and even furthered, by the other Scandinavian states, especially during the latest phase of the war, since they had come to believe that a cessation of hostilities presented, for them, the most hopeful chance of making a not very good best of an extremely bad business. But the new state of affairs in Scandinavia is not one that lends itself to the cultivation of comforting illusions. The Scandinavian countries fully realise that the order to cease fire in Finland has been bought at the price of vastly increased Russo-German influence throughout the archipelago, an influence at once political, strategical and economic. Without doubt the recognition of this fact lies heavy upon the Scandinavian peoples. Doubtless, too, many find comfort in the realisation that the shadow of the dictatorships, which now falls gloomily across their land, will be lifted once and for all with the final victory of the Western Powers.

The question whether the Scandinavian countries could have adopted a different attitude to the Finnish struggle than that which in fact they did, is difficult to answer. In taking up their position they acted under tremendous pressure exerted by Russia and Germany. Only the existence of a counterweight to that pressure, a pull exerted from the other side, could have enabled them to change their ground. To what extent was such a counterweight present? The statements recently made by M. Daladier and Mr. Chamberlain said a great deal, but still left the essential point untouched. There is one question upon the answer to which all the recent events in Scandinavia really turned; upon the answer to which the future balance of forces in Scandinavia will almost certainly depend. The question is this: Are the Allies

prepared to take Germany with Russia as one enemy, and to fight that enemy, bringing to the fight every last ounce of determination and using in the fight every military means at their disposal? So long as the answer to this question is not known with absolute certainty to every small state and lesser power in Europe we will continue to lose one vital strategic position after another.

The smaller countries must know where we stand. As long as they do not, we cannot blame them for using all their efforts to keep themselves withdrawn and apart from the larger conflict. Whether it be now in Scandinavia or to-morrow in the Low Countries or the Balkans, Russo-German hegemony will never be fought to the last ditch unless resistance to aggression can be certain of finding itself backed to the full and unconditionally supported by all the power of our own determination and all the mass of our own war potential. Faced by a powerful opponent, the smaller states would be mad to trust in their own strength alone. Our scruples over legal niceties, our mode of political thought, our attempts to make existing international machinery work and to work through it, are contrasted with the methods of brutal directness exhibited by our enemies, and are interpreted as shifts and expedients to which in our weakness we are forced to have resort. For the smaller European states thus is the only lesson to be drawn from the events in Scandinavia. None of the small states share the view, which is again gaining ground in certain quarters in England and France, that Scandinavia, especially as regards its strategic importance, has not yet been wholly lost to the Western Powers; that the ground lost can still be recovered with comparative ease; has in fact not really been lost at all. What they see, and all they see, is that a block of neutral states has been forced into dependence upon a Power which is primarily England's enemy and France's, but is also in a hundred ways the enemy of those neutral states themselves. And, in the opinion of the smaller countries, Allied military unpreparedness and lack of political acumen must take the major blame for what has happened.

During the last few weeks, while the position in Scandinavia was deteriorating and moving towards final catastrophe, it was said here and repeated again and again that in spite of

our readiness to give material aid to Finland the effort failed, and had to fail, owing to the technical difficulties that stood in the way. A French expeditionary force of 50,000 men and an English force of roughly the same number were ready to move, as we have now been told, shortly before the Russo-Finnish war ended in Finland's submission. All the preparations were complete, but it was already too late. Whose responsibility was the delay? If the fault lay with the military experts they should be retired at once, for then the most far-reaching and significant strategic conception of the war would have foundered on their inefficiency. If the politician and not the military technician was at fault, a lack of insight into the political realities of the war situation is implied that would justify the most serious misgivings as to the competence of our leadership to handle the diplomatic problems with which they are confronted.

Much more even than in the early months of the war, the last few weeks have seen a shift of emphasis from the military to the diplomatic front. Along the Maginot and Siegfried lines the war remains without movement. Preparatory reconnoitring is still the dominant feature of the war in the air. At sea the struggle has so far been limited in the main to the protection of the great sea routes from attack. On both sides, here as in Germany, the training of men and the production of war material proceeds with undiminished intensity. The conviction of the Allies that they will be successful in achieving a decisive superiority over the enemy in every arm is based upon sound reason. But the enemy does not sit idly by waiting to be out-distanced. By feverish diplomatic activity he is trying to counter the effects of the Allies' war effort. German diplomacy single-mindedly pursues the aim of drawing one '*neutral*' area after another into the German sphere of influence, with a view to organising each newly acquired area as another supply base to strengthen the German military machine. In this perspective Germany's pressure on Scandinavia is revealed, not as an isolated instance, but as one element in a wider strategy. Both the Low Countries and Switzerland have recently again been subjected to a *blitzkrieg* of propaganda.

Germany's policy in the Balkans has a double aspect. On the one hand she wishes to be able to dispose freely of

the produce of an area whose economy is so providentially the complement of her own. On the other hand, the Balkan peninsula is cast to play an important rôle in the grandiose political construction which German diplomacy is endeavouring to build up. Both underlay von Ribbentrop's visit to Rome on March 9th. Germany, vitally interested in the security of the Balkans, is attempting to persuade Italy to mount guard with her. Over and above this it is important to bring about a state of affairs which will permit of a Russo-Italian *rapprochement*, for the Fuehrer is convinced that a new 'Holy Alliance' of Rome, Berlin and Moscow can and must be used in the fight against Great Britain.

Ribbentrop's Rome visit has been far too light-heartedly dismissed in this country as 'just another failure.' The truth is that, though the German Foreign Minister came home to Berlin without concrete results that he could show, he nevertheless was able to register considerable progress. In Rome he could quite rightly point out the fact that the events taking place in Scandinavia were having a real and extremely important influence on the political situation in the Balkans and the Near East. The Nazi leaders in Berlin, who a short while before had been nervously debating the intentions of Turkey and the meaning of General Weygand's mysterious movements, now drew sighs of relief. The collapse of Scandinavian resistance, it was now thought, would sap any 'will to resist' that might remain in the statesmen of the Balkan countries, while Turkey would profit by the lesson implied in Sweden's experience and think twice before daring to implement her pledges to the Allies. This German picture of the changing position in the Balkans may be over-optimistic, but whether it is or not, the game goes on

This plan—one of German expansion—is in no way weakened by the fact that Germany at the same time prepares and pushes forward the great peace offensive. Ribbentrop's activity in Rome and his attempt to come to some kind of terms with the Vatican is not in the least inconsistent with the expansionist plans of the Reich. It has been known for some time that the Nazi leadership, engaged in a life and death struggle with the Western Powers and with Great Britain in particular, is desirous of securing an armistice, winning a breathing space in which the Reich could complete its war

preparations and make victory in the final phase of the war inevitable and secure. An understanding with the Catholic Church might help the Reich to secure its breathing space. There is nothing extraordinary about the fact that the Nazis, after visiting terror upon the Church for years past, now wish to make use of the Christians they despise. Discussions concerning an improved status for the Church and greater ecclesiastical freedom in Germany, the Protectorate and Poland is the offer in return for which the Vatican is asked to lend its support to the German plan for an armistice. The Catholic agents of National Socialism have been trying hard, for many months now, to convince Catholic opinion, mainly in the neutral countries, of the necessity of a 'peace' of this character.

The great importance attributed in Berlin to Mr. Sumner Welles' 'fact-finding mission,' compared with the relatively little stir made by the envoy's visit to Paris and London, becomes more intelligible against this background. Not that the developments expected from Mr. Welles' mission and those from Herr Hitler's plans have much in common. But the Nazis feel that if it should be possible for them to convince the American representative of Germany's desire for a 'real peace,' proposals of one sort or another by the United States for a cessation of the war might be forthcoming, and these, supported by the Vatican, by the dependent neutrals, probably by a considerable section of American public opinion, and made at a time when Italy is stiffening her attitude toward the Allies, would leave the British and French Governments in a very difficult position. It is hardly a coincidence that Hitler, in the important speech he delivered on February 26th, spoke rhetorically and with the utmost vagueness of the German war aims, always escaping from concrete particulars to the stereotyped formulæ so familiar in Nazi propaganda: 'We do not want the enslavement of any other people. What we want is our freedom, our security, the security of our living space. It is the security of the very life of our people that we are fighting for.' As always when Hitler wishes to conceal his meaning, he speaks in empty generalities, uses phrases which cannot be taken hold of at any point and made to yield up a single unequivocal meaning, says words which mean one thing to one man and the opposite to another.

The impressions Mr. Welles took away with him from Berlin and Rome remain his own well-guarded secret. Neither has he dropped any hint as to whether his European observations were such as to impel him to suggest to President Roosevelt that the time is now ripe for peace approaches to be made to the Powers. Whether any such development takes place or not remains a question which time will answer. But it can be affirmed with the most perfect confidence that neither here nor in Paris was Mr. Welles left in any doubt as to the total incompatibility of any negotiated peace with a Germany still remaining national socialist and undefeated in the field with the war aims of the Allies.

During the first six months of the war the Allies have suffered a major defeat in the collapse of the Scandinavian front. Neither the brilliant exploits of the Navy nor the courageous prosecution of the war in the air must be allowed to blind us to this fact Although from a military point of view our safety factor is high, although the allied front in the west stands unshakeable, do not let us for this reason deceive ourselves into minimising the brutal fact that the political conduct of the war has so far led us into a position in which new dangers are appearing.

The events of the last few months in Finland and in the other Scandinavian countries, and the unremitting political activity of the enemy, make it imperative that henceforward we look facts in the face, that we bring ourselves to recognise the real aims of the enemy we are fighting, that we force ourselves to stand up to the hard truth about the situation we are in, abandon wishful thinking, live in the real world and not in one of our imagining. That is the real issue. And one that we must settle now, and finally.

'EUROPEAN OBSERVER.'

THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

THE controversy on peace aims which started in England almost immediately after the declaration of war, aroused at first in France great surprise and distrust. The surprise proceeded from the fact that at such an early stage, the English apparently considered it more necessary to discuss the methods of establishing the peace than the methods of winning the war; and the distrust was the consequence of a belief in a German trap. 'The Traitor of Stuttgart,' the French counterpart of Lord Haw-Haw, who incessantly urged the French to define their peace aims prematurely, was held to be trying to sow discord between the Allies, and the papers were warned not to facilitate his little game. But as time went on, the development of the debate in England obliged the French Press to deal with the question, and late in November, 1939, the President of the Commission of Foreign Affairs in the Senate declared himself in favour of examining publicly the principal 'material and moral conditions indispensable to a permanent European peace.' Various schools of thought immediately revealed themselves, and continue to propound their views vigorously.

It seems to me extremely important, before summarising the trends of these discussions, to point out that the basis on which they all rest is one and the same. There are undoubtedly some pro-Fascist groups supporting totalitarianism at large as a system of government; and there is the Communist Party, which, although legally disbanded, is still very active underground and aims as ever at the replacement of capitalism by a Marxist economy. But except for political agents definitely in the pay of the Third Reich, and the out-and-out Communist leaders—now either self-exiled or in prison—who, having vowed absolute allegiance to Stalin, connive at all the policies of his Nazi partners, the French people are essentially of one mind as regards what Germany, taken as a

nation, represents. No divergences of opinion exist, in the masses of any class, concerning the foundations of the 'French case' against Germany. The differences only relate to the practical measures that should be adopted after the Allied victory; the *convictions* from which these different practical measures derive are identical. They are the crux of the whole matter, and give logic and resolution to whatever positive solution of the German problem is advanced. That is why I insist on them. Without a clear initial understanding of the conception of Germany held quasi unanimously by the French people, it is not possible to grasp entirely the soundness of their peace aims.

The French argument, which I can condense here only very briefly, is based upon a threefold experience of Germany, historical, psychological, and political. (*a*) The French contend that the outstanding feature of their whole history is the effort to resist Teutonic aggression, and establish, by some means or other, security on their eternally precarious Eastern borders. Within living memory alone they have been attacked three times—and twice invaded on their own soil—by their Germanic neighbour. (*b*) They maintain that the preponderant psychological characteristic of the Germans, considered as a race, is *démesure*, that is, immoderation, intemperateness, excessiveness. Evidence proves that whenever a leader arose who incarnated this distinctive German vice (whether the leader was a Frederick the Great, or a Bismarck, or a William II, or a Hitler is immaterial), his people followed him heart and soul—and that his call, instantly and universally responded to, was always the same: the call to force, to conquest, to ruthlessness, to brutality, to faithlessness if faithlessness was expedient. This mania for savage and bellicose self-glorification is an endemic mental disease. Moreover, the Germans are a people in whom the herd instinct is paramount. Their idea of order is that of a blind and complete obedience to authority—not individual judgment, but a surrender of their entire personality into the hands of a *Führer*, a chief, who lifts from them the burden of responsibility and at the same time satisfies their need of docility and regimentation and the primitive mysticism which leads them to indulge in monstrously grandiose dreams.

(*c*) Germany existed for a very long period as a loose

confederation of numerous little independent States, during which period the interplay of regionalism and the conflicting interests of the various princes prevented them from vitally endangering Europe. Among these States, however, one, Prussia, was from its very inception the archetype of the modern militarist State. It rose to predominance by successful campaigns for territorial aggrandisement, and because of the prestige thus gained, saturated the immensely receptive German peoples with its cardinal principles: love of war, preparation for war, the placing of the State above all law. After it defeated Denmark in 1864, Austria in 1866 and France in 1871, it became powerful enough to override all opposition and merge the German States in an Empire, thereby achieving the political unity of Germany. What happened then was the formation, in the middle of Europe, of the largest and most compact ethnical agglomeration, with one Government, a homogeneous army under a single command, and tremendous industrial resources eminently calculated to increase its capacity for aggression—the whole entity being pervaded by Prussian ideology and instructed in Prussian methods. From 1871 onward there was, throughout Germany, a prodigiously rapid and threatening development of the doctrines of militarism, race superiority and pan-Germanism, culminating in the visions of world hegemony which we witness to-day. Since the hour when Prussia engineered the national unity of Germany, Europe has lived alternately under the régime of an armed peace with continual menaces, and that of war in its most ferociously unscrupulous form.

How is Europe to be defended, ask the French, against the persistent German madness, and therefore the persistent German peril? They do not doubt that Germany will finally be beaten in this struggle, but neither do they doubt that she is totally incapable of a spontaneous and genuine democratisation after defeat. Defeat cannot destroy a national temperament and a national education overnight. The masses are not—have never been—democratic. Imperialist firebrands are legion in the country. German youth has been indoctrinated during the last ten or twelve years with the most violent Nazi propaganda, acquired in Nazi institutions—so the generation the Allies will mainly have to tackle is already

fully trained in insolence, fanaticism, cruelty, lies, and the will to dominate. Reason and knowledge combine to show that it would be folly to hope for a sudden magical transformation of the German spirit, or to count on Germany's willingness and ability to alter in the twinkling of an eye her composition, mentality, habits and ambitions, and, simply because she lost the war, instantaneously become moderate, civilised, peaceable. It is infinitely more likely that another hideous phenomenon on the model of Nazism will occur—or that a vanquished but uncoerced Germany will throw in her lot entirely with Communist Russia, exploit Russia's riches, organise her man-power, and in a few years assume efficient leadership in a joint attempt to bolshevise Europe. The French, conscious of the laws of growth and of their own passage from imperialism to democracy, do not assert that no change will ever supervene in the Teutonic disposition, but time is needed, they say, for an evolution away from the political philosophy and the political practices to which the Germans have become thoroughly accustomed—and during this period of time, and until this evolution is accomplished, forcible steps must be taken to ensure that they will not shatter again as they choose the peace and progress of Europe.

This inflexible determination implies that Germany must be reduced to military impotence. On this vital point, too, there is no split in French public opinion anywhere. But the proposed methods by which German military impotence can be achieved vary according to the political parties. The extremists, composed of more or less Right Wing groups including papers like *Les Débats*, *La Croix*, *Le Petit Journal*, *Les Heures de la Guerre* (the organ of the Union Fédérale des Combattants), the indefatigable *L'Action Française*; weeklies like *Gringoire*; associations like the Centre d'études pour la formation d'une paix durable, to which belong some of the best brains in the universities as well as many schoolmasters, wage a very active campaign for the destruction of German unity and the compulsory return of the nation to a system of small separate self-governing States. The *leit-motiv* of these groups is that there are not two Germanies, one good and one bad, but simply a weak Germany and a strong Germany. As soon as the first is replaced by the second, Germany

becomes, by a natural law, evil, and the only way to prevent her from becoming evil is to keep her weak—that is, to shape her again into a confederation of independent, and thus harmless, States. I do not say that these parties are representative of public opinion generally, or that they express the Government's point of view, but their protagonists are intelligent, their energy is unflagging, and their political influence considerable.

On the other hand, the majority of the Socialist Party; Liberal papers like *L'Œuvre*, *L'Aube*, *L'Epoque*, *Les Nouveaux Cahiers*, etc.; and a number of historians and Left Wing intellectuals support the solution of an eventual European Federation. But the conception of such a Federation, and especially the approach to it, are not by any means identical with the English notions, and I think it very necessary to stress the dissimilarities between the two theses. In itself, the idea of a European Federation awakens a keen interest in France. It was originally broached by Briand; it is in conformity with the rationalistic faith in the intelligence and progress of mankind; it appeals to the very deep sentiment of European solidarity with which the French, who have moulded the civilisation of Europe and borne the repercussion of European events to a far greater extent than any other people, are impregnated, and it admittedly represents the ultimate form of European order, liberty, and prosperity.

But on the whole, French opinion reacts strongly against the extravagant ardour for immediate Federation which one finds in England. The book of Clarence Streit, *Union Now*, that set the ball rolling, struck the French intelligentsia as peculiarly naive, and shocked them by a sort of prophetic dogmatism which betrayed both a preposterous over-simplification of thought and an enormous ignorance of the concrete realities of Europe. The recent literary outpourings on the same topic, by a section of the English Left Wing writers, seem to them quite as incongruous, quite as devoid of any perception of the true nature of European problems. Most of the Anglo-Saxon Federal Unionists float on clouds of futile words far above the intricate web of European actualities; they make of Federation a cult, a fetish, a panacea which they apply without any sort of discrimination whatsoever to all the European tangles simultaneously, recognising

neither the complications and ramifications of these subjects nor the different conceptions of human freedom that prevail in various countries. They appear to attribute to Federation the miraculous power to transform, not only the solutions of problems, but the very terms of the problems themselves, and, arguing from these senseless postulates, they reject the need for 'guarantees,' for 'security,' for the 'protection' of any nation—and the lessons of experience. Indeed, the conclusion to be drawn from their astounding political sentimentality is that you have but to decree Federation and human nature will automatically exercise all the qualities specific to the angels. Nothing can be further from French realism than the dream-stuff so interminably exuded by an H. G. Wells, for example, and his fellow-Utopians, leading from nowhere to nowhere, a fabric spun for a moment by irresponsible blowers-of-bubbles and romantic trailers-of-mists.

The contention of the French is that *historia non saltum facit*. You cannot leap, they say, from an old world into a new one at an hour's notice. They know the past of Europe too well to suppose that Federation will not upset—perhaps, even, tragically upset—traditional mentalities, emotions, habits of living; or that it will not provoke resistance—perhaps, even, desperate resistance, dangerous for the whole project. Partly an intellectual, partly a peasant people, they feel instinctively what care is required to bring to maturity a cornfield, a vineyard, a cathedral, a nation: in the same way they feel that a long phase of adaptation and acclimatisation is required before a new idea grows such deep roots in the realities as will render it stronger than events, or strong enough to influence and direct events. Besides, if they are opposed to dictatorships, they are also opposed to impersonal centralisation, to colossal and unwieldy units, to standardisation and the levelling of local things fashioned by culture and time, for one of the most invariable characteristics of the French spirit is the dominion of the self over the system and the passionate value attached to individuality. (Equality has never meant to them just the 'equality of opportunity' that Anglo-Saxons talk so much about. It is a jealous, an intransigent assertion of the dignity of every human being.) Their attitude towards Federalism is in effect experimental,

as towards a goal to be desired, cherished, kept alive, but which cannot be carried by assault, however well-intentioned. I think it safe to say that the country will make up its mind about a European Union only after it sees how the Anglo-French partnership works during the war. Just now the chief hope, entertained with an unprecedented intensity, is that England will not pull out of Europe as she did after the last peace; will not crazily preach Collective Pacifism instead of erecting Collective Security; will not compel France to resort again, in a dreadful search for self-preservation, to Continental expedients and wobbly treaties, or to a drastic smashing of Germany in the post-war era: one of which two things must take place unless England puts her men and her wealth into the sustained policing of Europe, and turns at long last into a Good European relying not on international machinery to co-ordinate the affairs of the distracted Old World, but on her own active, concrete, and responsible leadership in them. Above all things, the French trust that the two great Western democracies will form a consortium, a 'Grand Alliance,' moral, military, economic and political—the core, in fact, of a subsequent European Federation, which congenial States will be invited to join as associates, and from which they will reap material benefits of many kinds, as well as the certainty that their national existence will never be jeopardised in the future. More than the institution of an order that will allow every country of good-will to evolve normally and traditionally, yet in a larger unity, with far greater economic advantages at its disposal, and a stabler assurance of peace than ever before, the French are not prepared to envisage at present. The monomaniacal American visions of gigantic business (for which, presumably, the Allies alone are to clear the ground), the impracticable English visions of an international government—not to mention the insane fantasy of a planet-wide fusion—are not the design of the new world on which is set the heart of this reasonable and adult people, that loves measure, proportion, the creations of racial gifts, the expression of national truths, and the art of living.

But whatever is the design, everybody in the land, including the Army—I emphasise the last three words because I have a very precise notion that the Army will play a rôle

this time in the drafting of the peace terms: the young soldiers have not the slightest intention of letting Germany spring a war on them again in a decade or two—is resolved to take at least one precaution. This precaution concerns the supremely significant question of the Rhine, and is based upon the plans submitted by Maréchal Foch to the plenipotentiaries of the Inter-Allied Powers in 1919—plans which, to the unlimited misfortune of the whole of Europe, were discarded by Clemenceau under British and American pressure. Foch called the Rhine *la seule barrière disposée sur la route de l'invasion; la frontière naturelle des pays industriels et pacifiques de l'Occident de l'Europe; le fleuve qui règle tout.* 'With six divisions,' he wrote, 'I can hold the Rhine. Then, we have nothing to fear, and we may disarm. When one is master of the Rhine, one is master of Germany; when one is not master of the Rhine, one is at the mercy of everything.' Nobody predicted more lucidly than he what would happen if the Coalition of 1914–1918 renounced the advantages which the control of the Rhine gave to the Allies, and 'permitted the shield of its defence to fall from its hands.' (Well, the Coalition renounced the advantages and permitted the shield to fall, and so we are where we are to-day.) The Maginot Line, declare the French very rightly, even if permanently manned, constitutes a guard merely against a new attack on France, and, through France, on Britain—the rest of Europe is outside the range of its purely defensive protection. It is only from on and beyond the Rhine that control of Germany can operate positively, with Mayence, for instance, as its nucleus. All the signs indicate that when this war is won, France will revert point by point to Foch's famous Note, take the Rhine as her eastern military frontier; debar Germany from military and political access to the Rhineland; occupy for a span of years the Rhenish provinces on the left bank of the river, even covering them by a zone of military neutralisation on the right bank; and when she retires—as she will eventually do, having as little wish as the English themselves for territorial expansion, or ruling for ruling's sake, or vindictive reprisals—leave them in a state of enduring autonomy, administering themselves and linked with the Western democratic countries by a common Customs régime or an arrangement comparable to that of the Saar-land, which would provide an outlet for their

economic activities. Another aim which is becoming more and more evidently a complement of the European peace pattern is the establishment of a Danubian Federation, a union of free peoples, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, perhaps Austrians and Hungarians. But I repeat that the *clef de voûte* of every scheme is the French hold on the Rhine bridgeheads, and no one who has visited France since the war can make any mistake as to the grimness of that purpose. The grip will not be perpetual, but a grip there must be until such time as Germany understands that aggressive nationalism has no chance of success whatever: a process that entails a fresh teaching of history and ethics, by democratic educators under Allied supervision, as well as the reorganisation, also by the Allies, of the German economic system. Obviously a long and difficult proposition altogether—but when the lesson is learnt, collaboration will be offered to Germany, for both England and France are already broadening their views in many fields, and it is not on 'closed empires' that they see the possibility of constructing the New Dispensation.

One last word. I should not be doing my job properly as a political observer if I failed to disclose a certain irritation which it is imperative to prevent from gaining further ground in France. Given the adamant conviction in that country that no security for itself, nor for Europe generally, can be adequate without the total disarmament of the Germans, and that such a disarmament can only be realised by garrisoning the Rhine, it would be well to ponder the effect on French public opinion of the mischievous clamour raised in England by the *Treat-Germany-Tenderly* theorists, and the deluded simpletons who believe that 'if only WE behave generously, the Germans will follow suit at once.' The English assumption that the overwhelming majority of Germans were the innocent, unsuspecting victims of the Nazi Party is dismissed as sheer nonsense—which indeed it is, for a free electorate voted for Hitler as Chancellor of the Reich in 1932, to the tune of 14,000,000, after *Mein Kampf* and several years of intensive campaigning had made then perfectly aware of the Nazi programme of persecutions, annexations and battle. If the English contemplate affording Germany the opportunity, after the war, to muster again her armies, which have always been the instrument of her power and her depredations, what

are we fighting for? the French are beginning to ask. Hitler proclaims *urbi et orbi* that his sole objective is to destroy the British Empire which crushes the globe, that he has no quarrel with France, that he is eager to enter into a durable alliance with her. It would thus appear that France is continuing the war exclusively in defence of Britain, but if Britain is intent upon throwing away the results of this defence, why continue it? German propaganda is terrifically persistent and insidious—much more so than in England—and the average man needs all the help he can get to refute it, particularly as Communist activities are in collusion with Nazi manœuvres. ('Workers of all countries unite so that British Capitalism shall be wiped out,' is now the slogan of both.) It is extraordinarily stupid to give him the impression that the hardships he is undergoing with admirable fortitude may be unavailing. He sees 5,000,000 of his countrymen under arms, paid about a shilling a day when they are in the line and a few farthings when they are behind it; every family impoverished and yet struggling to send money to its soldiers; the women fully sharing the staggering burden of war; the national soil going to waste; the national economy dislocated in a way the English do not even commence to apprehend. France has turned into a national war-factory to a higher degree than England—the munition workers toil ten hours a day, six days a week, with no over-pay for over-time. However generous is their acknowledgment of the British effort, the French realise that their personal sacrifices are necessarily superior, up to now, to those of their Allies. They do not grudge them yet, but they must feel that these sacrifices will lead to the tangible consequences of an impregnable security, and no misgivings as to the possible half-heartedness of England in the matter of peace aims should arise. Again I reiterate that this is a very real danger—the only grave danger that threatens Anglo-French relations—for nothing infuriates a Frenchman more than to hear described as 'chauvinism' what he regards as the plainest commonsense. Events have shown that the French estimate of Germany was far more accurate than the British. It is a question of life or death for the two nations that this long-sightedness of France should not be forgotten.

ODETTE KEUN.

THE RENAISSANCE OF PARLIAMENT

'HUMAN nature,' Bagehot remarked, 'despises long arguments which come to nothing. . . . But all men heed great results and a change of government is a great result.' According to the classical theory of the British constitution, a change of government or a General Election ought to take place when His Majesty's Ministers either reverse a major policy which they undertook to carry out or fail to achieve success in the policy which they actually put into operation. The neglect of the House of Commons to produce this 'great result' in the face of the most obvious opportunities of doing so was the chief symptom of parliamentary weakness during the years 1935-1939 and one of the chief causes of the decline of Parliament in public estimation.

The period began with the election of the Government on a pledge to give the fullest support to the League of Nations in the matter of Abyssinia, and the violation of that pledge. It included that most fatal of mistakes, tacit consent to the German occupation of the Rhineland and that complex of ignorance, panic and baseless optimism which goes by the name of the Munich settlement. It ended with the fall of the most progressive and democratic of the succession states and the imminence of the German attack on Poland. Throughout that period the major premise of British foreign policy had not merely been demonstrably false: its falsity had for so long been so obvious that failure to see it is beyond palliation. For such blunders the theoretical penalty is the defeat of the Government in the Commons. In point of fact, with the exception of the Hoare-Laval 'incident,' it was clear that there was no reversal of policy or want of success in its application which the Commons were not prepared by a compliant majority to accept. The crisis of September, 1938, revealed two developments extremely dangerous to constitutional government as it used to be understood in this

country: the readiness of Parliament not merely to accept but to welcome whatever *fait accompli* the Government chose to present to it; and the remarkable accretion to the personal power of the Prime Minister. Another significant development was the promotion to Cabinet office of such men as Sir John Anderson and Lord Chatfield, whose parliamentary and political experience were either negligible or non-existent, while the greatest parliamentarian of the day was jealously excluded from office.

In time of war one might have expected a further decline in the prestige and power of Parliament until they reached zero. Instead, they have (so far at least as the Commons are concerned) enjoyed a veritable renaissance. Indeed, in the last debate before our declaration of war, the parliamentary pressure for a time-limit to our ultimatum to Germany was, if not decisive, at least very considerable. Since then parliamentary criticism of the Ministry of Information and the Emergency Regulations has been highly effective. A descriptive speech in the Commons by Mr. Churchill or a critical speech by Mr. Lloyd George immediately catches the attention of the country. The holding of a secret session marks the height of this revival of parliamentary authority. For then the Government says in effect: 'It is so important that you, the Commons, perform your function of criticism that we are willing to take the risk of divulging highly important information to enable you to do so.'

How far is this renaissance solidly based? At the beginning, one important admission must be made. The decline in parliamentary authority in the period 1935–1939, though serious enough, was only catastrophic if judged by the standards laid down in such classics as the works of Bagehot and Anson. Now Bagehot in particular was so deeply influenced by the lessons of the period 1846–1868 that he was apt to assign permanence to what were only transient political phenomena of that day. It was, indeed, a time when the House of Commons enjoyed a remarkable degree of power and freedom. Roebuck's motion for a committee to inquire into the condition of the army in the Crimea, resisted by the Government, was carried by 305 votes to 148. In 1856 Palmerston, who was inclined to challenge the United States on a long-forgotten issue concerning the Mosquito Coast

and the Bay islands, was forced to reverse his policy in deference to the industrial-pacifist section in the House; and that although Sidney Herbert declared it most discreditable for the Government to accept such a veto from the Commons in the sacred sphere of foreign affairs. In 1857, in the matter of the Lorcha Arrow, Cobden's motion, condemnatory of the Government, was carried by 263–247; and in the following year Palmerston was beaten by 234–215 on Gibson's amendment to the Conspiracy to Murder Bill and resigned.

But the background of these events was a comparatively small electorate capable of being influenced in some degree by the authoritative voice of the great Reviews and a party system thrown into disorganisation by the existence, in the Peelites, of a third party, not strong, indeed, in numbers but including many able men. The Radicals, also, commercial, religious or sentimental, might almost be reckoned as a fourth party. In these circumstances, so different from those of recent years, lie the explanation of the phenomena we have noticed. Even then it generally happened that a Government defeated in the Commons gained a greater or less increase of strength at the polls. Many of the pacifists who had enjoyed the triumph over Palmerston in the matter of the Lorcha Arrow were defeated at the subsequent General Election. As the electorate was increased by successive reform acts the power of the Commons declined. Defeat of the Government of the day, although it lies at the basis of the classical theory of the constitution, has not been known in fact on a major issue since 1886. The omnipotence of whatever Government is in office has not, in fact, been properly understood; nor, for that matter, has the tenacity in office of other politicians than the members of the present Cabinet been sufficiently appreciated. Even Gladstone, as Morley remarked, apropos of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon, 'in spite of his incessant sighs for a hermit's calm, was always for fighting out every position to the last trench.'

This is not to say that there was not a further and grave decline in the authority of Parliament in the years 1935–1939. But its causes do not all lie on the surface of politics. They are to be found in the mental indifference of a great part of the electorate and the mental confusion of nearly all of it;

in the decrease in the number of independent and responsible organs of opinion and the growing dominance of the 'dope' Press; and in the overwhelming strength of the party machines. The effect of the war has simply been to arrest the operation of some of these factors. The public is effectually aroused to the necessity of prosecuting the war vigorously and (with much less guidance than it deserves) is remarkably single-minded in its views on that subject. In that mood it appreciates the necessity for parliamentary criticism of the Government. The character and tempo of the war, moreover, are suited to parliamentary discussion, and the result is that Parliament has attracted to itself a certain degree of popular backing and approval. It has gained a moral authority which it has lacked for years.

Beyond this, the renaissance of Parliament has two causes. There is the knowledge that renewed failure on the part of the Government, cynically disregarded or complacently tolerated before, will not be borne now. There is also (and perhaps this is the most important point of all) the decision to forego a General Election. The result of that decision is to free the private member to some extent from the threat of official opposition to his candidature which has so effectively crippled Conservative criticism during the past few years. In some respects the situation is like that which existed in the eighteenth century. There were changes of Government then, but they were not made as the result of General Elections. They were made within Parliament and confirmed by General Elections. To-day the private member, guaranteed a little temporary protection from his Central Office and fortified by the knowledge that even the Conservative Central Office has been unable to keep Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden out of the Government for ever, has the chance to regain something of that independence which he once enjoyed in much greater measure.

But the ultimate problem remains. How far can this increased authority of Parliament be trusted to endure when the factors which have led to its growth no longer exist? Let us go back for a moment to the theory of parliamentary government.

The distinguishing quality of Parliamentary Government, said Bagehot, is that in each stage of a public transaction there is a dis-

cussion; that the public assists at this discussion; that it can, through Parliament, turn out an administration which is not doing as it likes and can put in an administration which will do as it likes.

The type of M.P. required in these circumstances is a man of wide general information and intelligence, sensitive to the trend of events and to the formation of public opinion, courageous and independent in his own opinion and action. Unless such men exist in large numbers in the Commons the vital link in Bagehot's chain is missing.

In theory the members of the House of Commons may be elected for their general competence. In practice the great majority of them are the off-spring of a liaison between the Central Offices of their respective parties and one or other of the various 'pressure-groups' such as the N.F.U., the F.B.I., the trades unions and the co-operative societies. The expression 'pressure-groups' is neither original nor pleasant, but it will serve. Nor is the phenomenon new in British politics. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the West Indian and East Indian interests formed pressure-groups capable of exercising great influence upon the government of the day and sometimes of dictating policy to it. The West Indian interest, for instance, secured the passing of the Molasses Act of 1733 in the face of the much weaker North American pressure-group, and was able in the War of the Austrian Succession to have much of its own way in the formation of British naval strategy. Pressure-groups never disappeared. Bentinck's Protectionist party was one; and for some purposes the Manchester School may be classed under the same heading.

But in the second half of the nineteenth century the power of these groups was limited. For one thing, they could not operate to advantage when political alignments were as confused and political tenure as uncertain as we have seen they were. For another, in the high noon of *laissez-faire*, lobbying for economic gains could not effect much when government intervention was so strictly limited by the prevailing economic and social theories. Consequently, the political issues of that day were derived from foreign policy, from questions of religion or morality or from constitutional reform.

Contemporary conditions are vastly different. In a world of tariffs, subsidies and high taxation the economic prizes are worth fighting for. Against a stable political background and a highly regimented party system the pressure-groups (infinitely better organised than their predecessors) can exert their influence far more easily and far more economically. Somewhere, no doubt, there is a Spirit of Conservatism and a Spirit of Socialism ; but they are dim and ineffective shades. We would be well advised to seek the parallel to our present condition not in Victorian but in contemporary American politics. In the United States politics has long consisted for the main part in conflicts between pressure-groups—Wheat, Cotton, Silver, Steel, Labour—fought out against a background of traditional but almost meaningless party cries.

The parallel can be pursued further. It is a truism that the American parties do not represent distinct and divergent philosophies of politics. Are we not approaching that state of things here ? It is worth while remembering that although the Opposition in the Commons has seldom been more helpless than during the past two years, its leaders have perhaps never been more frequently taken into the confidence of the Government. The present distinction between the Conservative and the Labour Parties is one of class, not of philosophy. Translated into political terms this means that the Conservative Party is a loose alliance of certain pressure-groups facing a similar alliance of other pressure-groups denominated the Labour Party. Neither is concerned with expressing and elevating what is best in the public mind. Even the distinction between 'capitalism' and 'socialism' is largely fictitious, for all the main pressure-groups, whatever their political allegiance, spring from and depend upon a common background of bureaucratic capitalism.

The first result of this state of things is that which has, in fact, come to its full fruition in the past few years. The dominant pressure-groups of the day tend to become so blinded to all save their immediate interests that they are willing to allow the Government a free hand in other spheres so long as these interests are advanced. The chief of these 'other spheres' is, of course, that of foreign affairs. The second danger is still more grave. As the system of parliamentary government becomes a system of judicious log-

rolling between two combinations of pressure-groups it ceases to attract first the interest and then the loyalty of the voter. For these reasons the present writer is obliged to confess that, much as he welcomes the recent renaissance of parliamentary authority, he can see no elements of permanence in it. If the parliamentary system is to be revived as an effective force it can only be as part of that increased austerity of purpose to which one hopes the war may lead.

W. L. Burn.

UNIFIED CONTROL IN DEFENCE

THE possession of three fighting Services must raise problems of organisation for which no precedents can be found. So far only two Great Powers have established separate Air Forces—Britain and Italy. The British Royal Air Force came into existence on April 1st, 1918, and the Regia Aeronautica of Italy several years later. The Dominions of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand have copied the example of the Mother-country; the South African Air Force, so-called, is not strictly separate from the land forces of the Union. In all the other Great Powers the bulk of the military air organisation is part of the Army, while those countries which possess a Navy have also a naval air arm—as has been the case with Britain since 1938.

The chief reason why the British Government formed the Royal Air Force in 1918 was to put an end to undesirable competition between the Royal Flying Corps of the Army and the Royal Naval Air Service in placing orders for aircraft. The amalgamation of the two also got rid of certain duplication of effort in the way of training schools and other institutions, and created a useful pool of skilled mechanics. However, for the remaining months of the Great War the existing squadrons mostly continued to work as they had been doing before. The one exception was the formation of the Independent Air Force in France, which was not under the orders of Lord Haig, though it was under the general command of Marshal Foch. The question has been raised as to the wisdom of depriving Lord Haig of so many bomber squadrons during the final battles of the war.

With the third Service in existence, it became necessary to organise in some way, to define in fact the functions and limits of each Service. Possibly no basic principle was ever laid down officially on paper, but in practice the original arrangement was that everything which flew should belong

to the Air Ministry, everything that took warlike action on the water should, as before, belong to the Admiralty, and that everything which fought on the ground should remain the property of the War Office. It was a division, not by class of operations, but entirely by element. At the very beginning there was some hesitation in putting this division into practice, as for a short period the airships remained the property of the Admiralty, though the officers and airmen who flew them were transferred to the Royal Air Force. Before long, however, the airships were also handed over to the Air Ministry and, for reasons of economy, were suppressed.

The contention of this article is that the division of the three Services according to the element in which each weapon or instrument operated was thoughtless, was bound to lead to dual control in almost every operation, was calculated to lead to disputes between the Services, and in fact did lead to such disputes. It is here suggested with emphasis that the only sound principle is for each Service to possess all the *personnel* and *matériel* which are necessary for carrying on its own work, irrespective of the element in which they operate. Only in that way can dual control with its admitted evils be avoided in any one operation. Thus all that belongs to naval defence should be completely and absolutely under the Admiralty whether it floats, walks, or flies; everything pertaining to land defence should be under the War Office; and likewise every component part of air defence should be a responsibility of the Air Ministry.

It is not enough that one Service should have operational control over a body lent by another Service. Each Service ought to raise, organise and pay the men, and select, pay for, and maintain the equipment needed for carrying out its own duties, and the cost should figure in its own estimates when they are presented to Parliament. Only in that way can the country know what each form of defence is costing.

From the very first the system of division by elements showed signs of breaking down through its own shortcomings. The Admiralty protested loudly and continuously against Air Ministry control of the Fleet Air Arm, and though the Balfour Committee arranged a compromise, the dispute continued until, in 1938, that arm was handed over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the Navy. Actually, however,

the first breach of the organisation by elements was made by the Air Ministry. In its control of Iraq, and at that time of Palestine and Trans-Jordan, the Royal Air Force needed the co-operation of armoured cars, and proceeded to raise companies of them, manning them with Air Force *personnel*. This has worked in a very satisfactory way, but some years ago Brigadier-General Spears, M.P., raised the question in Parliament and protested that, as the cars moved on the ground, they ought to have been supplied by the War Office and have been manned by soldiers. Had he carried his point, the unified control in Iraq and Palestine would have been replaced by dual control. However, he failed to persuade the Government, and the Air Force kept its armoured cars. That was the first blow to the old vicious principle. The second was the handing over to the Admiralty of the Fleet Air Arm. We are progressing towards sane organisation, but certain anomalies still remain, and it is the object of this article to examine them and urge their removal.

There are at present three major cases where unified control—or perhaps it would be better to say unified responsibility—has not yet been achieved. In the first place, it has been suggested that the Coastal Command of the Royal Air Force does work of purely naval importance and should therefore be under the Admiralty. Secondly, air reconnaissance is necessary to all Army operations, but the Army has no air arm of its own. In the third place, air defence ought to be one self-contained whole under the Air Ministry, but the searchlights and anti-aircraft guns and their *personnel* are provided by the War Office.

The first case, that of the Coastal Command, is a borderline case. According to the pure doctrine of unified responsibility, the Coastal Command ought to be part of the Navy, but the present practice creates no outstanding anomaly, and no great harm is likely to result from leaving things as they are, at any rate for the present. One should, however, recognise the possibility of friction in two cases, if the Air Ministry did not supply as many aircraft as the Navy needed for the patrol of the seas round our coasts, or if the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief disagreed personally with his naval colleagues.

The case of an Army Air Arm is more important, and is

rather intricate. The Air Ministry provides a number of units called 'Army co-operation squadrons.' These are intended, and are equipped, mainly for tactical reconnaissance and for directing artillery fire on to a target, both purely Army operations. The pilots in these squadrons act as the observers, as the actual flying of the aircraft is a simple and almost subconscious matter. In fact these officers are observers rather than pilots. Up to 50 per cent. of them may be Army officers seconded to the Air Force. All the observer-pilots have to pass through the School of Army Co-operation, which is borne on the Air Estimates, though surely its proper place would be on the Army Estimates. The observers have to study military tactics and Army organisation very thoroughly, and the course is far from simple.

For operations these Army co-operation squadrons come under Army command. The system has not worked badly, except that the Army loses too many of the R.A.F. observer-pilots when they have acquired experience. Most of them hold only short-service commissions and spend only a few years in the squadrons before going on to the reserve. Those who hold permanent commissions are liable to be transferred by the Air Ministry to other classes of squadrons—fighters, bombers, etc. It would be far more satisfactory to the Army if these squadrons belonged completely to itself and if all the observer-pilots were Army officers. The aircraft, however, need to be of special design, and if the transfer were approved it would be wise to make the same stipulation that has been made in the case of the Fleet Air Arm, namely, that all orders for aircraft must be placed through the Air Ministry, which alone has experience of design considerations. Likewise, all elementary flying training schools for all three Services should remain under the Air Ministry, while advanced schools should each be managed by the appropriate Service. Against the transfer of these squadrons the only argument seems to be that the Air Ministry dislikes the idea of parting with anything.

Another reason for the transfer is that the Army co-operation squadrons are now included in what is called the Metropolitan Air Force, and when Parliament discusses the strength of that body, namely, the number of squadrons in the United Kingdom, it is often forgotten that all the squadrons in it

are not available for either air defence or air offence. These Army co-operation squadrons add nothing to our air strength proper, but are, and should be counted as, an integral part of the Army.

That, however, is not the whole of the Army–Air Force story. Short tactical reconnaissance is not enough; strategical reconnaissance is also needed, and at times, too, there must be bombing of targets on the enemy's lines of communication—as apart from attacks on his munition factories. For strategical reconnaissance the bomber type of aircraft is most suitable, but the crews need training in that special work. The Army also needs fighters to protect its tactical reconnaissance machines. At the start of this war these fighters and bombers were sent to France under an Air Officer who was to act as the air adviser to the G.O.C., and his command was called the Air Component of the Expeditionary Force. Subsequently the Air Component was combined with other bombers in France (the Advanced Air Striking Force) and placed under an Air Marshal who has been appointed Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Royal Air Force in France. This may have advantages, but has hardly contributed towards the unity of command in the field on which so much stress was laid at the beginning of the war.

The question is whether the Army ought not to have at its sole disposal a number of bomber and fighter squadrons without being dependent on loans from the Air Force. In peace time there is the chance that the Air Ministry may not provide enough bomber squadrons trained in strategical reconnaissance, or sufficient fighter squadrons to protect the Home-country as well as to supply the Army's needs. Again, the several Service Estimates should discriminate between the needs of air defence and Army defence, which at present is not the case.

The most necessary reform of all is to place all sections of air defence under the Air Ministry. The units which work the searchlights and the anti-aircraft guns should be handed over in their entirety to the Air Force. It would take a very long article to tell the whole history of our blunderings in the matter of air defence, owing to the division of responsibility between the Air Ministry and the War Office. Those who would study the history should read *Air Defence* by

Major-General E. P. Ashmore, and Chapter IX of *The Defence of Britain*, by Captain Liddell Hart. Briefly, the A.A. guns and searchlights are provided by the Territorial Army, but in war and on exercises they are under the operational control of the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Fighter Command. General Ashmore, who wrote in 1929, said (p. 134):

> The War Office has other interests, the Expeditionary Force for example, for which it is entirely responsible; naturally, in these hard times, the Army Council is reluctant to find money for a defence that has been expressly removed from its control. The ground troops have two masters pulling in opposite directions; the R.A.F. only want them efficient, the War Office only want them cheap.

Captain Liddell Hart, writing ten years later, confirms this verdict, and tells in detail the difficulty of getting the War Office to tackle the problem wholeheartedly, even after Mr. Hore-Belisha had ordained priority of supply for the anti-aircraft guns. He observed 'a tendency in high quarters to talk of money devoted to air defence at home as if it were money taken from "the Army."' One can to a great extent sympathise with the Army chiefs, as they evidently felt, if they did not put it into words, that air defence is not really a problem for the War Office but for the Air Ministry. It seems certain that the neglect of the War Office to provide enough guns of the 3.7 calibre and searchlights of the latest pattern, and to provide them in time, played a certain part in tying Britain's sword-arm to her side at the time of the humiliating Munich agreement.

Captain Liddell Hart himself shows some appreciation of the faults of dual responsibility, though the remedies he suggests in his book would work in the wrong direction. He proposes handing the Balloon Barrage over to the War Office, and (on p. 182) he throws out the suggestion that we might 'constitute the air defences of the country, civil and military, as a fourth Service. . . .' The whole matter can be simplified by making the Air Ministry responsible for the whole of the military side of air defence. No other body can compete with it in knowledge of the air danger and of the best way of meeting it. Already it provides the fighter aircraft—the main striking force of the defence—and it must of necessity

provide the Commander-in-Chief of the defence organisation. It seems only the plainest common sense to put it also in charge of the ground troops which have to co-operate with the fighters. Nobody knows so well as an airman how nice and exact must be the co-operation between air and ground, and how by night the aircraft are entirely dependent on the efficiency of the searchlights.

Some of the practical difficulties which have arisen in the past may be mentioned. Some years ago, when economy was rampant, the War Office decided to economise by cancelling all Territorial camps for one year. That meant that when the R.A.F. held their annual air exercises there were no Territorial searchlights to co-operate with the night fighters. To make night operations possible the Army lent some searchlights belonging to the regular Royal Engineers—who in time of war have *nothing* to do with the air defence of Great Britain, but must accompany the Expeditionary Force overseas. The Territorials, who are the home defence men, got no practice that year in co-operating with the Air Force. Searchlight work requires a great deal of practice and drill, and the lights and the fighters must know each other and work together like cylinder and piston in an engine.

To produce such perfect co-operation it is not enough that the Commander-in-Chief of the fighters should have operational control of the ground troops. He, or at any rate the Air Ministry, should be responsible for raising the units, deciding on their locations, placing their headquarters in the most convenient localities (which they are not now in all cases), supervising their training, equipping them, paying them when called out, promoting them, and, when necessary, punishing them. At present the training of the A.A. units has to fit in with the training of the other Territorials, not with the work of the Air Force. Under dual control there are possibilities of inter-departmental discords. If something were to go wrong, if, for example, a gun were to shoot down a fighter, one can see the possibility of a dispute between the two Ministries, for each might try to exonerate its own man and to lay the blame on the other. That may never happen, but the possibility exists, and it ought not to exist.

The fact that an unsound system may for a time be made to work well gives no guarantee of future security. At

present we may accept it that the War Office is doing all that it ought to do for air defence; but will it continue to do so after the end of the present war? Its record gives no ground for confidence. In due course we may expect a period of economy on the fighting Services, and that always bears most hardly on the War Office. When preparing for the next war the Army chiefs will surely be tempted once again to devote the greater part of their exiguous funds to the Expeditionary Force and to let air defence relapse again to the rôle of Cinderella. One might even argue that the War Office would be right in doing so. The cause of air defence should be pleaded before the Treasury and the public by those who have to shoulder the responsibility of defending the country against hostile bombers. If the Air Ministry declared, as it would, that it could not guarantee to stop enemy raiding without such and such guns and searchlights, the demand would be difficult to resist. In the past the taxpayers have been inclined to think that all is well if the Air Estimates provide for enough aircraft, and to forget that the aircraft must have the support of guns and lights. It is important that the Treasury, as well as the public and the fighting Services themselves, should be educated to think of air defence as one problem. There is an excuse for muddled thinking when the subject has been cut in two and divided between two Services and two sets of estimates.

We British are apt to plume ourselves on our genius for compromise and for getting good results out of illogical situations. We are too apt to say that 'given good will, it will work.' Where our safety is concerned it would be far wiser to organise on sane and sound basic principles.

F. A. de V. Robertson.

STORM OVER PALESTINE

The British Government has brought discord upon the Holy Land at a moment when, after three and a half years of unbroken strife, it looked as if there were a chance of fostering peace and goodwill between the communities. The outbreak of the war had brought a *détente* between Arabs and Jews: the progress of the war, it was hoped, would bring an entente. Common economic difficulties, the recognition of the common peril, and the common cause of both nationalities with the Allies against Germany, were factors tending to promote conciliation and co-operation in place of conflict and suspicion. The Arab citrus growers had met the Jewish growers in a Jewish village, and drawn up together a memorial to the Government. Arab chambers of commerce had joined with the Jewish chambers in requesting the Government to modify the interpretation of an Article of Mandate which stood in the way of trade agreements with foreign countries. Arabs and Jews volunteered together to form a Palestine Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps; and the enthusiastic reception of the first battalion in France was announced on the very day on which the publication of the Government's new policy in Palestine evoked a storm of protest from the Jewish bodies.

It is at this inopportune moment that the Government has published regulations concerning the transfer of land, which forbid the acquisition of land by Jews from Arabs in the greater part of Palestine, and severely restrict it in most of the rest of the country. Arabs will enjoy freedom of disposition, and Jews will enjoy freedom of purchase in less than one-twentieth part of Western Palestine. The effect of the regulations is, as the Jews see it, to confine them to a pale of settlement in the country of the 'National Home.' The reason given for the new departure is the belief that the rights and position of the Arab population will be prejudiced, and

a problem of landless Arabs will arise of such dimensions that it will be difficult to find a solution unless these steps are taken at once.

Nearly all the hill country of Judea, Samaria and Galilee—and that constitutes the greater part of Palestine west of the Jordan—is the prohibited area; and the zone in which the transfer is severely restricted includes the Plains of Esdraelon and Jezrel, Eastern Galilee, and parts of the Maritime Plain, where Jewish expansion has been marked; and the southern portion of the Negeb, that empty land in the south which, in area, is nearly equal to the rest. The zone in which Jews may acquire land freely is limited to that part of the Plain of Sharon where they already hold the greater part of the soil

It might be thought from the Government statement that the transfer of land in Palestine has in the past been unrestricted, and that there has been no regard for the protection of existing Arab cultivators from dispossession. That is altogether contrary to the case, and it is worth recording the history. From the establishment of the Civil Government in 1920, the Palestine Administration has been alive to that danger, and has endeavoured by a series of measures to prevent the formation of a landless peasant class. The original Transfer of Land Ordinance, 1920, placed all land transactions under strict control. The smaller transfers of agricultural land, not exceeding 75 acres in area, or £3,000 in value, required the authorisation of the District Commissioner who had to be satisfied that the purchaser was a resident and would cultivate the land himself. Larger transactions required the authorisation of the High Commissioner, who appointed a Land Commission, with an Arab and a Jewish member, to examine the proposals; and passed them only if he was satisfied that they would serve some public utility. No land on which there were tenants could be transferred unless provision were made of sufficient land in the same district, or elsewhere, for the maintenance of the tenants. The Commission of Enquiry, which was appointed after the riots of 1921, reported that this protective legislation was regarded by the Arabs as having been introduced to keep down the price of land, and to throw land which was in the market into the hands of the Jews at a low price. The

Government was induced, prematurely as it turned out, to relax the severe control, retaining, however, the provisions for the protection of tenants.

Some years later it introduced fresh legislation for the protection of cultivators, on the lines of the measures passed by the Liberal Government for the protection of tenants in Ireland. A statutory tenant, *i.e.*, a person who had cultivated a holding for two years or more, could not be evicted by his landlord unless given a clear year's notice from the end of the harvest, save where he had failed to pay the rent without due cause, or to cultivate the land in accordance with the rules of good husbandry. A Board which comprised a British officer and representatives of the landlords and tenants, was to decide whether there was good ground for eviction. No increase of rent could be made without notice for a clear year, and without the approval of the Board. Compensation had to be given to the tenant for disturbance for any improvements he had made on the land; and in case the tenant had been occupying the holding for at least five years, he received, in addition to that compensation, one year's average rent. The benefit of the legislation was extended to any agricultural workman who received as part of his remuneration part of the produce of the holding which he cultivated, and to any persons who had exercised continuously for two years the practice of grazing or watering animals, or other beneficial occupation, whether by right, usage or sufferance.

The legislation, which was enacted before the Arab rising in 1929, was designed to check the removal of the tenants by their Arab landlords, with a view to selling the land, unencumbered, to Jewish purchasers. After those riots Sir John Hope-Simpson made a survey, with a view to considering the possibilities of future immigration and settlement, and he stressed the need of further protection of the Arab tenants. Amending legislation was prescribed, and provided that no statutory tenant who had occupied a holding for at least *one* year should be removed unless he were provided with a subsistence area, sufficient for the maintenance of his family, or with other land which would enable him to maintain his customary means of livelihood. The tenant of a subsistence area could not sell or mortgage his tenancy right.

The land question continued to occupy the Government; and when in 1931 a Director of Development was appointed, one of his first duties was to prepare a register of landless Arabs and draw up a scheme for resettling them.

A judicial inquiry was held into all applications for resettlement which were received; and it was significant that out of 3,271 applications 2,607 were disallowed, and 664 only were admitted to the register. The Government acquired land for the settlement of these displaced cultivators, and all who were prepared to go on the land were placed, but many had found and preferred other occupations. There was a gap in the legislation: that it did not prevent cultivators who were owners from disposing of their holdings of land; and, therefore, the possibility still existed of Arabs becoming landless through their own improvidence.

The Royal Commission which came out to Palestine in 1936 examined the land question with special regard to the growth of the population, and summed up the conclusions of the previous inquiries as follows:

(1) Unless there were a marked change in the Arab methods of cultivation, the land would be unable to support a large increase in the population.

(2) Any such change must necessarily be a slow process, spread over many years, and depended particularly on the extension of education in Arab villages.

(3) The indebtedness of the fellaheen was a serious hindrance to progress.

(4) Reliance must mainly be placed on the extension of irrigation for any marked increase in the productivity of the land.

The Commission having examined the possibility of enacting a law, by which in certain areas land might not be sold to Jews, judged that any such legislation would be contrary to the terms of the Mandate for Palestine prohibiting discrimination between the inhabitants on the grounds of race, religion or language, and contrary also to the express terms of the Palestine Order-in-Council. It might be advisable, however, in their view, for the Government to obtain the consent of the League of Nations to the amendment of the Mandate, so as to allow of such legislation. That recommendation was the starting point of the present measures.

The Commission proposed a partition of Palestine into three areas: a Jewish State, an Arab State which would comprise also Transjordan, and a territory under British mandate between them. It recommended that during the period of transition, pending the establishment of the States, the Government should prohibit the acquisition of land by the Jews in what should be the Arab State, and acquisition by Arabs of land in the future Jewish State. The plan was riddled by the report of the Technical Commission, which was sent to Palestine in 1938 to examine how the principle of partition could be applied. And after the Government had then thrown over the principle of partition, and failed in the abortive conference last year to bring about any agreement between Arab and Jewish delegations from Palestine, it was left to them to issue their own solution. The statement, which appeared in May, 1939, contained the provision that the High Commissioner would be given general powers to prohibit and regulate transfers of land, and his policy would be directed towards the development of the land and improvement of methods of cultivation.

These land proposals of the White Paper, no less than those concerning the constitution and immigration, were severely criticised by the Permanent Mandates Commission last summer, and the Colonial Secretary, who appeared before that body, was closely cross-examined about them. It was the opinion of the majority of the Mandates Commission that the proposals were not in accord with the Article of the Mandate, which lays down that the administration of Palestine, while ensuring that the rights and position of other sections of the population are not prejudiced, shall encourage close settlement by Jews on the land.

While the White Paper declared that the powers of the High Commissioner concerning dispositions of land would date from its publication, in view of the strictures of the Mandates Commission, the Government felt bound to delay the issue of the regulations until the whole matter had been considered by the Council of the League. The outbreak of war prevented the meeting of the Council, and the Government had not hitherto proceeded with the implementing of the policy till the issue of this last paper about transfer of land.

It might be thought from the Government's last state-

ment, and the letter which it addressed to the Secretary of the League of Nations, that Jewish purchasers have rapidly acquired large areas of land in Palestine and are threatening to drive the Arabs from the soil. The facts do not support any such apprehension. Since the Mandate was conferred in 1920, the Jews have acquired in all about 200,000 acres of land; and since they started agricultural settlement in the Holy Land, some sixty years ago, their total holding, including uncultivable wastes, is less than 400,000 acres. It has been found impossible to reach any agreement as to the cultivable area in Palestine, excluding the Negeb. The Royal Commission reported that Government experts put it at about 1,800,000 acres; and the Jewish experts, taking a more hopeful view, at 2,500,000 acres. It is clear, however, that, adopting the more conservative estimate, the Jewish settlers do not occupy more than one-sixth of that area, although they constitute nearly one-third of the population. About 125,000 Jews are living in the rural villages, not all, of course, engaged in agriculture, and they comprise a quarter of the Jewish population of the country.

It is admitted by all the Commissions with which Palestine has been blessed that the Jews have made signal improvements in the agricultural development by their schemes of irrigation and their application of science; and have conferred benefit thereby on the whole of the population. It is significant that the Arab peasants have increased just in the areas of Jewish settlement, and decreased, according to the latest enumerations, in the hill country, to which the Jews have scarcely penetrated. The Jewish return to the soil has been the most striking factor both in their own regeneration and the redemption of the country.

Their agricultural colonisation, though steadily pursued during the years of strife, has not shown any dramatic development. The existing legislation about land transfer is adequate to prevent anything of the kind. During the last year of which there are complete figures, 1938, they acquired altogether less than 7,000 acres of land, and it is notable that the smaller part was located in the Plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, and the greater part was in the hills and the Negeb. It is notable also, that of the land in Jewish possession at the end of 1938, one-fourth was in the hill country. Moreover,

while the Royal Commission of 1936 recommended the prohibition of the acquisition of land by Jews in the part of the hill-country which was to be included in the Arab State, it was an integral part of their plan that the Jews should have full opportunity of settlement in the whole of Galilee which was to be included in the Jewish region.

It may be asked: Is the Government to do nothing for the duration of the war, in face of the reports of the experts and Commissions, to give further protection to the Arab cultivators and to prevent the danger of a growing landless class? Having gone some way to securing Arab goodwill by its statement of policy of last year, is it not in danger of losing that goodwill by suspending the promised measures? The alternative, however, is not between doing nothing and the sweeping restrictions which are proposed. It is the kind and degree of restrictions and the discrimination in the proposal which are objectionable, because they cut away the main principle, that Jews and Arabs are both in Palestine as of right, and that the obligations of the Mandate towards the two peoples are equal, and because they appear to be a breach of international obligations. It may be salutary to place again, by regulation, restrictions on sale by the owner-cultivator, unless he reserves enough land for the maintenance of his family; to protect him against himself, in the way which legislation did in 1920. It may be advisable, again, to provide in certain parts of the country, where large schemes of irrigation and water conservation are required to develop the land, as in the Huleh swamps in the north and the Negeb wilderness in the south, that the sanction of the High Commissioner should be required to any transfer, so as to assure that the scheme will be in the joint interests of Arabs and Jews. The report of the Royal Commission gave several notable examples of such enterprises of irrigation carried out by the Jews to the common good and, on the other hand, pointed to the harm which had been done by the transfer of the State lands in the Jordan valley to Arab cultivators, without regard to any general scheme of irrigation.

What does not seem fair or legitimate is that, since the plan of partition has been abandoned, Jews should be excluded from holding land in the largest part of the country, and that the thick end of the wedge should be driven by the

Government between the two peoples to keep them apart. That policy, too, is an affront to the Permanent Mandates Commission, an affront which is not removed, but is aggravated, by a suggestion that any member of the Council of the League may ask for a meeting of the Council to consider the propriety of a regulation already brought into force.

Palestine west of the Jordan, from which Transjordania has already been lopped off, is small enough for a National Home which is to be shared with the Arabs. But, at least, that country should be shared. The experience of the last twenty years has proved that, when the Jews are enabled to carry out close settlement, the conditions of the Arab peasants around are enhanced. The White Paper speaks of the land in the hill country as being already congested. True, the present primitive cultivation of the fellaheen provides a miserable existence; but a similar change can be produced in the hills to that in the plains if the opportunity is given, as the few Jewish hill colonies have shown. Significantly many Arab villages have protested against the regulation. The root evil of the Government policy is that it is negative, separatist and discriminatory. It tends to repress growth and not to stimulate co-operation. In spite of fine words at the end, that 'the Jews and Arabs must learn to live together,' the statement is calculated to estrange the relations between the Jews and Arabs, and to keep them separated in spirit as in space. That is the more unfortunate, when the recent pronouncement by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald about Colonial policy had given hope that the Government in mandated territories, as well as in the Colonies, was about to embark on a courageous, constructive policy of raising the agricultural and industrial conditions of all the population. In Palestine, that would mean an agrarian programme directed particularly to improving, with Government aid, the conditions of husbandry of the Arabs, and including in its scope the half-populated plateau of Transjordania, as well as the derelict wastes of the Negeb in the south. That area of 4,000 square miles has to-day a nomad population of one person to the square mile, while in the days of the Byzantine Empire it sustained a settled population estimated at between 300,000 and 400,000.

There is talk—and serious thought—of larger plans of a

Federation in the Middle East, which will make it possible to consider as one economic whole Palestine, Transjordan, Iraq and, perhaps, Syria. In that larger whole there would be ample land for Arabs and Jews. It may seem Utopian at present, like the talk of a Federal Union of Europe, but who shall say that the war may not make it a part of real politics? The war of 1914–1918 gave fulfilment to what, at the beginning, must have seemed a wilder dream: the opportunity for Arabs and Jews to revive their national life and march towards independence. Then, a few British statesmen, a Jewish seer and a British hero—Balfour, Lloyd George, Smuts, Mark Sykes, Weizmann, and Lawrence—had the vision. The present proposals of the British Government seem puny in comparison. To deal piecemeal with the land question in Western Palestine, without making it a part of a larger political and economic solution, is to foster resentment, as well as to flout the considered advice of the League.

There is little reason to expect any vast purchases of land by Jews during the war; and the Government applying the present legislation, with or without amendment, could administratively take steps to check any transfer which might prejudice the position of any section of the Arabs. The present policy is calculated to plunge the Jews of Palestine into discontent, to try hard the sympathies of Jews in neutral countries, to give the appearance to the world of the whittling away of the British Declaration of the last war and of disregard of the League and international obligations, and to make Palestine the land of broken promise.

The sting is in the principle of separation and discrimination, and in the geographical crystallisation of the National Home. The regulation has indeed a saving clause: the boundaries between the free, restricted and prohibited areas are not fixed for all time; it is open to the High Commissioner, in the interests of Jewish settlement, if satisfied that the rights and position of the Arab population are duly preserved, to review and modify orders relating to a prohibition or restriction of the transfer of land. If the Government, having carried its proposals through Parliament, proceeds with the regulation, it may be hoped that it will give effect to that grace-note, till a larger and juster solution is found.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

THE BALTIC STATES WITHOUT GERMANS

The enforced exodus of the Germans from Latvia and Estonia, now officially recognised by the Nazi Government as complete and irrevocable, is an international event of real magnitude. It not only changes the political aspect of the Baltic States, which have been freed from a troublesome and disloyal minority, but marks a full reversal of policy on the part of the Reich. The traditional *Drang nach dem Osten* is given up, and a withdrawal from the Baltic and the East has set in.

This is the more surprising since Germany for centuries past has regarded eastward expansion as her 'sacred' mission. It began as early as 1107 as a religious and economic movement, and resulted, after ruthless bloodshed, in the creation of a powerful Teutonic State which dominated the Baltic Sea and the approaches to Russia. When this State collapsed in the sixteenth century, and the Baltic was in turn subjugated by Poland, Sweden and finally Russia, the descendants of the first German invaders managed to remain the actual masters. Their long rule gave the Baltic States the broad foundations of Western culture, most of their towns, civic institutions and the basis of commerce and industry. German intellectuals translated the Bible into Latvian and Estonian, composed books in the native tongues and published their first newspapers. But on the whole the Barons were extremely harsh masters. The Tsars had preserved their privileges, and in return they served them as administrators, officers and politicians, while never forgetting that they 'lived on German land as German subjects of the Russian Emperor.' They kept up their national traditions, resisted Russification, and waited for the Reich to 'liberate' them. It was the Kaiser who, dreaming of a new crown and of a vast empire in the East, renewed the *Drang nach dem Osten* in 1914.

The Baltic States were soon overrun by the Prussian

military machine. Aided by the army of occupation, the Barons regained full power. They reconstituted in each province their historic *Landtag*. Under the dictate of Berlin, the Landtag of Curland offered William II the Grand-Ducal throne. The Estonian Germans invited him to unite their territory with the Reich. According to another project, Latvia, Estonia and her big islands were to be welded into one single separate German State. Lithuania, which, owing to her union with Poland, had never been German before, was first meant to be left independent though perpetually allied to the Reich. But later this idea was given up in favour of a union with the Kingdom of Saxony. All these plans, which had their counterparts also in Finland, were of course aimed at the legalisation of the protectorate over the Baltic, to which the German militarists had forced Russian agreement at the peace conference of Brest-Litowsk. A special baronial land fund was created for colonists from the Reich, who were to supply a police force against popular opposition. A reign of terror did the rest.

All this ended abruptly with the German defeat on the Western Front. The army of occupation broke up; but, during the subsequent Soviet invasion, the Barons formed a *Landeswehr*, ostensibly to fight Bolshevism. Soon, however, they revolted against the young Latvian Government and, with the help of General von der Goltz, set up a pro-German Cabinet. The combined Estonian and Latvian forces, having dealt with the Reds, defeated the Germans; but a few months later the latter again invaded Lithuania and Latvia, and it was not before 1919 that they were crushed with Allied assistance.

When in the new Baltic States the native populations assumed power, the former German ruling class became a minority. Their privileges were abolished, their ancestral estates expropriated. On the other hand, the new Governments sincerely wished to collaborate with them. For a number of years German representatives were included in successive Cabinets, and a full cultural autonomy enabled the Germans in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania to preserve their language and traditions. They had a large share in trade, industry, the professions and cultural activities. Nevertheless, they remained a State within the State, for they resented the

loss of their obsolete privileges. Well disciplined and united, they turned their Volkstum into a citadel, preparing for the day when the Reich would call upon its outposts to fulfil its 'mission.'

The rise of Hitler had an immediate effect on the Germans in the Baltic States. A campaign of blackmail and terrorism started in Memelland, which only ended with its cession in the spring of 1939. From that time onward Lithuania had no German minority problem. In Latvia and Estonia there were about 70,000 Germans, who quickly responded to Hitler. With his doctrine of the unification of all Germans and conquest in the East, he appeared to them as the Messiah. According to the former President of the Danzig Senate, Dr. H. Rauschning, who had received 'confidential and personal explanations of Hitler's policy,' the Nazis regarded Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia as lands which 'could easily be assimilated. All that was necessary there was a German upper class.' A special section in the private foreign office of Alfred Rosenberg, himself a Balt, was devoted to the preparation of this assimilation. Money and propaganda poured into the Baltic States. The German democratic leaders were dismissed. Their press, theatres, schools, social and party organisations were *gleichgeschaltet*. Semi-military youth formations sprang up, and the whole German population, divided into 'cells' and controlled by sub-leaders, took its orders from Berlin.

At first the Latvian and Estonian Governments suppressed all subversive activities. No interference from the Reich was tolerated. A few years ago the illegal 'Baltic Brotherhood' was discovered. It was a sort of revival of the medieval Teutonic order, which strove for union with Germany. A number of Barons, students and teachers were implicated and punished with imprisonment. But the events in Sudetenland and Danzig went to their heads. Simultaneously Berlin became still more active. The Minister to Riga was withdrawn because he was 'too moderate.' His successor was a frequent visitor at the Latvian Foreign Office. The three Governments were put under pressure with due reminders of the fate of Austria and Czechoslovakia. In the spring of 1939 they were so much under Nazi influence that Non-Aggression Pacts were concluded. Krupp contemplated a

branch in the Baltic, strategic roads were devised. German warships, high army officers, merchants, tourists visited their 'future dominions.' With exultation the Barons saw the hour approaching when Hitler, after another bloodless victory, would take them into the Reich. And when the Latvian Press, exasperated with the constant friction, suggested that a German repatriation as carried out in Southern Tyrol would be also a good solution of the Baltic problem, they only laughed.

That is why Hitler's sudden evacuation order was so shattering a blow for the Germans. Their wish for return to the Reich was based on the assumption that the whole Baltic space would be triumphantly incorporated and they would once again become masters of the lands which their ancestors had held. Instead, they had to abandon the place where they had been rooted for centuries, along with their friends, business, property and a more than comfortable life. Since Estonia and Latvia cannot afford to endanger their economic and financial stability by excessive transfer of wealth, rigid restrictions had to be imposed on the evacuees. Money, valuables, art and historic treasures, machinery, professional appliances—all had to be left behind, and the indemnities they will eventually receive through the offices of the Nazi Government will necessarily be small and cover a long period of years. With scanty belongings, bewildered and anxious, the Baltic Germans were hastily sent, not to the Fatherland, but to hostile Poland, where nothing awaits them but danger, privation and a toil to which they are not used. Under these circumstances most of them did not want to go, but the pressure from Berlin was too great. Though Hitler took great pains to deny that the evacuation was a retreat in face of the Soviet advance, unofficial propaganda spread panicky news of the Russian danger. Forgetting his previous doctrines, Alfred Rosenberg suddenly discovered that the Baltic was 'foreign land' and appealed to his compatriots to 'come home.' To strengthen this appeal it was announced from Berlin that every German who refused would for ever be cast out of the *Volksgemeinschaft*. Obviously this threat could not be disregarded. But the frame of mind in which the 70,000 Baltic Germans obeyed the call was well illustrated by a letter one of them sent to a relative in Riga. 'You will soon

follow us,' he wrote, 'do so by all means. But before you go, don't forget to see Dr. . . .' and he mentioned the name of a well-known brain specialist.

This feeling of shock and disillusionment is shared also by the Germans of the Reich. It was one of the reasons of Hitler's popularity with the Junkers, the industrialists and the people that he had revived the *Drang nach dem Osten*. The extent to which the German Army desired the Baltic was illustrated by the *Militaerwissenschaftliche Mitteilungen*, which recently declared that the Reich can only exist if it dominates that sea. As a spokesman of the Navy, Viceadmiral Meurer wrote in the *Preussische Zeitung* a few months ago that the Power which controls the Baltic will become the determining factor in the whole of Eastern Europe. But disregarding these opinions, disregarding the traditional German policy and his own careful work of past years, Hitler suddenly changed his course. To escape the stranglehold into which, in the words of the British Prime Minister, his own senseless ambition had brought him, he had to make friends with Stalin. To that end he surrendered all his outposts to the Russians, whose fleet and air force now assumed control of a large sector of the Baltic.

The Governments of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania welcomed the German repatriation. They offered the evacuees many facilities and agreed to release on shortest notice officers and soldiers serving in the armed forces, high officials of State, technicians, scientists, hospital patients, convicts, etc. It is true that the millions of pounds of indemnities eventually to be paid to the Reich for German property will put a big strain on their treasuries, already suffering from the wartime stoppage of exports, and the loss of thousands of experts and skilled workers is also heavily felt. But this is compensated by the fact that Latvia and Estonia have now rid themselves of a minority which constituted a latent danger by constantly plotting with the Reich. And when in the next few months the small group of Prussians, still left in Lithuania proper, will leave too, then the Baltic States for the first time in 700 years will be without Germans.

From the point of view of Nazi policy this is a grave failure. It has been recognised by generations of politicians

If the Reich, as conceived by its prophets, is to exist at all, it must expand in the East and exploit its resources. A stepping-stone to this expansion are the Baltic States. But instead of making the final effort to secure them, Hitler committed the blunder of surrendering them to the Russians, thus playing into the hands of the traditional enemy. The liquidation of the German outposts in the Baltic, coupled with the *desinteressement* in Finland, is nothing but the admission of capitulation—the official acknowledgment that strategically and politically Berlin has lost the East.

WOLFRAM GOTTLIEB.

AUSTRIA AND THE FUTURE

Twice within a quarter of a century Austria has been the cause of a European war; once, in 1914, an active cause, when the antiquated Empire, Austria-Hungary, too rigid and too powerful, in what it thought to be a justified defence of its legal rights, declared war on Servia; once more in 1938, this time in a passive way, when the small Federal State of Austria, so isolated amongst its neighbours, could not resist the invasion of Hitler who had cunningly chosen the weakest of his opponents to be the first victim of his attack on Europe. The invasion of Austria on March 11th, 1938, started the second European War.

The question is in many people's mind whether Austria can, or ought to, remain part of the German Reich, which by military occupation has forced her into this union. By calling it a 're-union' ('Wiedervereinigung') Germany has tried to mislead and comfort the conscience of its own citizens as well as of the Austrians, in fact the conscience of the whole world; but the time has come to make clear, once and for ever, that Austria has never formed part of Germany before, and that a misconception of history is at the root of the fatal error that has arisen. Nothing but a wanton misrepresentation of the idea of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation could have brought it about.

When the Holy Roman Empire was still in existence, all the German States (many dozens in number) were rallied round the Roman Emperor whose residence for centuries was Vienna, until the Holy Roman Empire, that first vision of a united Europe, came to an end in 1806. But his realm was more of a spiritual than of a worldly kind, and so in those days Germany was a spiritual conception; it did not exist on the map.

Although by the fact that, with a few exceptions, the Habsburg dynasty bore the Emperor's crown, Austria was

generally thought of as the leading German country; until defeated by Prussia in 1866, it could never have been said that the two countries were one or that Prussia was part of Austria. Like Bavaria, Saxony and all the other German duchies and principalities, Prussia and Austria were entirely independent States; in fact hardly a century went by that did not see the two countries at war with each other: Maria Theresa and Frederick the Great, Francis Joseph and Frederick William IV—Schuschnigg and Hitler.

To style the Holy Roman Empire 'of the German Nation' was a vast exaggeration if taken literally, as in the course of time it had come to embrace not only all the German tribes but also nations as far apart and different from each other as Spaniards and Czechs, Belgians and Poles; but it was significant as an attempt to co-ordinate a religious with a national conception. The latter was bound eventually to outrule the former. From century to century the spiritual and religious ideas decayed. When, finally, the French Revolution had shaken the foundations of Christianity and Austria was forced to fight the Corsican usurper who had assumed the title 'Emperor of the French,' the thin threads that still kept together the Holy Roman Empire were cut in 1806 and the last Roman Emperor, abandoning the title, assumed that of 'Emperor of Austria.' So the spiritual power surrendered to the progress of secularism.

A last spiritual link, though, held Austria together—the dynasty; but not for long, as the national idea, the driving element of the nineteenth century, undermined the unity. This movement led to the splitting of the State in 1867, when the Hungarians obtained national independence and Austria-Hungary came into existence. Now the western half of the Empire only, still comprising seven or eight nationalities, was called Austria. Fifty years later the national idea finally overruled all others and dissolved both the western and eastern half. The 6,500,000 German-speaking people who inhabited the small portion which was to retain the name of Austria, not knowing any better and under the stress of the moment, immediately declared their desire not to remain in national and economic isolation, but to join the German Reich.

What German Reich, however, was it that had such

magnetic attraction for them? Symbolically, so it may seem, two emperors had eventually succeeded the one Roman Emperor of old, for Austria was not to be the sole heir of the Holy Roman Empire; she had to share with Prussia, who, in pursuance of her bellicose and expansionist tendencies which had become apparent in the eighteenth century, successfully attempted to rally the remaining German tribes. In competition, as it were, with the older supernational Austria, a purely secular and national empire had come into existence, Bismarck's Germany, born in war, militant from the outset, admittedly Prussian in spirit and conception, ruled from Berlin. However, whilst Bismarck's Reich still respected Europe's Christian values, the Third Reich of Adolf Hitler severed all relations with European civilisation and frankly and shamelessly denounced the basic principles of Christianity. Yet it was never Bismarck, but Hitler, who, though in nebulous allusions, claimed for his Reich succession to the Holy Roman Empire and substantiated such claims by iron facts. But to speak of 'Wiedervereinigung' when raping Austria and Czechoslovakia—what travesty of history!

No doubt, in the nineteenth century tendencies towards a union were noticeable at times in the German-speaking parts of Austria. They were realised for a short time during the revolution of 1848, when deputies of all German tribes, including Austria, assembled in the Church of St. Paul in Frankfort on Main, electing an Austrian Archduke as regent for the whole of Germany. However, it was not until 1918 that Austria, the Republic of Austria as the remnant was called, developed an outspoken desire to join Germany. What other choice did she have? Unsurmountable barriers, erected by the former partners of the common state, blocked the way in all other directions. A desperate nation was feverishly asking for a remedy which would cure the fatal wounds inflicted upon it by a questionable operation. Small wonder that before long the 'Anschluss' quacks turned up, offering their primitive recipe. Differences of culture, history, outlook and upbringing were soon forgotten, thanks to the *suada* of 'learned men,' and others, who made believe that a common language was sufficient proof of two nations being one. Circumstances were in their favour. The same Left-Wing parties ruled both countries and easily co-operated

on the strength of an identical programme which included the ideal of a democratic Greater German Republic. Economic conditions, so well known that they need not be analysed here, did the rest.

However, in the course of the following fifteen years both political and economic conditions fluctuated, and the state of poverty, to which Austria had been reduced by the Treaty of St. Germain, at times seemed to give way to beginning prosperity. Whenever this was the case the 'Anschluss' idea lost much of its attraction—a not insignificant fact, and what applied to the population as a whole was, to some extent, also true in respect of the political views of the individual citizen, which were naturally influenced by the ups and downs of his private fortune; though, it must be said, a group of sincere Pan-Germans, and their number was not small, were never moved by economic considerations, and kept true to their ideal throughout. It remains to be seen what the reaction upon the fulfilment of their keenest desire will ultimately be.

Similarly, political fluctuations were the cause of a peculiar shifting of public opinion, different parties favouring the 'Anschluss' at different times. Thus, when Hitler came into power, the movement, which at times had seemed to fade away, grew once more, but now amongst an entirely different section of the population, namely the nationalists, the socialists this time being the fiercest opponents of the union which they had been the first to advocate. This may be recorded as perhaps the most characteristic symptom of the entanglement and plight of unfortunate Austria.

But wavering and shifting of opinions were not confined to Austria. The victorious Entente had vetoed the union straightaway in 1919, which did not prevent the same Powers from acquiescing tacitly in that *fait accompli* of Hitler's in March, 1938. The twenty years between were marked by ever changing and contradictory prophecies as to what Europe would or would not do if force were used to that end, the only indication being another veto, this time from the League of Nations, when, in 1931, a customs-union had tentatively been proclaimed between the two countries. Posterity, however, we feel sure, will record these various incidents merely as episodes in the history of Austria.

One day the Austrians may be called upon for once freely to declare before the world their political intentions. No doubt, if they only had to choose between remaining a German province or returning into the narrow boundaries of the 1918 republic, this would be a poor proposition to put before them, and probably little enthusiasm would be roused by either alternative. Many Austrians even whose patriotic feelings and instincts would prompt them to reject the 'Anschluss' idea, might, by force of reason, be induced to declare themselves in its favour, knowing how hopeless their future would be otherwise. Therefore a better alternative must be offered to them, and history shows the way.

For many hundred years Austrians have lived in closest union with Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians and other nationalities of Central Europe, and firm historical as well as economic bonds tied these nations together until a little over twenty years ago. Many links have since been broken, but by no means all; and if offered once more the chance of a *rapprochement* that promises to grow into more than mere collaboration, even Austrians who had favoured the 'Anschluss' may be induced to think twice before throwing in their lot with the Germans. Perhaps they will realise that to unite again with the other Danubian nations would indeed be the real 'Wiedervereinigung.'

'If Austria did not exist she would have to be invented.' More and more often these famous words of Palacky, the great Czech patriot, are being quoted these days. They were pronounced almost a hundred years ago when the so-called Sudetenland, the cause of the September crisis, 1938, was Austrian; when Transylvania, the mountainous stretch of country now Rumanian, but disputed by Hungary—perhaps at any moment the pretext for the outbreak of another war—was Austrian; and the Southern Tyrol, too, whence the native population, cut off from their brothers in the northern valleys, is being deported; and also the vast plains of Eastern Galicia, now a prey to the Soviet invaders; and all the land between as well. Even to-day, one who walks through the streets of Cracow and Budapest, Prague and Vienna, and who is able to perceive that architecture is a vital expression of a country's soul, will discover that the houses and streets and

gardens of these cities, though not lacking individuality, must have been conceived by the same mind; and not only those dating from the baroque, that most Austrian of all styles, but, even more remarkable, also those built in the nineteenth century which, it is generally assumed, had no style at all. The conclusion may not be merely speculative that what we call 'style' is rarely, or at least not always, understood as such by the contemporaries. Is it not conceivable, therefore, that the inhabitants of these various countries are even to-day united by one 'Lebensstil,' unnoticeable to them, and that they still share that spiritual House of which they see only the dividing partitions within but not the common walls? If that were the case, the task ahead of us would not offer such unsurmountable obstacles as the 'realists' fear.

In reality, no doubt, Austria does not exist; even the name has been effaced. We know then what to do: we have to invent her. The work will go ahead in big strides once it has been fully understood that questions of name and size and structure are not what matters most. They will be solved as soon as Austria's neighbours discover that Austrians need not be feared; and when the Austrians discover that they have a mission, but one that can never be fulfilled as long as they remain within the boundaries of a German Reich, a mission that is not a warrior's, but rather, as of old, that of absorbing and amalgamating the best of other nations. Nationalities, however numerous, can be reconciled with Austria, but not nationalism, the very opposite of what we are confident is the Austrian idea. The cramp of nationalism must lose its grip on the mid-European peoples, and more modern ideals be freed in their souls and permeate them all.

Indeed, nationalism, that primitive panacea bequeathed to us by the nineteenth century, can no longer be applied. For nationalism can never be the uniting power to make real our vision, even though national trends may help the development towards unity. Germans are keen to preserve what is theirs, whether they live in Transylvanian Siebenbuergen or in the Sudeten mountains. Those several millions, that troublesome minority of Czechoslovakia, the cause of so much unrest in past years, may feel more at home with their Austrian neighbours with whom they are connected

by the memory of bygone days and would appear to have at least as much, if not more, affinity than with their northern co-nationals. Ten million German-speaking people would thus be linked in the Danubian area and find themselves balanced to satisfaction from a national viewpoint, for roughly ten million Czechoslovaks and ten million Hungarians will be their counterpart. If this solution satisfies the Germanic members of that federation, the advantages for the Slav and Magyar partners are at least as momentous. No better solution could be devised to protect their national existence, and especially for Czech independence an independent Austria is a *conditio sine qua non*. Or shall the Czechs stay for ever in the grip of 75,000,000 Germans who clasp their land on three sides? Certainly Slovaks will not resent their newly arranged 'independence' being absorbed by a wider unit which will guarantee to them their free cultural development and make them the important bridge between their Czech brothers and their Hungarian neighbours, whilst Hungary may then more easily secure the world's respect for her striving for national integrity.

If reasons of balance from the national viewpoint commend the scheme, economic arguments should not weigh less. Once the customs barriers are abolished, the abundance of Hungary's crops will flow unhampered into the poor mountain districts of Northern Bohemia, whilst the products of Bohemian and Moravian industry will be consumed by an enlarged home market that will include Austria and Hungary; but economic advantages that will naturally ensue need not be detailed here. The territories thus bound by customs union (and defended by armies under one control) will necessarily negotiate jointly their trade agreements with other countries, no longer bargaining for preferential tariffs here or there through separate legations. One ambassador will represent them at the Court of St. James's and with the other Powers, as once more a Power (of 30,000,000, or more) will have arisen in the centre of Europe. Yet—let no one be afraid: aggressive expansion does not come within the scope of the new federation, if for no other reason but for its complex composition. Just as, for that very reason, old Austria was the only European Empire which never claimed colonies, so the new Danubian unit, whatever be the number of nations

ultimately to join, will have no other ambition than to become the nucleus of that wider, though perhaps looser, federation that is one day to embrace the whole of Europe.

However, unless in that Europe of the future each nation will respect with painstaking tact the traditions and the ideals of all the others, Europe will never thrive again, and Central Europe should give the lead by preventing in its sphere the triumph of unbridled egotism and national individualism; by allowing to all its nationalities the maximum of cultural freedom; by granting them the full right of constitutional self-determination. Reason, not passion, must rule. Therefore, not crowds demonstrating in the streets of the big cities will prepare the ground, but conscientious experts. Their work, which may take long to accomplish, can be begun at any time and anywhere, because their task will never be to decide from without and beforehand on the future of that part of Europe which, being strangled by the invaders, cannot now speak for itself. However strongly economic, strategic and other considerations may force themselves upon the brains of the experts, the scheme devised by them will have to stand the test of the peoples' hearts.

All Europe will watch with much concern. Unnecessary in 1940 to stress the vital importance for Britain and France of gaining, at the conclusion of the war, definite certainty that for the last time their peoples had to be called upon to make those immense sacrifices for the sake of Central Europe. Can anyone believe it to be incidental that again war should have flared up in that part of Europe which was the victim of the greatest blunders in 1919 when experts (such as we never hope to see at work again), moving from one Paris suburb to the other, hurriedly drew up the terms of a Peace that had been bought at the cost of 9,000,000 human lives? If then misgivings, so fully justified since, were voiced immediately the signatures had been affixed to those fatal instruments—too late though—let us this time raise our voices too early rather and say what must be said. Austria and the whole of Central Europe must not again be left in a state bound to set the continent afire a third time. Let us hope that at long last it will be fully understood in all quarters that the Central European question is the central question of Europe.

We know now what is at stake; we face a situation fraught with danger. National, cultural, economic, constitutional issues are in dispute. They may lacerate the heart of Europe, perhaps for ever, unless a common denominator of a new kind is found.

'Holy,' that attribute of the Roman Empire, was not an empty word, and thus we must remember. It indicated the supremacy of the spiritual over the secular world. To-day we are still in the dark, we cannot see the force capable of uniting the nations under so sublime an idea as that which offered guidance then. We trust that when the Flood recedes a new spirit will emerge in Europe. As soon as its first breeze will blow over the tormented countries of our continent Austria will have won again its right of existence. For when we say Austria we do not visualise merely a territorial entity, nor the resurrection of a system that has outlived its function. A country may change in shape, in size, in constitution, and may even disappear for a time, but its spirit may survive. Old Austria shall come to life again, the spirit of supernationalism, the New Spirit of Europe.

ALFRED KALLIR.

THE FOURTH PARTITION OF POLAND

ON September 1st, 1939, Nazi German troops invaded Poland from the West, North and South, and on the 17th Soviet Russian forces invaded Polish soil from the East. Twelve days later, on September 29th, both invading Powers signed a pact partitioning Poland for a fourth time. As in the three previous partitions of 1772, 1792 and 1795 Poland was again divided up between her mighty neighbours. Only Austria, which had participated in the former three partitions, was now missing. She herself had been a victim of German aggression.

Although the methods used by Poland's neighbours were more or less the same now as before, only more brutal and more ruthless, this fourth partition differed widely from the others. Germany obtained much more in this partition than in the former ones, irrespective of the fact that she did not receive, in Southern Poland, all the parts which in previous partitions were grabbed by Austria. Thus the districts of Lwow, Stanislawow and Tarnopol, which were under Austria till the last World War, and were now much coveted by Hitler because of the Polish oil wells there, went to Russia and not to Germany. Nevertheless, Germany now received if not the larger, certainly the richer part of Poland.

Of the 150,000 square miles of Polish territory Germany occupied 55,000 square miles and Russia 95,000. The sixteen Polish voyevodhsips, or districts, were divided between the two Powers: they occupied eight districts each. Only slight corrections were made in the south and north for strategical reasons. Germany occupied the districts of Warsaw, Lodz, Kielce, Poznan, Pomorze, Slask or Silesia, Cracow and Lublin. Russia occupied the districts of the Lwow, Stanislawow, Tarnopol, Volynia, Polesie, Nowogrodek, Bialystok and Vilno. A part of the latter district, with the city of Vilno, Russia ceded to Lithuania.

As regards the population, some 21,000,000 went to Germany and just over 14,000,000 to Russia. The 21,000 000 under German rule include 18,000,000 Poles, 1,700,000 Jews, 800,000 Germans, 200,000 Ukrainians and about 90,000 Russians and Czechs. In the territories occupied by Russian troops live 4,500,000 Poles, 6,000,000 Ukrainians, 2,000,000 White Russians, nearly 1,500,000 Jews, 95,000 Germans and some 125,000 Russians and Czechs.

The number of Jews living now under the Russian occupation is much higher than lived in those territories before the war. At least 300,000 Jews from Warsaw, Lodz, Kalisz, Katowice, Cracow and other localities, which fell into German hands, escaped during September to places in Eastern Poland now under Russia. Small numbers of Jews are still infiltrating into the Russian areas pressed by severe persecution and massacres in the Nazi occupied zones.

Thus Russia, although she received now, as in former partitions, most of the Polish territories, obtained fewer inhabitants and the poorer part of them. The rich, creative elements as well as the main Polish industries and big towns are under Germany. Of the ten big Polish cities, Germany received eight, Russia only two—Lwow, with 318,000 inhabitants, and Vilno, 210,000. Warsaw, with 1,200,000 people; Lodz with 700,000; Poznan, 270,000; Cracow, 255,000, and the others, including Lublin, 120,000 and Gdynia with 130,000, are all under Germany. It is in the German part that the most densely populated areas in Poland are found. And it is here, too, that Poland's best cultivated farms, leading industries, iron, steel and textile, as well as coal mines, are placed.

Before the outbreak of the war there were in Poland 3,200,000 holdings and farmsteads. Of these Germany obtained 1,400,000. About 60 per cent. of the large, highly modernised and productive estates in the country fell into German hands. The best cultivated farms Poles possessed in the Poznanian and Pomorze districts are now being taken away from them and distributed among Germans from the Baltic States. Two-fifths (19,000,000 acres) of all the arable land in Poland went to Germany in addition to 4,000,000 acres of meadows and 10,000,000 acres of forest. Russia obtained 31,000,000 acres of arable land and about 15,000,000 of Polish

forest. Of the livestock, Germany obtained roughly about 160,000 Polish horses, over 4,000,000 cows, 4,000,000 pigs and some 700,000 sheep.

Whilst Russia shared in the division of Polish soil, farms, forests, horses and cattle, she was almost completely excluded from most of the other spoils. Germany's biggest gains were the Polish coal mines and Polish industries, of which Russia was given only a fraction.

As a coal-producing country Poland ranked seventh on the list. She had seventy working mines in three districts, the Silesian, the Cracow, and the Dombrowa district with some 65,000 miners, producing over 30,000,000 tons of coal annually. In September, 1938, Teschen returned to Poland, adding new rich coal mines to those already possessed. All of them now went to Germany. A few days before the war broke out a meeting of Polish coalowners and miners took place at Katowice to arrange for the flooding of the mines in case of war. But only two or three mines were actually flooded. It soon appeared that the Germans quickly learned of the Polish decision to flood the mines and took effective steps to prevent it. On the night when German soldiers received orders to invade Poland several hundred fully armed members of the Young German Party in Silesia surrounded all the Polish mines, overpowered the guarding policemen and took possession of the mines, threatening to shoot anyone who dared to flood or damage them. The move was so unexpected and well planned that very little damage could be done. A number of Polish miners who disregarded the threat were actually shot by the Nazis.

The Young German Party, it should be recalled, was officially tolerated by the Polish régime, and the founder of the Party, Dr. Wiesner, was even made a Senator in the Polish Senate by the President, acting on Colonel Beck's advice. How the organisation learned of the Polish intention to flood the mines, how they were able to obtain such large quantities of arms, including machine guns, remains a mystery, but by this sudden move they ensured German possession of Polish mines and undamaged coalfields.

The Polish salt mines near Cracow, amongst the largest in the world, also fell into German hands. The flooding of these mines would have been an easy matter, for a lake of

considerable extent actually flows just by the side of the salt mines underground in Wieliczka. But, for some reason, they were left undestroyed and the Nazis are now exploiting them for their own use.

Polish oilfields, however, went to the Russians. The whole of the Boryslaw region, Southern Poland, producing some 500,000 tons of crude oil annually, is under Russia. A few wells were damaged and a few only burned out before the enemy arrived. Although the production of oil in Poland was low it can easily be raised and doubled, or even trebled, if new borings are carried out. Before the War of 1914 the same oilfields in Southern Poland produced over 1,000,000 tons annually.

With the exception of a few cement, paper, leather and rubber factories, almost 90 per cent. of Poland's industries fell into German hands. Thus the complete Polish steel and iron industry, situated chiefly in Silesia and Western Poland, is now under Germany. One of the largest steel and iron concerns in the world, the Wspolnota Interesow, with the finest, most modern smelting works in Europe, is in Katowice, Polish Silesia, occupied by German troops almost on the first day of the war. Before the war, over 20,000 workers were employed by that concern which, in recent years, was controlled by the Polish State, as well as several hundred engineers, inventors and some 5,000 officials. Polish tin, zinc, lead, pig-iron and rolled-iron plants and works all came under German domination. Poland was fifth among the producers of zinc in the world, and came before the United Kingdom. Over 100,000 tons of zinc came out of Polish plants last year, and before the first World War Poland's production amounted to nearly 200,000 tons.

Of Poland's textile, chemical and machine industries, Russia received very little, the majority of them having been obtained by Germany. Russia, however, got a good part of Poland's alcohol, sugar and tobacco industries, as well as a fair share of her timber industry. Russia obtained about half of the 1,400 alcohol distilleries in Poland. Most of them are already working, whilst those under Germany are mostly idle because of the shortage of potatoes and molasses which the Germans are transporting from Poland to feed the hungry population in the Reich.

More than two-thirds of Poland's textile industry fell into German hands. Poland had three main textile centres. These were Lodz, called the Manchester of Poland, Bielsk and Bialystok. Only the Bialystok factories are under Russia. The first two are in German hands. Of some 10,000 textile establishments in Poland, employing normally some 200,000 men, Germany obtained well near 7,000. All the textile establishments under German occupation are now being robbed of their stocks of raw materials, which are transported into Germany. Most of the textile factories in Lodz, formerly the property of Jews and Poles, are at a standstill, taken over by the Germans. Only the factories which belonged to German owners are allowed to work freely.

The Polish electrotechnical and chemical industries largely fell into German hands, having been situated chiefly in Central and Western Poland. Three-quarters of Poland's 3,000 chemical establishments went to Germany, including the famous Chemical Institute in Warsaw founded by President Moscicki. The Polish leather industry was divided in half, Russia obtaining some of the most modern tanneries. Russia also obtained the most up-to-date Polish rubber factories, but only a fraction of the Polish paper works, some of them the most modern in existence.

With regard to Polish armament industry and armament factories, most of these went to the Germans. One of Poland's finest armament plants in Pionki, some sixty miles from Warsaw, is now German. So are the three Polish aeroplane factories which in the past produced some of the best machines that ever flew. Almost 80 per cent. of the entire Polish Safety Zone, the new industrial zone created in order to have a special area with factories devoted to the country's defence, has fallen to the Germans. Russia obtained only small slices of that zone in Southern and Eastern Poland, but she was given the whole of the textile industry in Bialystok, the leather and timber industries in and around Vilno, as well as a few armament plants in the southern parts.

The following list of industrial establishments in the various Polish districts partitioned between her neighbours offers a vivid picture of the amount of industrial booty the

invaders shared in Poland, booty of which Germany obtained the bulk. At the beginning of 1938 there were in Poland 252,000 industrial establishments, factories and plants:

GERMAN OCCUPATION:

In the district of	Warsaw, including the Capital	.	40,000
" "	Lodz " Lodz	.	28,000
" "	Kielce	.	18,500
" "	Lublin	.	19,500
" "	Poznan	.	30,000
" "	Pomorze, including Gdynia	.	14,000
" "	Silesia	.	15,000
" "	Cracow	.	15,000

RUSSIAN OCCUPATION:

In the whole district of	Lwow	.	15,500
" "	Stanislawow	.	7,500
" "	Tarnopol	.	6,000
" "	Bialystok	.	13,000
" "	Nowogrodek	.	5,000
" "	Polesie	.	7,000
" "	Volynia	.	12,000
" "	Vilno	.	6,000

Thus Germany obtained 180,000 Polish industrial establishments, factories, plants, etc., and Russia only 72,000. There are as yet no statistics to show the value of the booty each invader took in this fourth partition of unhappy Poland. But if the booty could be converted into pounds and shillings it would be safe to say that Germany obtained more than two-thirds of the wealth and wealth-producing establishments in Poland. Notwithstanding the fact that in this partition, as in the three earlier ones, Russia obtained more territory than the other invaders, she was given a much smaller share of the real assets and spoils in Poland. This is probably one of the reasons why the new demarcation line across occupied Poland was changed several times. By an agreement of September 22nd Russia was to have had the Lublin district as well and was to have had her new borders extended to Warsaw with the suburb of Praga, on the east side of the Vistula, as a Russian border town. Russia was particularly anxious to

[o]btain at least some of the Polish industrial regions and a [n]umber of Polish armament factories east of Warsaw, [in]cluding the famous factory at Pionki.

For about a week this agreement was in force, but the [G]erman Army Command refused to remove the troops from [th]e territories they occupied. A new agreement was finally [si]gned on the 29th, moving the Russian frontier further [ea]stwards, leaving Praga, Lublin and Pionki to Germany. [C]ompensation for that awaited Russia in the Baltic and [p]erhaps awaits her still in Scandinavia.

J. CANG.

MAHAN AND THE PRESENT WAR

Nearly fifty years ago publication began of a series of works with a common theme which had an influence on world thought and on world politics that is unparalleled by any other books on the art of naval warfare.

I had the curiosity recently to inquire at some of the more important reference libraries whether there had been any increased demand for Mahan's 'Sea Power' books on loan since the war began. There had not. Indeed, one librarian said to me, 'You are the first person who has mentioned Mahan in this room for more than a year past.' And by an interesting coincidence that same evening, looking through the latest biography of Mahan,[1] I came across this paragraph referring to the year 1912:

> He had some evidence in the sales of his books that his 'vogue was largely over.' He was 'less in demand and therefore must make work' for himself 'without security that it will be wanted.'

Of Mahan it may be said, more truly than Cyrano de Bergerac said it of himself, *Je voudrais travailler sans souci de gloire ou de fortune.*

The glory came to him, but it is to-day the glory of legend more than of knowledge. Scores of people who cite the principles which he was the first to clarify and made understanded, who talk glibly of the influence of sea power on history, have no first-hand knowledge of the processes of thought on which he based those principles nor of the historical evidence he adduced in support of his conclusions. Those far-distant storm-beaten volumes on which the quoters never looked, lie unnoticed, like Nelson's ships off Toulon, exerting their unremitting daily silent pressure from the shelves of the libraries and yet are as little counted as is a Navy after the Peace Treaty has been signed.

[1] *Mahan*, by Capt. W. D. Puleston, U.S.N. (Jonathan Cape, 19[illegible])

If we but turn the pages casually there are phrases which come leaping to the eye most apt to the position in which we find ourselves to-day.

The harassment and distress caused to a country by serious interference with its commerce will be conceded by all. It is doubtless a most important secondary operation of naval war and is not likely to be abandoned until war itself shall cease; but regarded as a primary and fundamental measure sufficient in itself to crush an enemy, it is probably a delusion, and a most dangerous delusion when presented in the fascinating garb of cheapness to the representatives of a people.

And again in a footnote elsewhere he wrote:

This is not the place for a discussion of commerce destroying as a method of war, but having given myself, as I believe, historical demonstration that as a sole or principal resource, maintained by scattered cruisers only, it is insufficient, I wish to warn public opinion against the reaction, the return swing of the pendulum, seen by me with dismay, which would make it of no use at all and under a plea of immunity to 'private property' so-called would exempt from attack the maritime commerce of belligerents.

Every phrase in those two passages has a meaning for us at present. For 'scattered cruisers' we must read U-boats admittedly, but the principle does not vary. The Germany of Hitler, like the Germany of the Kaiser, is bemused by the iteration of the cry that the U-boat war has broken the sea power of Britain, that all her seaborne trade is dead. Is it, indeed, already forgotten in Germany that the similar campaign of 1917–1918 proved to be a most dangerous delusion? Some might ask if this had ever been known there, but beyond question it was bitterly realised twenty years ago. Those who read some of the post-war literature of the sea affair by German writers know that the lesson was there to be read by those who would. Later when nazigation replaced navigation for the Ship of State the lesson was obliterated. Whatever Germany did must be right and victorious and it was the lessons of history that were a delusion.

Yet what are the facts about the U-boat war?

In twenty-seven weeks 168 British merchantmen of 640,000 tons have been sunk. On the face of it a considerable figure, viewed as a single item of information. But it needs to be

placed against relevant items from history. In the Seven Years' War the privateers of Dunkirk, as shown by the Admiralty Court records of the port, took 703 prizes of a value of £15,363,062—and that was in one nest of corsairs alone! Yet at the end of that war, as a hero worshipper of privateering pathetically puts it,

> the King's harbour was rendered unusable, its locks and canals damaged, its jetties broken, its fortifications rased . . . and at the costs of the King an English commissioner was installed at Dunkirk to supervise the demolition.

In the American War of 1778–1783 Dunkirk revived. A small group of American corsair captains working from the port captured British ships and cargoes worth £12,500,000 (in the money of those days, be it noted), while the total damage done to British seaborne trade by the 160 Dunkirk privateers in that war was 1,002 prizes of a gross value of £65,000,000. In the Napoleonic wars the losses due to privateering were so severe that Parliament passed the Convoy Act in 1798 enforcing ships sailing under escort, yet between 1797 and 1802 the Boulogne privateers took 201 prizes, and the total prizes taken during the wars has been put by one historian at 10,871

> The conclusion of the War found Great Britain firmly established, not only as the supreme naval power in the world, but also as the leading commercial one France, which for centuries had been her continual enemy, was exhausted and no longer dangerous . . . Had there been no British Navy Napoleon might well have reduced the greater part of the Old World to subjection and have inscribed the name of France right across the map from Kerry to Celebes

To-day for Napoleon we may read Hitler.

Lest it be said that these examples are inadmissible, since they refer to the age of sail and to the history of Britain before the Industrial Era, we must round off the material with facts from the last war. Privateering had been abolished; submarine commerce-destroying had taken its place. In 1915 Britain lost 417 ships and 476 in 1916. With the coming of the unrestricted submarine warfare the total for 1917 rose to 1,227 and in 1918 it fell to 360. The total tonnage

ost by submarine, mine, cruisers and aircraft was 7,829,900 ons.

Yet in the end it was Germany upon whom the 'unremitting daily silent pressure of sea force' bore hardest, Germany who pleaded for an Armistice, the ships of the German navy that steamed as captives into their opponent's bases.

These are things for which the teaching of Mahan should have prepared public opinion in this country He foreshadowed what would be the outcome of any reliance on commerce-destruction as a primary motive in sea war For that, as all his works tend to demonstrate, is not 'Sea Power.' It is not the denial of overseas movement to the adversary · it is but harassment and distress

We see the complement of this in the second of the paragraphs I have quoted from Mahan—the importance of the right to impose restrictions on the movements of goods in time of war. The legal enforcement of economic war, which has taken the place of 'blockade' as it was still understood in the days when Mahan was writing, is a right common to all belligerents, but in our wars with Germany it has so chanced that geographical conditions have made the right invaluable to us and practically worthless to the enemy This is purely fortuitous. The position would not arise in any other war. Germany occupies 'interior lines,' her direct access to the open sea routes is completely barred by the British Isles. But even that favourable position by itself would not determine the outcome of a war between Britain and Germany unless Britain held the command of the sea.

> People often say [Mahan wrote] that such an island or harbour will give control over such a body of water. It is an utter, deplorable and ruinous mistake.

The truth is that to preponderate over the enemy's sea force and so control the sea there must be superior naval force as well as geographical advantage. In general, this is taken to mean, as the British Admiralty said in a memorandum to the Colonial Conference in 1902, that 'to any Naval Power the destruction of the fleet of the enemy must always be the great object aimed at.' Mahan did not subscribe to that view. He did not hold that command of the sea is determined by great

battles at sea. In the often quoted summing up of his influence-philosophy he said:

> The battles of naval warfare are few compared with those on land: it is the unremitting daily silent pressure of naval force when it has attained command of the sea against an opponent—the continuous blocking of communication—which has made sea power so decisive an element in the history of the world.

Does not the history of the whole of the First Great War bear out that view? There were three naval engagements during that war that may rank as major operations—the Falklands, the Dogger Bank and Jutland. Of the three, only one, the Falklands, resulted in 'the destruction of the fleet of the enemy.' The others were indecisive, as indeed have been so many of the major engagements in naval history. The number of times the enemy fleet has been 'destroyed' is insignificant. The number of times it has been demoralised, or, to put it more politely, dissuaded from further activity, is far greater And it is that dissuasion from active effort to establish preponderance which constitutes, in the end, command of the sea.

In the present war we started, before any fighting could take place, with a material preponderance over Germany far greater than the bare margin of 1914. And in both cases the immediate effect of war on German communications was stoppage of all enemy-borne traffic. In no war in the sailing-ship era was there ever such an instantaneous 'dry up.' The Germans in 1914 surrendered effective command of the sea without any shadow of effort to maintain their traffic or deliver any blow to defend it. That they should have done the same thing in 1939 is less surprising in view of the disparity in naval forces available to both sides, but in 1914 the action of Germany undoubtedly introduced an unexpected element into the study of the influence of sea power.

Their acceptance of the loss of freedom of movement for their traffic at sea in 1939 deserves comment, however, because it does apparently cut across one of the dicta of Mahan, not one peculiar to him certainly but much quoted in arguments in favour of the building up of naval strength in time of peace.

> A Navy, therefore, whose primary sphere of action is war, is

. . a political factor of the utmost importance in international ffairs, one more often deterrent than irritant.

It will be argued hereafter by the enthusiasts for disrmament that this is a misbelief; that since the Nazi hierrchy was not deterred from war by its knowledge of inferior aval strength the possession of a large navy is no guarantee of peace. *Ergo* we must reduce our Navy because it is not a leterrent but potentially an irritant. Already the disarmanent 'fans' are at work preparing the ground for the next great Naval Limitation Conference. There were signs of it even in Mr. Cordell Hull's conversations with the American ournalists about the Sumner Welles' mission. Among the American projects for a post-war reconstruction of the battered world is a disarmament conference

Those who still cling pathetically to that ideal are either blind to the patent facts of 1921, 1927, 1930 and 1936 or must be in woeful ignorance of them. Certainly no British journalist who was attached to those conferences has any excuse for harbouring a hope that naval disarmament is obtainable or even that it is desirable. Germany was no party to those conferences; her building programme played no part in the rivalries and the manœuvres behind the scenes and in the sub-committees as well as in the private and most decidedly unofficial chats, which were 'off the record' and so were not conversations in the diplomatic sense. The only national pride that was denied and mortified by those treaties was the British. The only national existence that was imperilled by them was the British.

Moreover, it was the knowledge that Britain had so complacently submitted to the whittling down of her one source of strength that was at the root of the Nazi misunderstanding of British policy. And that attitude of concession on sea armament carried us further and further into peril when it produced the Anglo-German Naval Agreement. For our action appeared to the Hitlerites and the Hessites and the Goebbelites and the Himmlerites, and all those heathen raging furiously together, as a pledge that we would concede them anything. If we would accept a new German Navy—equal, be it noted, to the fleet allowed to France under the Limitation Treaties!—then we must indeed be secretly in favour of the Hitler régime. To the German mind no other

explanation seemed reasonable. Certainly no German Government—Nazi, Republican or Monarchist—would ever have made such a concession to us if the positions had been reversed.

The British Navy was not a deterrent in the negotiations of 1938 and 1939 because the Nazis could not credit that it would ever be thrown into the scale against them. And that belief they owed to the Agreement of 1935.

Reconstruction of the German Navy was not a necessity even for the existence of the Nazi State. It was, as Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond has trenchantly pointed out, for prestige and not for defence that Germany wanted a big navy. Hers was not the attitude of Burke in 1793: 'I dread being too much dreaded,' he said in the great speech on Allied policy which foreshadowed so remarkably the Armed Neutralities of fourteen years later. This leads to consideration of a side of the work of Mahan that is seldom referred to in the writings of British students of his works. At the time the Sea Power series appeared our commentators on naval matters were so much impressed by his appreciations of British naval history, so enthusiastic over the clarity of the lessons deduced by him from the teachings of British naval operations, that they rarely touched upon the fact that the books were written (as were the lectures to the Annapolis Naval College which were the basis of the books) to awaken American opinion to the need for a great navy. Captain Puleston is in no doubt on this point.

> Mahan had written his book (the first of the series) to rekindle among his own countrymen their former interest in sea power. He believed Americans had been so engrossed in developing the interior of the continent that they had unnecessarily thrown away a great heritage. He did not want his country to follow the example of France under Louis XIV and become primarily a land power.

But at the same time he frankly calls Mahan 'an apostle of expansion,' and it chanced that coincident with the publication of Mahan's works there was in the United States a national leader to whom the title could even more aptly be applied. Theodore Roosevelt seized upon the Sea Power books to help him in converting American public opinion to a policy of expansion across the seas. I quote from Roosevelt

nd Senator Lodge to Mahan (some quoted by Captain 'uleston, others appearing in an earlier biography by Mr. Charles Carlisle Taylor [*]) show clearly the influence he had on the expanding programmes of naval construction for the United States. It might even be argued (and not easily disproved) that the teachings of Mahan led the United States nto the position of being obliged to call the Washington Naval Conference of 1921 in order to check the growth of he world's naval building programmes, the largest of which was that planned by America.

Both Captain Puleston and Mr Taylor write of Mahan is they personally knew him. Neither book can be held to be a critical appraisement of the man either as a historian or is a philosopher of belligerency. (It is a curious fact that almost the only *criticism* of Mahan has been directed by a few writers against his literary style whereas most of those who have read him have found in his phrasing both clarity of expression and a certain musical rhythm that makes for ease and pleasure in reading.)

Both books are the work of hero-worshippers, but both together have a considerable value in their presentation of the man himself, his environment and personality, and particularly his professional career at sea, and in enabling any who care nowadays to come to the study of the Sea Power series without the opportunity of personal contact with the author to build for themselves a comprehensive picture of the circumstances which gave birth to the books.

H. C. FERRABY.

[*] *The Life of Admiral Mahan*, by Charles Carlisle Taylor. (John Murray.)

DR. HJALMAR HORACE GREELEY SCHACHT

When this war is over many of the men, now prominent in the Nazi régime, may become figures of the past, whose lives and actions will be of historical interest only. It is very possible, however, that Dr. Schacht, who has survived many changes of government in Germany, may appear at the conference table to discuss financial readjustments as his country's representative. For this reason it would be well for us in England to bear in mind what type of man he is. Much has been written about his successful career as head of the *Reichsbank*, and his work as German Currency Commissioner in 1923, when the mark was stabilised, increased his prestige to legendary proportions. But the character and motives of this 'economic wizard' are rarely analysed, and one cannot help wondering whether English financiers do not still trust him too implicitly.

In common with Rosenberg, or Hitler himself, Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht was not entirely German by origin He was born in 1877 in the town of Tingleff in Slesvig-Holstein, on the Danish-German frontier, and his grandfather, a physician, was in the service of the Danish Government and an avowed enemy of Prussia. After the war of 1864, by the Treaty of Vienna, when Slesvig-Holstein was ceded to Prussia, the inhabitants of the Duchies were given the right to transfer their residence abroad if they left within six years Dr. Schacht's father, obviously as anti-Prussian as his father before him, chose to begin a new life in America rather than become a Prussian subject, and be forced to serve in the Prussian Army. He went to America in 1870, taking his family with him. By the time his son Hjalmar was born, however, he had tired of unsuccessful ventures in the United States. He returned to Prussia in 1876: an American citizen. His devotion to America was reflected in the names he gave his son.

Hjalmar Schacht attended the 'Johanneum Gymnasium' in Hamburg, and then the University of Kiel, where he wrote a doctor's thesis on the British mercantile system in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In his youth, Dr. Schacht was in no way outstanding except in his self-assurance. 'An industrious boy,' read the records of the Johanneum, 'in no way outstanding, either at work or at play.' And when he left the 'Gymnasium' his teachers stated that 'he had talent; regards himself as destined to greatness.'

Dr. Schacht began his career as a journalist on the *Kleines Journal*, a paper which, curiously enough, Dr. Goebbels suppressed years later because it was an 'alien and filthy scandal sheet,' but by 1900 Schacht was really launched on his career as an economist. The exporters' association employed him in their 'Central Office for the Preparation of Commercial Treaties,' and from there he went to the *Handelsvertragsverein*, the 'Commercial Treaty Association,' where he must have shown marked ability, for the chairman of the association, Geheimrat Waldemar Müller, of the Dresdner Bank, in 1903, transferred Schacht to the statistical department of his bank. By 1908 Schacht was made an assistant director of the Dresdner Bank, where he remained until the outbreak of war in 1914.

Dr. Schacht was appointed as financial adviser to the office of the German Governor-General in Belgium, but he was abruptly dismissed within a year, because, as was pointed out years later by members of the *Reichsbank* board of directors who opposed his appointment as President, 'there had been an incident in Belgium.' Since the World War Dr. Schacht has built up such a reputation that this 'incident' is usually forgotten. It is, however, officially recorded in a 'Communication from the Reichsbankdirektorium to the Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Chancellory of the Reich of December 14th, 1923.' This communication read as follows:

The documents show in the first place that Herr Dr. Schacht, who belonged to the Dresdner Bank as (assistant) director, but had been appointed to the banking section of the Governor-General's office, placed orders with the *Generalintendantur* for the remittance of Belgian francs in the interest of the Dresdner Bank. In so doing he infringed the obligations imposed on him by his official position. We do not wish to judge this infringement harshly, for by Dr.

Schacht's whole training and past activities he belonged not to the civil service but to the business world. What is much more serious and is decisive for us is that when asked for details at the board meeting on July 3, 1915, he gave insincere replies to the questions asked him; and when this insincerity was pointed out to him on July 13, 1915, he tried to justify himself by a 'far-fetched' explanation of his statements. His insincerity also shows that he evidently did not consider what he had done in the interests of the Dresdner Bank as unobjectionable, for otherwise, at the board meeting, he would openly have admitted what he had done. Accordingly the Secretary of State for the Interior, in a decision of August 5, 1915, reprimanded Herr Dr Schacht, who had in the meantime resigned his position in the banking section, and Dr Schroeder, who was then a *Geheimer Oberfinanzrat*, and is now State Secretary, rightly and properly concluded his statement on the records of July 6, 1915 with the words. 'The disingenuousness (brought home to Dr. Schacht) represents such a lack of honesty that any trustful collaboration with him is no longer possible for me.'

Naturally, after this scandal, the Dresdner Bank could no longer retain the services of their over-zealous employee, and Dr. Schacht had to find work elsewhere. There are no records to show why, at this time, he was not called up by the military authorities He was never, like his *Führer*, a *Frontsoldat*. Instead he spent the rest of the war on the staff of the *Nationalbank*, a private bank (despite the name) much less influential than the Dresdner Bank from which he had come.

The fact that Dr. Schacht's career was not ruined by the Belgian 'incident' is due not only to his undoubted ability, but to his shrewdness and his self-control as well. He did not attract attention to what had happened in Brussels by defending himself against any attacks, and he has consistently followed this policy throughout his career. He waits quietly until his opponents have talked themselves out, and the cause of their antagonism is forgotten. In 1926, for instance, Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi theorist, challenged Schacht sharply in a book called *Novemberköpfe*, which was later forbidden by the National Socialist Party, but Schacht did not respond to this challenge. The Nazis were a growing party, and Schacht was wise enough to realise that the Party, or some influential Nazi, might one day be useful to him,

and he had no intention of widening the breach by responding to Rosenberg's attack. Rosenberg had written:

> Dr. Schacht has as yet entirely failed to notice the fact that he has lost his honour, after all, he has now lived four years under the public accusation of being a criminal offender against the German people and the executioner of German trade and industry, without attempting to obtain legal redress for this insult; for this reason I should like here to offer him once more the opportunity to be so kind as to make good this omission.

Actually, it was apparent soon after the war that Schacht's watchful waiting had been the best tactics after his unhappy war experience. The National Bank was taken over by a very able Jewish banker, Julius Goldschmidt, who transformed this insignificant concern into the powerful *Darmstädter und National Bank*, generally known as the *Danat Bank*. As a junior director in this bank Schacht's great chance had come. His rise to power was brought about by the ascendency of his chief, Jakob Goldschmidt.

Towards the end of 1923, the German currency was in chaos and something had to be done to avoid economic ruin. Havenstein, the President of the *Reichsbank*, was generally blamed by the public for the inflation. To reawaken public confidence a new President was obviously necessary. The Parties of the Right recommended Helfferich. The Socialists and Democrats were looking for a candidate, when Jakob Goldschmidt recommended his man Schacht as ideally suited: he was a founder member of the Democratic Party founded after the war, he was an able financier, he was unknown and his name had in no way been connected with the depreciation of the currency. German Republicans, who were determined to fill the post with an avowed Liberal, and not with an anti-Republican like Helfferich, accepted Herr Goldschmidt's suggestion with enthusiasm. Georg Bernhard's *Vossische Zeitung* and other Liberal newspapers launched a publicity campaign in support of Schacht.

This campaign met with great resistance. Not only did the directors of the *Reichsbank* point out that Dr. Schacht's 'past was not blameless,' they also—and as events proved quite unjustly—underestimated his ability. 'He has attained no position of any eminence in banking,' they pointed out.

'He has hardly had any contact with banks of issue' they complained, and 'above all,' they concluded, 'we see no sign in him of the creative energy we need for the restoration of our currency.'

The Left Parties, however, were adamant, and on December 22nd, 1923, President Ebert sent for Dr. Schacht and asked him whether he would take over the Presidency of the *Reichsbank*. Later, when he proved himself to be politically disloyal to those parties which put him in power, many German Liberals tried to minimise his achievements in stabilising the mark. They contended that he merely carried out plans made by Dr. Rudolf Hilferding, the Minister of Finance, or followed up suggestions made by Dr. Luther, the Minister of Food. Actually these derogatory statements are quite unjust and unjustified: Dr. Schacht was the man responsible for the stabilisation of the mark, he did the job, he took the risks involved in introducing the *Rentenmark*, and it would be ridiculous not to give him the credit for this outstanding achievement. As the German people said:

Wer hat die Rentenmark gebracht?
Der Retter, er heisst Hjalmar Schacht——

All of Dr. Schacht's financial measures introduced since 1923, the astuteness with which (from the German point of view) he has handled foreign loans and foreign investors, have proven that he is undoubtedly one of the most able economists of our day, but if, in future, our representatives meet him at a peace conference they will have to deal with a politician rather than with an economist. Dr. Schacht's admirers often attribute his personal success solely to his financial genius. They say that he always secures for himself a position of power because he is indispensable to any German Government which happens to be in power. Actually, he owes his continued influence to his political rather than to his financial talents. He is first and foremost a politician, moving cautiously between political factions, who has consistently proved that, above all, he knows that his position will be secure with the winning side.

Few men of our time have demonstrated an equal ability to change their opinions, and fewer still, as the Americans would express it, 'have got away with it' as Dr. Schacht has

lone without, except for short periods, losing power, influence and prestige. And throughout these changes of attitude he retains a manner of absolute sincerity; all of his masters and collaborators in Germany have always trusted him implicitly. The Left Parties had such confidence in him that they made him the President of the *Reichsbank*, and he was equally popular later with Stresemann, Brüning and Hitler. Before anti-semitism was accepted in Germany, Schacht was an industrious collaborator of a Jewish banker, later, in interviews in the United States, he refused to defend the Jews in Germany. During the Republic he was a contributor to the *Berliner Tageblatt* and other Liberal newspapers, he was a Freemason and an individualist.

He was one of those Germans, however, who early realised that totalitarianism would soon replace individualism, and before he officially abandoned his democratic views he cultivated a personal friendship with the *Führer*. During 1930 and 1931, before Hitler came into power, he often stayed with Schacht on his country estate in Gühlen, near Berlin. In 1931, Dr. Schacht's daughter, with that curious German lack of humour, told the writer of this article that her mother's dog in Gühlen had been trained to raise its paw in the Hitler salute. Now, Dr. Schacht's adherence to the *Führer* is more serious, on his coat, beneath his rather high stiff collar, he wears the *Goldenes Parteiabzeichen*, the golden Nazi emblem awarded only to the most distinguished Party members.

Dr. Schacht's economic theories have been as changeable as his personal loyalties. In 1926, for instance, the Democratic Party, which he had helped to found, supported the movement for expropriating German princes. (It will be remembered that there were about 15,000,000 votes favouring this expropriation at the referendum deciding this issue.) Dr. Schacht then resigned from the Democratic Party on the grounds that, as President of the *Reichsbank*, he would lose the confidence of international finance if he associated himself with any movement in favour of confiscating private property. Yet when he became a follower of Hitler, he did not object to the expropriation of Jews or other anti-Nazi elements. He performed a similar *volte face* in connection with the Young Plan, of which he was a signatory. In January, 1930, he resigned as President of the *Reichsbank* in the middle of the

Hague Conference on Reparations because, so he said, he disapproved of the Young Plan (which was then very unpopular in Germany).

Dr. Schacht has steered a very cautious course between the various currents within the Nazi movement. In November, 1937, he declared that on the one hand he was opposed to the extravagance of the Nazi Party, while on the other he emphasised that 'he would never follow any other policy than that of the *Führer*.' As the *Financial News* pointed out at that time (November 8th, 1937): 'There are apparently two Dr. Schachts. One of them was courageous enough to protest in public against the policy of reckless spending adopted by the *Führer*. The other Dr Schacht made a statement endorsing that very same policy.'

When, in 1939, Dr. Schacht left the *Reichsbank*, but was retained as 'Minister without Portfolio' and sent on a world tour to investigate Nazi interests, a German newspaper had a very suitable headline. '*Dr. Schacht geht und bleibt*,' it said, 'Dr. Schacht goes, yet remains.' And though, officially, he is now living on his estate as a private individual, he remains a force in Germany. One feels that he is awaiting the outcome of the war, that he is one of the powers behind the Nazi régime, that not only Germans, but we, too, will have to reckon with him again.

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

LOUVAIN

Midway down the wall, a deep gold bar
Thrusts huge flambent globes, clutched petals grandiose,
(Theme One)
Whose tremor, a writhing of clamour,
Draws
From silks haphazard hung, or vases gilt,
Pink and pale blue, effete and delicate-handled,
From leaping, gesticulating bronze,
Or marble, purple clock, Louis Quatorze,
Or tilted mapped-out sphere,
(One line projecting, swerving, wildly, into the other)
—From all these draws
All colour, form and individuality.

Foam of neat-limned heads against metallic ground
(Theme Two)
From varied visages of pain,
There radiates
Hair, curled or drooping spade-like,
Leading their well-bred anguish of the senses
Into the rhythmic spokes of richly-jewelled robes,
Sweeping dispersedly, with majesty,
Slantwise from that sad central figure in white.
Jerked—waves frothing irregularly:
A stylised dance, dead stuff and living flesh
Assimilated, one.

Buildings hurry round the prancing feet
Of agitated temples, and the dwellers,
(Theme Three)
As if absorbed
Into their old-time Flemish burgherdom
As in a picture (whether
Lingering at grand street doors, or walking primly,

Black-garbed, white-cowled)—hurry, hobble, totter
Over the tumbled cobbles,
By painted cottages, peppered with scroll-like tiles,
Up to stone flambeaux wriggling through the heavens,
And fluttering, wind-fanned angels, blowing trumps
Where cherubs, dimpled, exuberantly baroque,
Scatter crisp grapes and bursting pomegranates
Against the sapphire sky.

And so (Synthesis One)
Into the calm and tranquil patterning
Of beige and greyish masses,
Seized in swift motion, reft of colour, elongated,
With rigid squares, each framing (say) a child
(Peaceful dried flowers) or noble, eager head,
Or etched steel cross sunk in a purple tomb;
Into serenity of golden walls
With broad, black, limited, T-shaped crucifix,
Silent, eternal, pure: Reality
Of Theological Dogma, adamant,
Heavy with splendour, strange yet never varying;
Into short perpendicular grooves of stone
Subduing all the thrills of accident
To abstract passion of form,
To might of mental concept and design,
Into all three, through rarer worlds,
We rise:

Till, suddenly, the placid ceiling
Breaking to merry life
(Laughing wine-coils, ving-curls, tendrils and leaves,
Eighteenth Century dolphins, urns
Whitewashed and frivolous and clean
(Cleanness of intellectual joy)
Remembers the blossoming lace-work
(Final Synthesis)
Of Van der Weyden's daintily gilded arches,
Hears the trilling of the many and hurrying carillons,
Singing out over the town
And over the listening, drowsy countryside

Gay old songs and gayer canticles
(The salvoed carollings of the wind
From long millenniums of years)
And stamping now on the viewless labyrinths of air
Legends and miracles and dreams ;
The whole of an ancient and phenomenal past
Into a strange, new Being,
A sparkling and an everlasting froth
Of living sound,
Transformed.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

THREE NOVELS OF 'VICTORIAN' ENGLAND[1]

'Victorianism' is nowadays the mode in period-fiction. Novels are still written about Florence and the Medici, about the Elizabethans, about Cavaliers and Roundheads, about the bucks and blue-stockings of the eighteenth century; but for every one of these and other once popular themes, there are four or five which claim to be 'Victorian.'

For this preponderance there are two main reasons. In the first place, the label 'Victorian' is conveniently vague—or rather has become so, thanks to the laxity with which it is used. Any kind of a story taking place between (about) 1830 and 1900 can describe itself as 'Victorian,' whether or no it makes any attempt to portray the mentalities and incidents of those seventy years. No other historical period can with such ease be first adopted and then ignored; for each likely alternative demands some amount of verisimilitude and, being farther away than Victorianism, requires a characterisation and a background peculiar to itself. A second reason why Victorianism appeals to the novelist of to-day is that it offers a long period of comparative stability (and one within tolerably easy reach of human memory) during which a tale of generations may develop. Two major wars within twenty-five years have destroyed our own epoch as a field of manœuvre for sustained novel-writing. The division between the world of 1914 and that of 1919 was deep enough. How deep will be that between 1939 and the year after the present war, no man can say. It may well be unbridgeable. In consequence any ambitious and crowded story starting in the twentieth century is at the mercy of historical upheavals, which so disrupt its course as to make cumulative effect virtually unattainable.

After these *general* impulses to Victorianism come specific

[1] *He and His*, by Reginald Carter (Cape, 10s. 6d. net); *The Inheritors*, by Hurley Williams (Black and Clowes, 8s. 6d. net); *I Shall Not Want*, by Norman Collins (Gollancz, 8s. 6d. net).

whys and hows. There are as many motives as methods in setting a story in the nineteenth century, and the books selected for this month's notice conveniently (and successfully) illustrate three of each.

The aspirant to write a Victorian novel can translate his very mind into Victorian idiom and write, not only a story *about* Victorianism, but a story as (almost) a Victorian might have written it. Of such is Mr. Reginald Carter. Or he can make use of some antiquarian or historical enthusiasm of his own to give Victorian colour to a tale of succeeding generations, who in themselves might actually have lived through almost any changing period. Of such is Mr. Harley Williams. Or (like Mr. Norman Collins) he can sidestep the disturbances of contemporary life, and during the peaceful decades of the nineties and early nineteen-hundreds develop, without interruption, the sombre tale of a devout chapel-goer who becomes a business magnate, and builds up a great department store which, designed as a monument, proves to be a tombstone.

First, *He and His* by Reginald Carter. This is one of those curious books which 'remembers' better than it 'reads.' Mr. Carter affects a wordy deliberation of style, which is presumably intentional and, if it were only a little simpler, would be as 'period' as Trollope. But it is considerably less simple; and one suspects that Mr. Carter (who is ingeniously determined to give no indication of the date of his story) has been tempted to enliven the leisured manner of mid-Victorianism with touches of the swifter technique of an earlier age—a dash of Jane Austen's delicate malice, even a flavouring of the learned irony of Peacock. The result is often successful; but at other times its incongruity is disconcerting.

Inevitably, seeing how carefully he covers his tracks, the reader tries to pin Mr. Carter to a specific decade. There is very little evidence to help him. Rubber-tyres have not yet been fitted to carriages; a photograph of a relation is a normal object on a mantelpiece; the current fashion in women's clothes is 'extremely skimpy'; to return to its owner a 'borrowed yellow-back' is an action so unimportant as to be almost negligible. On the strength of these clues my own guess is the seventies, which guess (if correct) explains why the author's manner is often uneasily in conflict with his matter.

But after *He and His* has been read, exaggeration and incompatibilities of style are forgotten and story and characterisation remain in the mind. Both are excellent. Henry Wroth, a wealthy land-owner with enlightened views on housing and treatment of tenants, has two sons. Harry, the elder, was born out of wedlock because his father believed in free unions and could afford to indulge his belief. Harry's mother died in giving him birth. Norman, the younger, is the son of Henry Wroth's lawful wife, whom he married after the death of his loved mistress. Norman's mother is a peeress in her own right and the title will descend to her son. As a wife she was not a success, and now lives apart both from Wroth and her son. The story of *He and His* is the story of the half-brothers, their father, the mother of one of them, their grandmother, and their neighbours and friends. It is an intricate affair, but Mr. Carter never fumbles with the instincts and qualities of his cast. Bastardy plays a large part in the dramatic development of the tale, and I have seen at least one review of the book which brushed this theme aside as a typical Victorian fuss-about-nothing. If nowadays bastardy is the merest commonplace in circles where property and titles have to pass, I have kept to unenlightened paths. But I still dare to think that it is not the *subject* of *He and His* which makes it so successful a period-piece. Rather is it the well-imagined and subtly differentiated group of characters, whose interactions and processes of thought are so convincingly mid-Victorian that they could only have lived in that serene yet earnest epoch.

The Inheritors by Harley Williams is a totally different affair. It is not primarily a story about the human products of Victorianism, but a novel based on a special interest of the author's, which belonged to the nineteenth century and therefore required a Victorian setting. It is written in an ornate style, with side-references to contemporary events piled one on top of the other in the manner of Mr. Guedalla. Mr. Williams is good at trappings, and on his particular subject more than good. That subject is railway-history; and those portions of the book which deal with pioneer railway-building, with the railway mania, with the industrial changes brought about by railway development, are unfaltering and often exciting.

The design of the novel is interesting. We are taken

ckwards through three generations of the Smith family, hose fortunes and characters are directly or indirectly ominated by the grim forcefulness of a great railway pioneer hom Queen Victoria created 'Sir Augustus.' Whether the odern Prologue and Epilogue are worthy of the story they iclose is a matter of opinion. Mr. Williams inclines to be pocalyptic when he embarks on the Cycle of Life and the ievitable; and the love-affair of Sir Augustus' film-producing reat-great-grandson may be thought mincing and self-onscious in contrast to the ambitions, the ruthlessness and the ecret lusts of the railway magnate. Yet *The Inheritors* rises at mes to a high level of sombre excitement. The long-drawn-ut scenes at Sir Augustus' death-bed, the macabre funeral; ie hideous clatter of the mill in which Sir Augustus' daughter eeks out the servant-girl he has seduced—these and other cenes and incidents could hardly be bettered. But as a whole ie book lacks the evenness of Mr. Carter's, and Mr. Williams s a craftsman is the more erratic of the two. It is permissible o query one detail of period-colouring in a book remarkable or accuracy of fact. We are told that in 1871 'there was lways a volume of Ouida by Mrs. Boileau's bedside to fill er sleepless nights.' By this date Ouida had only published ight stories comprised in twenty-two volumes. As dis-traction for sleepless nights they would hardly have lasted ong enough to justify the word 'always.'

And so we come to the third of our so-called Victorian in this case Victorian-Edwardian) novels—Mr. Norman ollins' *I Shall Not Want*. The virtuosity of Mr. Collins is imazing. His earlier books are as varied as can be, and now ie comes out with the longest of them all, which is totally different from all its predecessors. *I Shall Not Want* is of the school of Bennett's Clayhanger trilogy, with more than a surface relationship to Priestley's best novel *Angel Pavement*. It is written with the simplicity and clarity which are the secret of Mr. Collins' perpetual readability, and for which, I daresay, he gets no particular credit from his many readers. Actually they are rare gifts; and when, as in this book, they are allied to a delightfully easy use of half-humorous simile, they could make good entertainment out of a much weaker story than *I Shall Not Want*.

That the action of *I Shall Not Want* takes place between

1890 and 1910 is completely unimportant. There is hardly any period-décor, and the tragic story of John Marco, who having lost his soul profited nothing by gaining the whole world, could be staged at any time under the régime of modern retail commercialism. Yet oddly enough, though the least Victorian of these three books in manner or in mounting, it is the most Victorian in many of its incidentals. There are scenes to which the overworked adjective 'Dickensian' can be literally applied. The death of Mr. Trackett, when Marco meets temptation and yields to it; the admirable portrait of old Mrs. Marco; the marriage of Marco and Heather, to which no one comes, and the blank horror of the wedding-night; old Mr. Morgan and the pretty Nurse Foxell; Marco's distracted wanderings about the streets and public-houses, as ruin and loneliness are about to overwhelm him—are conceptions and visions of true Dickens quality. Between them stretch passages of level unpretentious competence, which without strain or effort induce moods of tenderness or pity or anxious excitement, or else land the reader unawares into absorbed interest in the surface happenings of some unusual scene. Mr. Collins is a master of visual detail. The chapel of the Amosites; sale time at Morgan and Roberts; the growth of the great Marco store; the empty luxury of Marco's life with Louise; the meetings at which his puppet-directors take their revenge—these and a dozen other vivid pictures are thrown on the screen and faded out, with as little apparent exertion on Mr. Collins' part as though such miscellaneous realism were the easiest thing in the world, whereas in fact it is desperately difficult.

And yet, when it is all over and the spell of the author's skill is lifted, one wonders why one has been so moved. The story is frankly a story. It contains little of fundamental emotion, and no new interpretation of human character or historical fact. But it is admirable diversion-reading—a prolonged plunge into another world, where for a while we can forget our own. That, while it lasts, it should so completely absorb us is the best proof possible of Mr. Collins' technical accomplishment. He is a wizard with words, whose magic is the more powerful for being clothed in deceptive simplicity.

As a postscript may be added a few words in accom-

ndation of an amusing absurdity, which can only claim a
ice among Victorians in the sense that it makes fun of the
esent in jargon of the past. *Two Novelettes* by 'Quite a
entleman'[1] shows an extravagant modernisation of the
yle of the late Amanda Ros (author of *Irene Iddesleigh*),
intermixture of *Family Herald* serial, a whiff of the scented
iboration of writers like Alan St. Aubyn, and a touch of
ncerest flattery of 'Beachcomber,' and of Joyce Grenfell's
perb pastiches, which were among the glories of Farjeon's
ittle Review.'

The 'Novelettes' are contemporary in setting, and satirise
e foibles and humours of the pseudo-smart intelligentsia.
hey are consciously ridiculous; but the contortions of
nguage are skilfully maintained, and one or two of the
enes—best of all the Dancing Display at the Violet Moulder
cademy, with—not far behind—Prawna the contralto in
fficulties with her bosom, and Worry and the Dowager on
e night when the Cutlets came too early to the St. Meath
rty—are to me laugh-aloud funny. One cannot prescribe
umour for others, and to many *Two Novelettes* may only be
irritation; but as many will delight in them.

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

[1] Sidgwick and Jackson, 7s 6d net.

CORRESPONDENCE

MARRYAT ON 'CUTTING OUT'

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—When Mr. Winston Churchill announced that H.M.S. *Cossack* had boarded the *Altmark* by a 'cutting out' expedition, perhaps few of the general public knew this old naval term. Readers of Marryat, however, must have understood at once, for there are several descriptions of 'cutting out' adventures in his novels. The best of these may be found in two chapters of *The King's Own*, in which Marryat draws a masterly picture of the hazards of this dangerous form of naval service. Our makers of films, by the by, might note that he almost provides them here with a scenario ready made, for he begins by showing the excitement on board as the enemy is sighted, the preparations for the attack, the precautions taken by the enemy to beat it off, the British captain instructing the officers who are to lead the boarding boats, finally showing the action as a 'long shot' seen from the deck and masthead of the British warship, then as a 'close-up' picturing the bloody details as experienced by the men engaged.

It is worth quoting a part of the captain's fine words to his officers :—

'This vessel has already done so much mischief, that I conceive it my duty to capture her if possible ; and although there is no service in which, generally speaking, there is so great a sacrifice of life in proportion to the object to be obtained as that termed "cutting out," yet, rather than she should escape, to the further injury of our trade, I have determined to have recourse to the measure.

'But, gentlemen . . . without proper arrangement we may not only purchase our victory too dear, but may even sacrifice a number of lives without succeeding in our attempt. Of your courage I have not the least doubt ; but let it be remembered that it is something more than mere animal courage which I expect. . . . What I require, and expect, and will have from every officer who looks for promotion from my recommendation is what I term—conduct ;

y which I would imply that coolness and presence of mind which nable him to calculate chances in the midst of danger—to take dvantage of a favourable opportunity in the heat of an engagement -and to restrain the impetuosity of those who have fallen into the angerous error of despising their enemy. Of such conduct the 1ost favourable *construction* that can be put upon it is that it is nly preferable to indecision.

'In a service of this description even with the greatest courage nd prudence united, some loss must necessarily be expected to take lace, and there is no providing against unforeseen accidents; but 'I find that, by rash and injudicious behaviour, a greater sacrifice is nade than there is a necessity for, depend upon it that I shall not ail to let that officer know the high value at which I estimate the life f a British sailor . . .'

The reader must turn to the novel for Marryat's wonderful lescription of the action. But these words of his captain are golden. They should be memorised by every officer to-day in His Majesty's Services.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN SHAND.

BOOK REVIEWS

Collected Poems, by Robert Frost (Longmans, Green & Co., 21*s*. net).

Selected Poems (1916–1936), by W. J. Turner (Oxford University Press, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

On the dust-cover of Mr. Frost's book he is described as 'one of the major poets of our time.' This handsome edition of his work amply proves it. What wisdom there is, the true poet's wisdom, in the foreword! He says of a poem: 'It begins in delight and ends in wisdom. The figure is the same as for love.' And later: 'A poem may be worked over once it is in being, but may not be worried into being.'

Mr. Frost's poems are a proof of his own right theories. From his first book, *A Boy's Will*, to the last *Afterthought*, the growth of poet and poetry is shown, steady and real, with its culmination in a lovely wisdom, political, æsthetic and human. *Build Soil—a Political Pastoral* we recommend to all who love Browning's *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, and who, in these confused times when adolescent poets claim to have the solutions to all the political problems in their pockets, would like further proof that a great poet cannot help, if he be interested, but bring something also to political controversy.

We know no other genius in poetry so *quiet* as Mr. Frost's. Here is language almost taciturn with its ambient silences and its 'yokel' deliberateness of speech. The ecstasy (and great ecstasy there is) is slow like that of a man leaning on a gate and looking into a field and taking everything in with meditative ease; but the field is a universe. Here is the poetry of common sense, almost practical wisdom, the saw, the text, the tag: all pressed into the service of an artist profoundly aware of symbols. It is this common sense raised to an ecstasy and communion that explains Frost's

affinities, Wordsworth (without the more emphatic philosophising), Browning, in the narrative verse (but narrative woven from local and personal, not general, history) and, strangely enough, Emily Dickinson, with the same window-seat set towards the mysteries. The poetry, as we have said, takes its time; without haste it leads into its world of personal wisdom, and lingers in the memory because it never seeks to coerce. There is friendly conversation in it; but subtle, and deep, and masterly, for the speaker has genius. Sometimes the verse has something of the Christmas card motto about it—the Emersonian morality poem, the old saw elevated to a symbolism. It is this and the unfamiliarity of the landscape, more open and fuller of extremes than the English, and its men and women who seem to come out of an earlier English world and speak with a 'foreign' accent, that sometimes make us say of the poetry, 'This is American.' (Mr. Frost is a New England farmer.)

The poetry, simple though it appears to be, is not 'popular' in the present 'snob' sense of that term; truly it is mainly about the people, but people who belong to themselves, not to the populace; the 'people' also have their individualised, aristocratic minority. There are no verse-tricks; there seems no time to make exotic poetic patterns where what is said is urgent and without fuss or equivocation. Mr. Frost is a farmer. His poetry seems to be the *extension* of practice, the necessary word to round-off and give meaning to the act.

To quote would mean to quote most of the book; but let us urge the new reader to turn, first, to *After Apple-Picking*, thence to *The Death of the Hired Man*, and then on to *Iris by Night*. The initiation, from which there is no returning, will be enough, we believe, to convince him of the rare and original quality of Mr. Frost's genius.

It has been our good fortune in these dire months to have been allowed the honour to read and write about the collected work of two lovely Nature poets, Mr. Young and Mr. Frost. Were we assisting at a rebirth or a death? Will men seek these voices again, or are these swansongs?

It was a great pity, from the point of view of the critic, when the late Mr. W. B. Yeats in the introduction to his *Oxford Book of Modern Verse* went out of his way to offer special

homage to the work of Mr. W. J. Turner. We might have enjoyed the adolescent nostalgia of *Romance* :

'When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand. . . .'

The Hunter, *Ecstasy*, and some of the other early poems, smiled at the later, looser, pseudo-ecstatic verses, wondered why the poet had petered-out, and passed on. But Mr. Yeats is a great and serious poet ; and, where he praises, the critic must examine closely and ask himself (if he disagree) whether his own sensibility and standards are in some way defective. Mr. Turner's work has been with us for over three months—and we have seen his verse for a good number of years in various periodicals ; reading and re-reading only confirm our first judgment. Here is no real poet, but a worker with 'poetic' counters ; and, often, even the counters fail and we are presented with a poor and bastard prose.

'When I look upon a beautiful body
And rapidly make an *Abstract*
I tingle with pleasure at the deviations and aberrations
Of the *Real*.
I become alive through a series of shocks. . . .'

Mr. Turner lacks compactness, accuracy of vision ; and covers over his deficiencies with dithyrambics and the evocation of Beauty (with a capital B). As the book proceeds it gets steadily worse. Contemplate this verse in a poem called *Sorrow of Beauty*. The poet is talking of the faces of certain young ladies.

'Those visages become a flowery grove,
Where walks with curls, than foam more fleecy white,
That crystal Quarry, whose eyes of sourceless light
Are bubbles of earth's melancholy love.'

Was there ever before such a hotch-potch of mixed metaphor masquerading as profound symbolic verse, attempting to bemuse the reader by the use of the 'poetic' word : 'flowery,' 'fleecy white,' 'crystal' ? Mr. Turner is certain that poetry must have magic. Of course some of our finest poetry is

magical, a quality evoked from the ungraspable but understandable relations between completely conceived and real elements ; but here magic is abracadabra and a meaningless 'beautiful' gesturing of hands. Sometimes we are drowned in sweet, sickly odours,

> 'Like a shut flower hearing the pale moon's tune——'

Sometimes we are offered oversweet chocolate, nauseating to the taste, much like the worst effusions of Edgar Allan Poe.

> . . . 'And his bride for ever, Anaconda
> Shines, the bubble of a vanishing monsoon. . . .'

The bubble of a vanishing *monsoon !*

What are we to make of images of this sort ?

> 'The worms shall gnash bitterly at our shadows. . . .'

Gnash !

> 'Lustrous like solid sunlight was her hair
> Pouring curls down from head of rocky dell, . . .'

Mr. Turner has read his Lawrence, his Blake, his Whitman, and his De la Mare.

> 'In despair at not being able to rival the creations of God
> I thought on her
> Whom I saw on the twenty-fourth of August nineteen thirty four
> Having tea on the fifth story of Swan and Edgar's
> In Piccadilly Circus.
>
> . . . . .
>
> On her arms were heavy thick bangles
> Like the ropes of my heart's blood.'

> 'Come to me Isaacs, MacRobertson and Blumenfeld,
> Let me clasp you to my bosom ! '

> 'Singing far far underground
> The unrippled landscape over,
> Where dream-bones of all mortal souls
> Hang by Babylon's river.'

The amazing ineptitude of the images and ridiculous *parodies* of the models can be matched by other quotations, here, there and everywhere. Mr. Turner is a musical critic. He

seems to think that the music of poetry is the music of the composers; thus there is much play with the open Italianate vowels, the liquid consonants, all the paraphernalia which seeks to bemuse—not to awaken, which is the essence of poetry. Everywhere there is aura, nimbus, vagueness—art photography, the beclouded painting of Eugène Carrière. There is whipped-up ecstasy over exotic names. Marlowe also delighted in names, but his rhetoric served the splendid speech of his actors; there was no evasion of the stern poetic problem in their use. In sum, we believe that Mr. Turner has had 'poetic,' derived, but not experienced, visions, that he in fact has little to say. Homer (that is to say, Mr Yeats) not only nodded this time; he was fast asleep!

L. Aaronson.

Archbishop Laud, by H. R. Trevor-Roper (Macmillan & Co., 21*s*.).

In this scholarly and very readable book, Mr. Trevor-Roper gives a portrait of Laud which is, at least, wholly free from sectarian bias. He has chosen no easy subject. Between Laud and Calvin there were profound differences of opinion. Yet in their character and temperament one may discern resemblances, a standpoint reached early in life, and inflexibly maintained, a like inability to enter into the mind of an opponent and an equal absorption in duty to the virtual exclusion of those elements which create a human personality. Laud may command our respect, but he can scarcely inspire in us an affection which he never won from his contemporaries.

Laud, as archbishop, inherited no enviable legacy. The strength of the Elizabethan Settlement had lain in the fact that it was a compromise. The Church of England was not committed to a Catholic or Protestant standpoint and a form of worship was imposed which could be interpreted in either sense. Yet opposition there had always been, and by the seventeenth century it had become as much political as religious. When James I said 'No bishops, no king,' he spoke the truth, for Puritanism equally implied criticism of the monarchy and of the Church it had established. Both parties were, in fact, still faithful to the traditional conception

of a *respublica christiana*. Church and State continued to be regarded as one single society and Puritanism, in general, stood for as close an association between the two as that upon which Hooker had insisted. Laud's reputation has suffered in consequence. That on the religious issue he was on the right side, as against fanatics like Prynne, few would now deny. Yet this inevitably placed him on the wrong side on the political issue. For the controversy was a single one, and if Laud desired to champion the Church against Puritan doctrine and practice the circumstances of the time left him no option but to champion equally the royal prerogative.

Nor can there be any doubt but that Laud's attachment to the Church was genuine. The last of the line of statesmen-archbishops, he differed from his predecessors in ascribing to his spiritual office a character which few of them would have thought of attributing to it. Not the least part of his duty was to put the Church in order, and there was need of it. The spoliation of ecclesiastical property, begun under Henry VIII, had since continued in an unobtrusive but no less damaging a form. Wherever Laud's visitors went they reported the same story of churches turned to anything but their proper use with a consequent neglect of public worship, irregularities due more frequently to poverty than to doctrinal perversity. The reform of doctrine had been effected under Elizabeth. There was left to Laud the more difficult task of the reform of discipline. True, his policy seemed to fail. But a strong administrator will leave his mark, for even if his work be undone, he has established a tradition to which there will be, sooner or later, a return. Laud's reforms were indeed carried out in a manner often harsh and uncompromising, and we may wish that he had sometimes imitated John Williams, the time-serving Bishop of Lincoln, who dealt with recalcitrant nonconformists by inviting them to a dinner, by the end of which their differences had been, at any rate temporarily, forgotten. But it was not in Laud's nature to wish to propitiate anyone.

Mr. Trevor-Roper finds diverting the rehabilitation of Laud by Anglo-Catholic historians, and our estimate of him will, of course, depend upon our appreciation of what he achieved. Bishop Hensley Henson has called him recently 'the saviour of the Anglican Church,' a judgment perfectly

compatible with the admission that the Laudian conception of the relations of Church and State was not that entertained at the present time, and that his Church reforms, as Mr. Trevor-Roper justly insists, formed part of a wider policy. To Mr. Trevor-Roper, on the other hand, Laud's accomplishment was 'the official retention of a Catholic mythology; the exact posture of the communion table; copes, mitres and perfunctory genuflexions.' Yet this is only a left-handed recognition that the claim made for Laud is a just one, and if all that he achieved was to preserve the dignity and worship of the Church of England during a time of crisis, there have been men who have suffered for causes less deserving.

R. N. Carew Hunt.

Unfinished Victory, by Arthur Bryant (Macmillan, London, 271 pp., 8*s.* 6*d*).

This book is an apologia for Hitlerism and also for Imperial Germany. Even the unrestricted submarine warfare of the Great War ('inexcusable and indubitably illegal murder of defenceless women and children, *as it seemed to us*') is excused as 'retaliation' for the British blockade. Mr. Bryant is entitled to his views, but he is not entitled to tamper with facts. Nazism is based on one principle: 'Right is what serves the German nation.' Bryant has altered this slogan to: 'Fact is what serves the Nazi cause.' Sometimes he has confined himself to giving one side of the facts and omitting the other. Sometimes he finds it necessary to invent new facts or to turn existing facts upside down. Strange method indeed for a man who calls himself an historian!

It is the purpose of this review to expose some of the distortions found in Mr. Bryant's book (considerations of space forbid the exposure of all).

The first chapter of the book is headed 'Famine over Europe' and gives a lurid picture of German sufferings towards the end of the Great War and after. Here the *Dolchstosslegende* appears in all its glory: 'In November, 1918, sooner than face another winter of starvation, the German

people, broken by blockade, forced their Government to surrender.' No word of Ludendorff's frantic appeals in September, 1918, for an immediate armistice. No word of Foch's great victory. According to Bryant the German Army was unbroken to the end. The 'historian' apparently has failed to study the facts.

To emphasise the suffering of the German people even after the Armistice, Bryant claims that 'in 1919, when the minimum weekly subsistence level was calculated at 330 marks, 77 per cent. of the population of Berlin were receiving an average wage of 162 marks a week, of which 10 per cent. had to be paid in indemnity tax to the victorious Allies.' The 'historian' overlooks the fact that the indemnity or reparations were not imposed upon Germany before the Peace Treaty came into force—that is, 1920. As to the 10 per cent. so-called indemnity tax, no such tax ever existed in Germany. He confuses it with the income tax, which indeed was 10 per cent. for unmarried people without dependents.

Chapter 2 is headed 'The Pound of Flesh'—that is, of course, the Treaty of Versailles, according to Mr. Bryant, the root of all evil. In order to make the Versailles Treaty appear even harsher than it was, he compares it with a peace offer made by the Central Powers at the end of 1916, which, according to him, included the return to the *status quo* of 1914, 'together with the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France.' It is a pity that Mr. Bryant does not reveal where he discovered this mythical peace offer. Historians ought to produce documentary evidence when revealing new facts. The Central Powers did, of course, make a peace offer at the end of 1916, but it contained no word of a return to the *status quo* of 1914, let alone the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France.

In his description of the negotiations at Versailles Mr. Bryant relies exclusively on the most bitter opponents of that Treaty, again a method hardly in keeping with the reputation of an historian. Mr. Bryant agrees that the principal territorial changes made by the Treaty were not unjust, but at the same time he bewails the fate of the German minorities which came under Polish rule, stressing in true Hitlerian vein the fact that the Germans had brought their culture to Poland. But while Bryant nevertheless admits the justice of the

territorial changes, he condemns violently, a few paragraphs later, the economic penalties of the Treaty. 'Three-quarters of Germany's iron ore, more than half her zinc ore and smelting, a quarter of her lead ore, nearly a third of her coal and a fifth of her iron and steel industry was taken from her.' And 'The guiding principle of the peacemakers was not pacification but punishment.' He forgets that all these raw materials and industries were situated in Alsace-Lorraine and in districts inhabited by a Polish majority Was Germany to keep Lorraine because of the iron ore? This question is not even raised.

Chapter 3 is called 'In Time of Breaking of Nations.' It purports to show republican Germany, or, as Hitler would call it, Germany during the fourteen years of disgrace. The Communists, the Socialists, the Jews, all are portrayed as the Nazis would like us to see them. There is Hitler, blinded by gas, lying in the military hospital and seeing sailors led by Jews swarming out of their lorries and calling on the war veterans to revolt. Mr. Bryant does not name the source of this picture. He simply relates Hitler's legend from *Mein Kampf* as a fact. In Munich at the same time Loud-speakers blared out 'Down with Capitalism!' and the Jew, Kurt Eisner, stirred up the crowd Loud-speakers in Germany in 1918—well, they did not exist then. In the next pages he confuses the Independent Socialists with the Communists, he calls Hugo Haase a leader of the Communist revolution and makes him the organiser of the Sailors' Revolt at Kiel. Again a pure invention. Eisner and Toller are also called Communists. The Communist leader, Liebknecht, is made out to be a Jew. In short, a typical Nazi hotch-potch of misrepresentations. Mr. Bryant sums up: 'That theoretical sympathy for Communism among the well-to-do and sheltered classes in this island which has surprised and sometimes enraged the inhabitants of countries situated nearer the storm centres of Eastern Europe and Asia. . . .' Who does not hear here the voice of Herr von Ribbentrop? In almost the same words he tried to win over Britain for the anti-Comintern Pact. That was, of course, before he went to Moscow.

In the next paragraph Mr. Bryant deals with the occupation of the Rhineland by the French. He mentions the suppression

of German liberties under the French rule, but forgets to tell his readers that this lasted only a very short time after the war and that since 1924 the Germans enjoyed full political liberty in the occupied zone. He also forgets to mention that the French voluntarily evacuated the occupied zone five years before the term stipulated in the Peace Treaty.

The next item is inflation. Nobody denies that the German people suffered severely, but there are different views possible about the reasons for the inflation. Undoubtedly the great industrialists played some part in it. Undoubtedly they made enormous profits out of it. But Mr. Bryant accepts the Nazi theory that the Jews were the guilty parties. He does not even attempt to prove this slander. Only once does he approach such an attempt. 'They [the Jews] did so with such effect that even in November, 1938, after five years of anti-Semitic legislation and persecution, they still owned, according to *The Times* Correspondent in Berlin, something like one-third of the real property in the Reich. Most of it came into their hands during the inflation.' On looking up *The Times* of November 22nd, 1938, one finds that *The Times* correspondent did not report this as a fact, but merely as a claim made by the Nazis, and he did not mention a word about the inflation. Such are the methods of quotation employed by a man who calls himself an historian. His description of the inflation in Germany would be merely laughable if it were not intended to mislead people in this country and make them more favourably inclined towards Hitlerism. Mr. Bryant goes as far as to claim that during the inflation 'close on half the teachers at the Prussian universities were forced to seek employment in factories and on canals and railways.' A pure invention.

The next item in this chapter is the Jews. It is made to appear that they actually ruled republican Germany, they were to be found in every Government, they almost monopolised the professions, universities, some important branches of trade, and finance; they had the cultural life of Germany in their hands and destroyed it by means of pornographic and anti-Christian publications; they were in the forefront of the vice racket and they were responsible for every case of corruption and graft. Occasionally Mr. Bryant gives figures or relates the names of dubious plays and books. But strangely

enough he never names his source. Equally strangely, all his book and play titles, all his quotations are to be found in one of the anti-Jewish Nazi propaganda publications, *Die Juden in Deutschland*, published by the notorious Institut zum Studium der Judenfrage. Did Mr. Bryant feel that everybody would realise the figures to be faked Nazi figures if he had given the source? Or did he, as an historian, feel some shame at using such dubious material? But then, why did he use it at all?

Towards the end of this chapter Mr. Bryant has a dig at Erzberger, who was the leader of the Roman Catholic Centre Party. Bryant, the 'historian,' calls him a 'Social Democrat politician' and upbraids him for signing a rather harmless little verse in a visitors' book in a Weimar hotel 'on the tragic night of July 8th, 1919, after the signing of the fatal Treaty. Does he not know that the Versailles Treaty was signed on June 28th?

The last two chapters deal with Hitler, 'the dreamer of Munich,' and his men, 'the men of iron.' What he writes about Hitler is practically without exception taken from one source only, *Mein Kampf*. Naturally, any historian writing about Hitler must use this book, but does not a serious historian require other sources as well? Mr. Bryant praises Hitler as a military hero. Does he not know that Hitler's military achievements are, to say the least, very much debated? He states further that after the war Hitler was, on account of his loyalty, appointed a regimental instructor. Actually he was appointed not on account of his loyalty, but on account of his hostility to the Government of the day.

In the last chapter, 'The Rise of the Men of Iron,' Mr. Bryant depicts the Nazi revolution as almost bloodless, compared with the wholesale slaughter of the Russian revolution. He conveniently overlooks the fact that there was civil war in Russia, whereas in Germany the Nazis gained power by intrigue and encountered no resistance whatever. The killing and torturing that took place in Nazi Germany was not due to the heat of battle, but to coolly calculated cruelty.

Mr. Bryant describes the Nazi Party as a poor party, obtaining its funds almost entirely through the patriotism of its members, whereas in fact the Nazi Party was the richest of

all, as it was subsidised by the heavy industries. He wails about the suppression of the Nazi Party by the republican Government and the many casualties the party suffered from attacks by Communist gangs, but he keeps silent about the fact that the Nazis even before obtaining power killed more Republicans and Communists in street affrays than they themselves lost.

In short, Mr. Bryant's whole book is a Nazi apologia based on the distortion of facts, most of which ought to be known to anyone interested in politics and most certainly ought to be known to anyone claiming to be an historian. On the whole it is remarkable that in a book written by an historian hardly any sources worthy of an historian are mentioned. Where sources are mentioned—and that does not occur too frequently—Mr. Bryant relies mainly on works by journalists giving their impressions of Germany, but none of these journalists would be so bold as to claim that his book could be regarded as conclusive evidence for an historian. The fact that Bryant, besides these journalistic works, uses other very dubious evidence, as has been shown above, and conceals the source of his statements, ought to put an end to any claim he may have to be taken seriously as an historian.

G. WARBURG.

The Life and Letters of Edward Thomas, by John Moore (Heinemann, 15*s*. net).

Edward Thomas' complex personality makes him a difficult subject to write upon. Mr. John Moore has courageously set out to give an account of his life, and has included some of his letters as well. Was it necessary though? Because there exist already two books written by Helen Thomas, Edward's wife: *As It Was* and *World Without End*. Mr. John Moore quotes from them, but it seems as if these beautiful passages penetrate deeper into Edward Thomas than Moore's attempt to portray him. Why? Because they never try to explain and therefore reveal so much more. Mr. John Moore has made a mistake by saying: 'I must write the book in my own way, drawing my own conclusions from the evidence and setting down as far as I was able the truth as it

appeared to me.' The result is that the composition of the book is good, but the emphasis wrong. One thing seems certain, that, however fortunate Edward Thomas' material circumstances may have been, they could not have changed his state of mind in any way. For one moment I also thought that so much hardship and the responsibilities of a family life, taken on at the early age of twenty-two, must have hindered his career as a poet considerably. I was completely mistaken after reading the following lines written by Edward in a letter to MacAlister:

> A sort of nervousness, a continuous palpitation and sense of something approaching that never comes, prevents me from working. I don't mean a sense of approaching good or bad luck, but merely a sense of something coming as if I had heard a report and waited for the other barrel.

And only a few lines above these the author gives his point of view: 'The only thing that might have cured him was a change in his fortunes which would have set his mind at peace.' I feel inclined to change it into: the only thing that might have cured him would have been someone to give him self-confidence which would have set his mind at peace. Here we come to the real cause of his illness. He needed help and guidance, for he had so little faith in himself as a writer. A man like Robert Frost might have done miracles with him, if only he had met him earlier in life. It was not until the year 1913 that they met. Through Frost's influence and encouragement Edward Thomas was at last able to write poetry. And with what apparent ease, what mastery of thought and word, which can only have resulted from a mature mind. It seems a pity that their correspondence should be omitted from the book. This apparently is not the author's fault. I feel more could have been said about their brief though close relationship.

Had Edward Thomas never written any poetry, he would still have left his mark as a first-class critic. His biographies, books on the English countryside and innumerable book reviews are sufficient evidence of this.

Here is an extract from a letter to W. H. Hudson about Emily Brontë: 'She does not wait to remember her emotions in tranquillity. She can hardly ever have known tranquillity

and would have scorned it. Her wildness is too painful, like the rapid beating of a bird's heart in the hand. It is too delicate and helpless.'

And what pains he took over writing, even if it was the most trivial thing. In this respect he can set an example to many young modern writers who know so much and read their classics so little. That intense thoroughness about everything he did was almost a German trait in Thomas' character. To think of him as a Welshman seems rather remote to me, for he loved England very dearly. And his poetry might even be compared with English food: plain, without spices, but with all the extravagance of her home-grown flavours.

A great friend of his told me the following incident:

> When I heard that Edward had made up his mind to become a soldier, I told him how glad I was about it. 'I am glad too,' he said. And why? 'Because of this!' (Here Edward pointed to the ground, and in a moment held up a little bit of earth in his hand.)

Does this not show a straightforwardness and faith which is rarely to be found nowadays, where war to so many still keeps on being a problem even now that war has started.

For this Edward Thomas may set our own minds at peace and the author's as well, whose book has hardly escaped from becoming commonplace by dwelling too much on the poet's poverty and the tormenting dæmon within him. True, that restless spirit dominated him sometimes beyond endurance, but it was never the dominating part of his nature. This shows unmistakably in his poems.

If the book was written to remind us that there exist some 140 poems by Edward Thomas, then it has served its purpose well.

Robert Frost's letter to Helen, when he heard of Edward's death, moved me deeply. With it also finishes the book. Here is a passage from it:

> Only I can't help wishing he could have saved his life without so wholly losing it and come back from France not too much hurt to enjoy our pride in him. I want to see him to tell him something. I want to tell him, what I think he liked to hear from me, that he was a poet. . . . I had meant to talk endlessly with

him, either here in our mountains, or as I had found my longing was more and more, there at Leddington where we first talked of war.

It was beautiful as he did it. And I don't suppose there is anything for us to do to show our admiration but to love him forever.

URSULA HARTLEBEN.

Unto Cæsar, by F. A. Voigt. Third and cheap edition (Constable, 5*s*.).

In spite of the torrent of books on the crisis in Europe which has led up to the War, this one, although completed in 1938, takes a place not filled by any or all of the others. Even the readers who are keeping up with the literature represented by the writings of Hermann Rauschning, E. H. Carr and Peter Drucker, to mention only the most important, will find in Mr. Voigt's work an indispensable document for discovering their own intellectual and spiritual orientation, though it may not always be by agreement with the author.

This edition contains the original work, a preface to the second edition written after the autumn crisis of 1938, and a new preface after the outbreak of the War. He has wisely not re-written the body of the book. Its judgments are the more telling in that he has refrained from tidying up his picture of the alignment of politico-national forces in the light of events which have rendered that picture obsolete in one or two minor respects. He gains our confidence by a sound sense that history is always to some extent unpredictable.

The first half of *Unto Cæsar* contains an analysis of the revolutions which are threatening the whole civilised tradition of Europe. With penetrating insight into their revolutionary theory, their ultimate philosophy, the character of their leaders, and their social objectives, Mr. Voigt brings out the momentous significance of Russian Communism, Italian Fascism and German National Socialism. There is no underrating of the seriousness of these movements or of the ability of the personages in whom they are focussed. But neither is there any hesitation in bringing out their fundamentally destructive character and the perversity of the dictators. The pen-pictures of Stalin, Mussolini, and especially of Hitler, are unsurpassed by many fuller descriptive histories in showing what Europe has to reckon with.

The most valuable chapter is perhaps the central one on the rise and overthrow of Social Democracy in Germany. It disproves many widely-made statements and raises considerations which should be in the minds of all who have responsibility for a European settlement. Reasons are cogently given for Mr. Voigt's insistence that Versailles was not a harsh treaty and that if it had been more lenient the outbreak of militant nationalism would have occurred earlier and killed the Republic more quickly. He pays high tribute to the Social Democrats and argues that their defeat was due primarily to the undermining of the Republic by Russian influence in German Communism and to the rise of the National Socialist Party, with its terroristic organisation, which could lay some claim to reverse the disintegration.

'In the history of the Third Realm, Versailles is but an incident and the Great War an episode' The author traces the dream of Pan-Germanism to forces at work before 1914 and shows that Hitler has but provided an old purpose with a new instrument by the fusion of nationalism and socialism, a kind of Islam whose one God is German Unity. Page 182 contains a remarkable collection of forecasts about the territorial aspirations of Pan-German hegemony, which have since been fulfilled.

The book leads securely up to the conclusion that the only obstacle to a German hegemony of Europe is a strong Pax Britannica. Mr. Voigt exposes the extreme vulnerability of Britain and shows that she may never count on security. Her power, upon which civilisation in its political aspects depends, must be preserved by continual vigilance. The permanent armed ascendancy of the Western Powers is, in his opinion, the only guarantee of peace. On one point only is Mr. Voigt ambiguous. It is not clear whether he regards political dismemberment of Germany as essential for the weakening of her stragetic unity. In the original work he seems to see this as impracticable and undesirable, but the latest preface suggests a strong conviction that nothing less than the break-up of German national unity will make Europe safe. It might well be argued, too, that it would facilitate a recovery of real prosperity for the German people.

The extreme danger into which Britain has slipped comes, in the author's view, from relying upon international outlawry

of war by pacts and sanctions instead of upon consolidation of her own strength as a world power. The fiasco of 'sanctions' is cogently exposed. But when we are told that the political genius of the English people has atrophied under the influence of political abstractions, it has to be said that this is only half the story. The other half is that the British Commonwealth as the political, if not the cultural, guarantor of European civilisation has been weakened as much by cultural and economic disintegration as by political utopianism. Mr. Voigt is insistent that the problem of Europe is fundamentally religious; its spiritual disunity is its most radical disease. He is inclined, however, to see this disease mainly as it is expressed in conscious political outlook. But it is doubtful whether any resurgence of Europe as a religious and cultural unity is possible unless it is realised that the cosmopolitanised commercialism, the atomic and rationalistic anthropology, the trader spirit without cultural or national loyalties, have been as great a threat from within to the authentic pattern of life in the West as the cult of orgiastic nationalism which has arisen in part as a false cure for the disease.

It is not to be expected that one thinker can deal with all the issues involved. *Unto Cæsar* is a splendid recall to political realism, all the more because it reveals the author's awareness that the future of Europe is primarily not a problem of policy but of civilisation. A spiritual rebirth is urgently needed in England and France as well as elsewhere. The chief of the demons to be exorcised is the secular religion which conceives the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon earth. This has been the bane of all modern societies and the totalitarian states have only taken it the most seriously. But it is not likely that the tradition of European civilisation, with its triple roots in 'Athens, Rome and Jerusalem,' can be revived on the basis of a bare negation that no earthly society can ever be the Kingdom of God. Mr. Voigt has let Karl Barth's necessary insistence upon this antinomy run away with him. The renewed Europe which he hopes for demands a recovered sense that though the Kingdom cannot be embodied it is a regulative criterion for earthly society. In the light of that criterion it is seen that behind the relations of men to men and of nations to nations, lies the prior question of man's relation to the earth, his economic interests, his

cultural pursuits, his mental and emotional life. His religion is not a separate faculty but the relation of this whole scale of living to God, which pulls it the right way up. Without expecting perfection in this sphere, it is legitimate to see the disintegration of Europe as lying in an excessive disorder in this, as it were vertical, dimension, a disorder of which the political and international clashes are the end-products and not the essence.

V. A. Demant.

Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs. Nos 17–24 (Clarendon Press, 1939, 3*d.* each).

No. 17. *The Blockade*, 1914–1919, by W. Arnold-Forster.
" 18. *National Socialism and Christianity*, by N. Micklem.
" 19. *Can Germany Stand the Strain?*, by L. P. Thompson.
" 20. *Who Hitler is*, by R. C. K. Ensor.
" 21. *The Nazi Conception of Law*, by J. Walter Jones.
" 22 *An Atlas of the War*, edited by J. N. L. Baker.
" 23. *The Sinews of War*, by Geoffrey Crowther.
" 24. *Blockade and the Civilian Population*, by Sir William Beveridge.

The earlier *Oxford Pamphlets* dealt with the developments in various European countries in the period between the two wars. All of these new ones—except Mr. Arnold-Forster's on *The Blockade*, 1914–1919—are concerned with present conditions in Germany and with problems arising out of the immediate war situation. These problems are changing so constantly and at times so rapidly that it would be useful if the month, or even the day, on which these pamphlets are published could be indicated. It would also be helpful to readers if future writers of pamphlets followed Dr. Micklem's example and included a short bibliography of their subject at the end of their essay.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's concise historical review of the legal and economic aspects of the *Blockade* of 1914–1919 is particularly important at this time when the legality of our present contraband control is frequently discussed or even questioned. As recently as October 25th, 1939, for example, the Soviet

Government raised objections against the British definitions of contraband of war, and Mr. Arnold-Forster's summary of the Declaration of London of 1909 and subsequent legal decisions in regard to the whole question of blockade will be extremely valuable. He also ably contradicts the accusation frequently brought to bear by humanitarians that, as the Allied blockade was not lifted until July 12th, 1919, we 'starved Germany out.' In fact this was not the case. Actually considerable quantities of foodstuffs were shipped into Germany before that date; one need only recall the activities of the Allied Maritime Transport Council and the Inter-Allied Food Council, and the fact that this food was not properly distributed was due largely to the breakdown of the German railway system during the Revolution of 1918 and to the fact that Germany herself had sunk so much of the world tonnage during the war.

Sir William Beveridge continues the discussion of contraband control. The essential problem always confronting the authorities responsible for a blockade has been to differentiate between supplies intended for military and civilian use. Sir William Beveridge shows that to-day this distinction no longer exists: for guns *are* butter. As he says: 'Fats, broadly speaking, are all directly convertible into munitions, because they can be used, and are very largely used, in making propellants.' Hitler's accusations that our blockade is causing hunger and starvation among the civil population in Germany is untrue. In fact, it was the Nazi's armament programme and their present war policy which has brought about a shortage of certain foodstuffs in Germany.

> Every year [as Sir William Beveridge points out] since Herr Hitler came to power there has been more fat in Germany. Every year since Herr Hitler came to power there has been for the German people less fat than they wanted and less than they had before then. The German guns have swallowed it.

Mr. L. P. Thompson deals with the effects of the blockade on Germany's available supply of various important raw materials. He describes the extent to which the contraband control is cutting Germany off from her 'principal import surplus' of oil, petrol, various essential metals, rubber, fats, etc. He also points out the difficulties she will have in

purchasing from her few remaining suppliers when her gold reserves are finally exhausted. Perhaps Mr. Thompson's attitude is a bit too optimistic, and it would have been interesting had he dealt more fully with the subject of Germany's barter trade, which would in practice replace gold reserves, and with her efforts to manufacture *Ersatz* products to be used instead of essential raw materials.

Mr. Geoffrey Crowther regards the war entirely from an economist's point of view, and one cannot help wondering whether he does not exaggerate when he begins his pamphlet by saying that

> War, nowadays, is an industrial proposition It is more influenced by the science of economics than by the art of strategy. The present war will not be won on any playing-field, at Eton or elsewhere, but in the mines and workshops of a thousand grimy industrial towns.

In an impressive array of statistics Mr. Crowther goes on to prove that our mines and workshops have the advantage over the enemy both in man-power and raw materials, and this advantage, so he contends, is far more important than any army, navy or air force. Mr. Crowther does not, however, allow the reader to sit back in self-satisfaction and enjoy the thought of our industrial and economic ascendency. On the contrary, he strikes a warning note at the end of his pamphlet. There are five things, he says, that we must do (and readers less convinced that economics are more important than strategy might argue that to do these things we are dependent on strongly armed forces). We must, in the first place, he says, 'keep the seas open to our trade while closing them to the enemy'; we must, second, 'prevent the enemy from over-running our industrial areas or bombing them out of existence before they convert our advantages of man-power and material-power into an actual military superiority'; then, third, 'we must preserve our ability to pay for imports'; fourth, 'we must be ready to reduce to the minimum the amount of man-power and materials we consume for purposes other than war; and finally, in the fifth place, 'we must be speedy and energetic in organising the transfer of both men and materials into their war-time jobs.'

The three pamphlets about non-economic subjects are

somewhat disappointing. Mr. Ensor presents a rather crude summary of the Führer's life, and declares that

> . . . it is perhaps not fanciful to see some parallels in the career of Julius Cæsar. Hitler differs from Cæsar in that he has never commanded armies from the top; and instead of being an aristocrat who patronised and exploited the discontents of the poor, he is a man of humble origin who once drank the dregs of poverty in his own person.

This comparison is surely most fanciful.

The title of Mr. Jones' pamphlet, *The Nazi Conception of Law*, seems ill-chosen, for the chief point in connection with the Nazi régime is that under Hitler, Germany has ceased to be a judicial state—a '*Rechtsstaat*.' This fact is, however, clearly brought out in the pamphlet itself, which is obviously written for lawyers. An ordinary layman is not aware of the legal differences between 'ownership' and 'property,' for example, so that Mr. Jones' explanations of the Nazis' attitude towards these terms is not very clear.

Dr. Micklem's pamphlet, on the other hand, is so clear and rational that it is disappointing. Many readers might hope to find in an essay by this distinguished theologian some words that would have an inspiriting appeal to all Christians. Instead, Dr Micklem has succumbed to that dull cult of objectivity which has made so many people apathetic during this war. One feels almost as though he does not wish to be unpleasant about the German persecutions of Catholics and Protestants.

> Both Germany and Russia [he writes aloofly in conclusion] as represented by their Governments have repudiated the moral standards and the moral sanctions upon which for a thousand years what we call the civilised world has rested. National Socialism in Germany is doomed, for Herr Hitler's régime will not survive the war. Germany, as we may suppose, will either go Bolshevist or revert to Christendom. It is this idea of Christendom which now appears, not as a mere dream of the Middle Ages, but as the burning issue of our time.

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

Arnold Bennett: A Study, by Georges Lafourcade (Frederick Muller, *12s. 6d.*).

The French mind is not uniformly happy in its contacts with the English creative artist. At times the peculiar

'sprouts' of our men of genius, as in the case of Voltaire's *histrion barbare*, Shakespeare, are proclaimed as completely contemptible. More frequently, the critic is attracted to his subject by its very disharmony with the prevalent manifestations of his own French spirit. As a result, qualities which are not the most interesting or most valuable—styles of sentiment of which we are nationally more than a little ashamed—are drawn into a disturbing prominence: we find ourselves longing for the impact on this already so shapeless literature of ours of the genuine French critic, who shall combine a sympathetic approach with the many admirable qualities which his traditional training brings. One might fairly say that such a critic and such an approach are revealed in this study, if it were not for the fact that the author is already widely known in this country for his pioneer work on so different a writer as Swinburne.

Professor Lafourcade wisely on this occasion attacks the literary problems evoked by the name of his subject through the medium of temperament and personality. His intention to do so is proclaimed in the vivid Carlylesque portrait with which the book opens, and the attack is pursued far beyond the cardboard image of the 'human machine' set up by Bennett himself, and accepted and made the basis of somewhat denigratory comment by Messrs. Geoffrey West and J. B. Priestley and more recently by M. Tillier, into something more convincing. The setting is largely biographical, but the biographical element does not predominate. Most reliance is placed on the more or less unconscious revelations contained in the *Journals* and in the various 'pocket philosophies.' The evidence so collected is carefully sifted and handled with exhaustive skill. Comment ranges freely over every section of Bennett's output. We are thus enabled to trace those subtle and unsuspected links which must, one has always felt, have existed between the writer of the melodramatic and farcical novels of the early period, or, indeed, of all periods, and the undeniably great artist of *The Old Wives' Tale*, with its 'faultless realism, imperceptible emotion and perfect dignity of style,' of the *Clayhanger* trilogy, with its minute and delicate psychology evolved amid a complicated variety of incident, of *Riceyman Steps*, with that extraordinary 'paucity of materials' out of which was to be constructed

so unusual and untraditional a figure of the Miser, and of *Imperial Palace*, where, in 'a highly restricted and artificial world,' Bennett was able to fulfil his long-concealed desire to be 'the permanent self-appointed director of this bright, gilded, complicated machinery which he delighted in creating.'

Bennett, on his first appearance as a Realist, must have struck the average French enthusiast as falling dismally away from the full gospel. Actually, his sober and matter-of-fact 'five-towns' mind provided the perfect touchstone for the strangely pathological complex of artistic theory which passed for Realism in France. In practice, as far as he was concerned, it simply disintegrated itself into the hectic melodrama which had always been with Zola a substitute for genuine psychological analysis, and which with Bennett provided admirable material for pot-boilers, and that impartial honesty of treatment, controlled by 'minute and patient technique' which was his greatest pride.

The balancing of the claims of the two elements—the artist, and the man with more than one eye on his royalties—which played almost equal parts in Bennett's make-up, is managed by Professor Lafourcade in this connection with discriminating tact. He appreciates sufficiently the famous matter-of-factness, for example, to be able to place it in its true perspective, and to see that in yielding to what he considered his audience might be willing to stand in the matter of Sophia's adventures in Paris, and in not making her 'a whore and all that,' Bennett was at the same time consistent with his personal artist's feeling on the subject, and that he did present the character with greater truth to the 'five-towns' type than if he had followed more closely the development of Balzac's *Maison du Chat qui Pelote*. But one may well feel that this otherwise sympathetic critic betrays a lack of understanding when he says that her chastity in relation to Chirac is 'unwarranted,' and that she is therefore to be pitied as the 'victim of classical reticence and artistic austerity.' Surely the maintenance of chastity does not depend exclusively on the eccentricity of a character's being the 'English virgin,' whatever that may mean, or upon her enjoying 'the pattern of religious convictions.'

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

The Golden Peacock. An Anthology of Yiddish Poetry translated into English and edited by Joseph Leftwich (Robert Anscombe & Co. Ltd., 10*s*. 6*d*.).

This is a formidable volume of over 900 pages covering Yiddish poetry written in every corner of the globe. The compiler, Mr. Leftwich, who is responsible for the bulk of the translations, has prefaced them with a long and rather rambling introduction, a large part of which is devoted to an apologia for translated literature. This, surely, is unnecessary since translation, and in the case of poetry more correctly re-creation, has acquired citizenship rights in the comity of literature since the earliest days.

Mr. Leftwich also deals in his introduction with the problem of Yiddish, and devotes much space to a defence of it as a language against the attack of its adversaries who dub it a 'Jargon.' But he does not really bring out the true nature of this medium of expression shared by millions of Jews scattered all over the Diaspora. It is both less and more than a language in its accepted sense. Less, because it lacks that discipline which is imposed on any *Kultursprache* by the accumulated tradition and usage, expressed by Grammar—and notwithstanding all attempts no grammar of Yiddish has as yet been produced—and more, because though slovenly and unruly, without standard pronunciation and orthography, it has overcome these disabilities and has become the medium of great literature, producing writers of the calibre of Peretz, Sholem Aleichem, Bialik and Sholem Asch.

The secret of its vitality probably lies in its intimacy, complete lack of affectation and that utter freedom from all restraint imposed naturally on any language which can be measured by an academic standard. Just as the life of the Jews in Eastern Europe has been a continuous synthesis between their traditions and their non-Jewish environment, for ever shifting and changeable, so their language, too, has reflected that lack of fixed standard of a classical pattern which rules languages with a territorial or national basis. This is neither a quality nor a defect—it is the essential characteristic of Yiddish. Unfortunately the translations do not convey this 'soul' of Yiddish, and lack both the light humour of the folkloristic poems and the passionate swing of some of

the epic poetry as, for instance, 'The Slaughter Town' of Bialik.

In fact, to an English reader many of the poems are so jarring in their translated form that there hardly seems any reason for them to be considered as poetry, but for the conventional form in which they have been set up! The translator cannot be said to have lived up to the quotation from Mr. Herbert Read which he mentions in his Introduction:

> There is no logical definition of Poetry. It is properly speaking a transcendental quality—a sudden transformation which words can assume under a particular influence—and we can no more define this quality than we can define a state of Grace

But even though readers will rarely find in this volume that magic touch which changes words into songs, they will be well recompensed if they approach it in search of a less subjective pleasure, for it is a window into a fascinating maze of *Völkerpsychologie* opened by writers who have used the same medium of expression though living in lands so far apart as Lithuania and South Africa, the Argentine and the Soviet Union, and though they sing in cities, pampas, Polish forests or Soviet factories, they show an intrinsic unity of ethical and even æsthetic approach unaffected by geography and variety of experience.

M. N. LUBIN.

FACING THE FACTS

An Address delivered in Manchester on March 15th, 1940

Would it be indiscreet, do you think, to mention that we are met together on the Ides of March? Perhaps Lord Haw-Haw might get hold of this and defeat the campaign of 'keep it dark.'

As you know, cancellations of sporting events (I must not be taken to be describing our present gathering!) may not be published lest this amiable gentleman should even indirectly learn about the English weather, it being notorious that the Germans have no meteorological system or experts of their own, and have to rely on scraps of information from our newspapers! But apart from our Zeesen buffoon, what about the position of amateur speakers like me? For the 'keep it dark' broadcast had a lurid follow-up in a Government hint that freedom of speech might be visited with the death penalty—doubtless in the form of a firing squad after the best Hollywood model. What memories this calls up of Milton and his masterpiece, *Areopagitica*, in championship of free speech! I ask myself the question why do we insist on talking about Hitlerism as if it were a newly discovered plague of which the German people are the chief victims? Have we never heard or read of Prussianism, which is an attitude of mind dating back to the foundation of the Mark of Brandenburg, and erected into a creed by the foremost German writers and composers during the past 200 years and more? Do we imagine that practitioners of this creed, like Frederick the Great in the eighteenth century, Bismarck in the nineteenth, and Hitler in the twentieth, are mere transient accidental and unrepresentative phantoms? Do not let us mislead ourselves. Prussianism is a many centuries-old and deep-rooted creed whose principal articles of faith and conduct are brutality, bestiality, bullying, fraud, plunder and cunning. Paganism at its worst was less alien to Christianity than Prussianism is and always has been. We are, then, up

against a creed, the creed of the devil. This is a *war of religion*, and unless we recognise that and are as whole-heartedly convinced of the truth of the principles underlying the Sermon on the Mount as are the Prussians about their own hellish doctrine, we doom ourselves to failure. Where then are our leaders of religious thought? Why have we no clarion call urging and inspiring us to this crusade for Right and all that religion represents? Is it because it is not 'good form' to talk about these things in public, or because we prefer our prejudices and our labels, or because we don't quite like following someone else's lead. The greatest figure in the last war was a Christian clergyman, Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium. Cannot we produce a Mercier and others in combination with him to uplift our idea of this war to its true level and keep it there—a struggle between Right and Wrong, between Civilisation and Barbarism, between the Spirit and brutish materialism. Our people will rise to this, for all unknown to themselves they already feel it to be so.

Leadership, initiative, selection of men, inspiration and fire must be substituted for complaisance, for resentment of criticism and suggestion, for peace-time practices in politics and other respects.

Before I come to certain material aspects of this war, I would like to take a passing glance at the German people. The compact majority are Prussians, and so scarcely European at all, and these are the united devotees of the fiendish creed I have already described. Its virus has permeated the genuinely Germanic tribes who are European, and although these include numerous individuals of middle age and upwards who in their hearts are humane and civilised, the whole of the younger generations have been soaked in Prussian barbarism. Prussia and the rest of Germany must therefore be regarded as one, symbolised at the present time by Hitler, albeit he is Austrian born. Now what we are apt to forget here is that these people are a dangerous combination of the opposite characteristics of virility and docility. Unlike the English and the French, who are virile but not docile, the Germans will believe and do whatever the State authority tells them to, without question. Englishmen or Frenchmen, if ordered by their Government to commit organised murder, torture, theft, [illegible] be satisfied that there is a margin of

ratification ; and as there, of course, can be none, would refuse. Not so a German : 'his not to reason why' and off he trots and does it not only without demur, but, being a savage, with a considerable amount of sadistic pleasure.

Likewise when he is told by Authority that rebellious Poles or Czechs are murdering gentle Nazis in incredible numbers or that English fishermen are lying in ambuscade (as he would call it) for peace-loving U-boats and German bombers, he believes every word of it. And when he is told that he must pull in his belt for an indefinite time, he does so and does it willingly. At the same time this docility and subordination to Authority are associated with fighting qualities and physical courage equal to any. Your German is, of course, of all foul and dirty fighters the foulest and dirtiest ; and sorry though as an Englishman I am to have to say it, we must, if we are to deal with them, temporarily put aside our traditional methods and give them hell in every sort of way best calculated to bring things home to them. Large doses of their own medicine are absolutely essential if we are to make any impression on them.

It is, therefore, fatal folly to take the line with these thugs that 'of course no gentleman can do this,' and to leave them free to murder Polish civilians on land and English civilians at sea without hitting back on German civilians. If you find yourself up against a gangster who kicks you in the stomach, it's no use to your country lisping in your dying agony 'it is more noble to be scuppered than to retaliate.' I am certain that these views are shared by the overwhelming mass of my fellow-countrymen, as was shown by the universal approval of the *Altmark* incident.

I have given you a picture, as I see it, of *the nature of this war*—a war of rival creeds, of Christ against anti-Christ; and of the *character of the people* who have forced the war upon us. And before I come to the material factors, I should like again to emphasise that without this realisation and the conviction that we are engaged in the greatest crusade of all time in defence of the spiritual values which alone make human life worth living, we shall not succeed—however great and well-managed our material resources might be.

While this war of irreconcilable ideals or creeds cannot be won by us without a burning and unquenchable spirit of faith

and fervour, it can be lost by practical inefficiency on our part.

The instrument through which the spirit has to work is resources, human and material, and if the Germans, in addition to the stimulus of their infernal creed, continue to make more efficient use of their resources, they will win. It is the case that we start with a margin in resources in our favour—let us call it 100 as against the German 70. But if the Germans get 100 per cent. value of their 70, and we get only 40 per cent. of our 100, where is our lead? I feel that there is altogether too much soothing-syrup on the subject given out to our people; and the impression is widespread that all we need to do is to sit back on our hunkers, rely on our superior resources, and in the shortness or fullness of time, the *Germans will crack*. This is a most dangerous delusion. Time is a neutral, as a leading Frenchman said, and will tell in favour of whoever puts it to the best use. Not only are the Germans ready to 'stick it out,' but in many respects they are better situated for food and raw materials now than they were in the last war. During the past years they have accumulated vast reserves and have organised their production, industrial and agricultural, so as to get the maximum results. In addition they skin the conquered countries of Poland, Czecho-slovakia and Austria, leaving the inhabitants on starvation ration and exploiting their raw materials. The Scandinavian and south-eastern countries of Europe are forced or cajoled to export to Germany; Italy is an open door, and, if the war lasts a long time, the immense untapped resources of Russia can be developed by the skill and ability of German engineers and scientists. Further, the Germans have at their command millions of Poles and Czechs whom they use as slaves, so that there will be no shortage of labour for any of their vital needs. The Germans, therefore, can arrange, *if they want, to wait on events*, preserving intact their mass of aeroplanes and other munitions and their petrol reserves—all of which have been largely increased during the last six months. But if the Germans were obliged to use these resources they might not be able adequately to replace them. Our right policy is, therefore, to seize the initiative and force them to exhaust this gigantic magazine.

[illegible] afford to dissipate or misuse

resources on which we have to rely for outlasting the
[e]nemy.

Our defence forces can neither be equipped nor main[tai]ned, nor other vital services be continued unless our [ec]onomic resources are husbanded and expanded so that we [ca]n buy from overseas all that we need for the prosecution [of] the war; in other words our export trade—that is, our [po]wer to purchase—is our first and last line of successful [de]fence. This entails organised planning and unified direc[ti]on so that the various agencies of Government concerned [w]ith production, movement, and use are balanced and related [t]o one another, and work in with the industrial, commercial, [tr]ansportation and agricultural organisation of the country. [I] repeat what I said in December, that the inclusion in the War Cabinet of a Minister for these purposes is needed to [p]rovide the necessary authority, and mark the fundamental [i]mportance of the question. Trade in its widest interpretation [i]s not the same as finance; they are two sides of a coin, and [a] Finance Minister is no more a substitute for a Trade Minister than the latter would be for a Finance Minister. I have been associated as closely and as long with problems of the machinery of government as any man alive; and to my mind there is no doubt of the necessity and feasibility of a Minister representing Trade and Production being in the War Cabinet. If that is not done we shall continue in our failure to get the full value of our existing resources, still more to get our existing resources enlarged, as they must be if we are to succeed.

On the negative side, the ash-bins, rubbish heaps and incinerators of the country are deplorable evidence of waste on a colossal scale, the major part of which could be prevented by organised co-operation between the public and Government authorities, central and local. Another aspect of the economic problem which has been a good deal discussed is cost of living and wages; on that I would make the suggestion that the supply and distribution of all basic necessities, represented rather unsatisfactorily in the cost of living index figures, should be brought under efficient control, while other commodities of consumption might be left in the main to find their price level through the working of supply and demand.

Before I end I should like to say a word about Civil Defence. In the regrettable absence of a National Service Act for all purposes, this side to our defence is dependent on volunteers who are under no contract, and who could melt away overnight. The boredom of standing by month after month, and legitimate resentment at a lot of ill-founded and mischievous criticism, are not calculated to keep alive the *esprit de corps* without which a non-compulsory service cannot continue efficient—or indeed in being. So to these volunteers I would like to say this. Just because nothing to speak of has yet happened in the form of air raids, do not think you have been wasting your time in preparing against them. Whenever it suits them the Germans will start up; in the recent words of Marshal Goring the German Air Force 'is a weapon of destruction against all those who have criminally shattered peace' (by which phrase oddly enough he seems to mean the English !), and when one realises that they are in a position to drop between 800 and 1,000 tons of bombs *every twenty-four hours* and go on doing it, as compared with a ton or two a *month* in the last war, I am sure A.R.P. workers will feel that it is up to them to go on giving of their best without stint or discouragement.

Well, gentlemen, I must ask your forgiveness for speaking at such length; and I will end with an appeal that we shall insist on wresting the initiative from the enemy in every sphere and so mobilise our resources of leadership, human quality and material, that we make sure of handing on to the generations to come Shakespeare's and our heritage of 'This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England—this land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.'

N. F. Warren Fisher

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

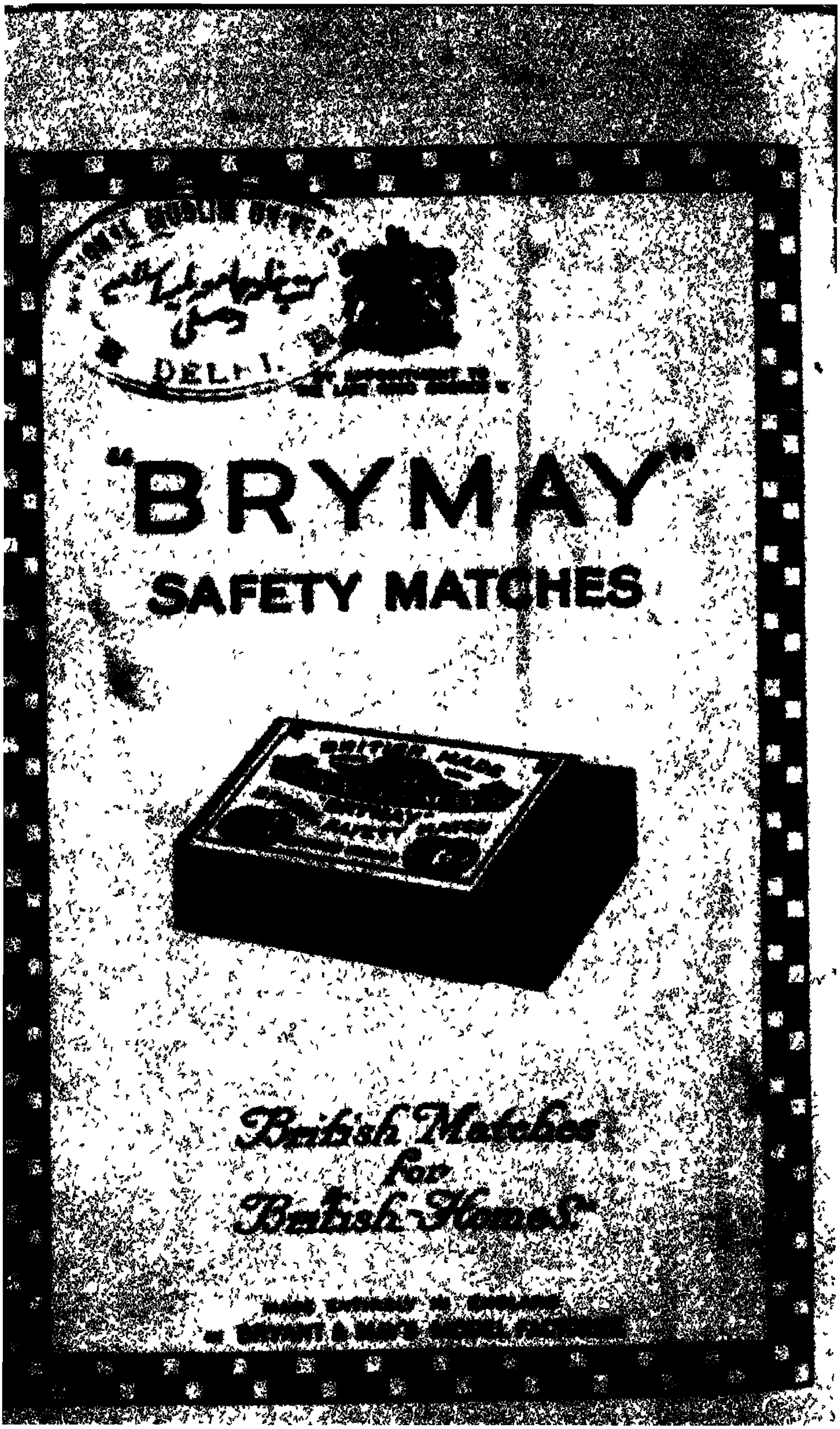
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DELHI
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SAFETY MATCHES
British Matches
for
British Homes

THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER

No. DCCLIX—May 1940

THE SITUATION

THE 'eventless' war is over. The 'real' war has begun. Had Germany remained on the defensive, had she promoted friendly relations with the northern and south-eastern neutrals, had she respected the laws of war, had she, while continuing to hold the 'Westwall,' proclaimed peace and reconciliation, had she granted the Czechs and Poles some measure of home rule, had she promised to hold a plebiscite in Austria, she could have won the war, for she could, with Russian help, have maintained an adequate economy based on the resources of the vast area extending from the Arctic to the Mediterranean and from the North Sea to the Pacific. Upon the Allies would then have fallen the odium of taking the offensive in the air. No naval offensive would have been possible, while an attack on the 'Westwall' would have meant such slaughter that it could hardly be thought of (nor could success be certain). To win the war the Allies would have had to establish themselves in Scandinavia and perhaps to disorganise the Russian oil production and distribution by carrying the war into the Black Sea. In other words, they would have had to impose that extension and intensification of the war which alone can bring victory, seeing that there is no other way of completing the blockade,

of forcing Germany to use up her stocks of petrol, rubber, copper, nickel and other products, and of closing in on her for the *decisive* campaign. It seems unlikely that the Allies would, under present leadership, have ventured to extend and intensify the war which would, therefore, have come to an inconclusive end. There would have been a negotiated peace based on a compromise. Such a peace would have left Germany in possession of her principal conquests. Polish and Czech independence would have been a fiction. She would have run the Austrian plebiscite herself—it would only have confirmed the 'Anschluss,' for plebiscites are always won by those who run them. She would have remained the greatest single military Power in the world, she would have held a commanding political, economic and strategic position in Europe, she would have been flanked by vassal and semi-vassal States, and she would, after a brief period of recuperation, have been able to begin the Third World War, which she would almost certainly have won. The only reason why Hitler has ever wanted peace, is that peace would give him time to prepare the Third World War. When our pacifists demand 'peace by negotiation' they are helping Germany to win the Second World War and to prepare for the Third. They are not promoting peace and victory, but defeat, another war, and then the final, irretrievable defeat which would mean the end of French and British independence and of all the decencies of civilised life in Europe. Only the most vigorous prosecution of the present war to a victorious conclusion can bring peace and can avert the Third World War and all its attendant horrors and abominations; only the final and indisputable triumph of Allied arms can end 'the war behind the war' which is so much more horrible than the war itself, namely, the *physical* extermination of the Poles, of the Jews under German rule, and of the *élite* amongst the Czechs.

But Hitler is an impetuous man, and it may be that he has no confidence in the unwillingness of the Allies to take the offensive. By invading Scandinavia he reveals his resolve to leave no interval between the Second and Third World Wars, but to achieve the conquest of all Europe, and the overthrow of the French and British Empires, not in a few years but in a few months. He has relieved the

ies of the necessity of converting the 'eventless' war
o a 'real' war. He has restored to them the opportunity
winning the war in the north, the opportunity which was
stroyed by the defeat of Finland before the Allied
peditionary force could sail.

Hitler has again taken the initiative and it remains in his
nds. The question is still 'What will he do?' and not
What will the Allies do?' The actions of his ally, Stalin,
d of his prospective ally, Mussolini, depend on his policy,
s intentions, his success or his failure. Without Hitler
ither Stalin nor Mussolini are a danger to Europe as a whole.
oth Russia and Italy have lived in the margin of German
armament and German aggression. They were able to
ake war in Finland, as in Spain, because Germany, rearmed
nd menacing, immobilised the Western Powers. Pan-
erman imperialism is *the* European danger—there is no
ther. Without that danger there would have been no
irst and no Second World War. Only if that danger is
emoved so that it can never recur will there be no Third
World War.

The immediate questions are: 'Will Hitler invade the
Low Countries?' and 'Has he prevailed upon Mussolini
o open hostilities in the Mediterranean?' The answers
nay be given within the next few weeks. The Allies must,
n any case, reckon with the likelihood of a further extension
and intensification of the war on the sea, in the air, and on
land.

They can face the prospect fearlessly, for although it will, if it materialises, mean a gigantic additional effort and much terrible sacrifice, it offers them further possibilities of shortening the war and of crowning it with decisive victory. It will also compel them to win the peace as well as the war, for once the nature and the consequences of German aggression have been brought home to the Allied peoples, no Utopian 'peace aims' such as have been proposed by Mr. Attlee and the Labour Party, by Sir Walter Layton and others, will be tolerated for one moment. Such 'peace terms' spell German victory and will, if carried out, make the Third World War certain. The Allied peoples will demand a peace that will make renewed German aggression *for ever* impossible, and they will have the passionate concurrence of all the coun-

ies that have been invaded by Germany and of all those who ve in fear of German invasion. Indeed, only the certainty f *such* a peace will make it possible to deter these countries om taking the decision into their own hands and from erving the Germans as the Germans are serving the Jews nd the Poles. The demand for vengeance will arise in any ase. It smoulders in millions of hearts even now. What else ould be expected? The Allies will, as the Germans begin o falter and break under stress of blockade and of blows eceived in the field, have to assert their authority as respon- ible patrons of a new European order of which a new Germany will be an organic part. But only if that order xcludes the possibility of renewed German aggression will hey be able to deter the oppressed, invaded, and menaced peoples from attempting their own cure by exterminating all Germans in the occupied territories of Poland and Bohemia-Moravia, and carrying massacre far into East Prussia, Pomerania, Silesia, and the Sudetenland.

There is no universal remedy against war as such. Wars will not end, save with the end of mankind. But it is possible to prevent Germany from ever again attempting to dominate Europe by force. That is the principal war-aim of the Allies. It can only be achieved if victory is complete, that is to say, if the armed might of Germany is broken. The overthrow of 'Hitlerism' is a secondary issue. Germany might be even more dangerous without Hitler than with him. 'Hitlerism' is but an ephemeral manifestation of Pan-Germanism. But it is not enough if the armed might of Germany is broken—it is necessary that it be *kept* broken. If it is not, then the Second World War will have been fought in vain, like the First. The Third World War will certainly come unless the peace-makers and post-war Governments and post-war public opinion *never* lose sight of that necessity and *never* let it be obscured by utopian schemes of disarmament and universal peace which will make the Third World War possible as surely as the utopian pacifism of the past made the Second World War possible.

The German invasion of Scandinavia has been carried out with great skill and audacity. The methods are Hitler's all over, though there is no reason whatever to suppose that they

he long, secret preparations (the German invasion is bably quite unrelated to the mine-laying by the Allies Norwegian waters), the careful, detailed connivance with rwegian traitors, the sudden dash, and the immediate ure of strategic and focal points by armed forces from side and by insurgents from within. It is the method the *Putsch* on a European scale, the combined attack on outer and inner front.

Hitler once more surprised, outwitted, and outdistanced opponents (who knew he was going to do 'something,' t did not in the least know what). But he has, the first time, encountered formidable resistance and ffered losses that may well be much more serious than he nself realises. He has been defeated so severely on the a that it is doubtful whether Germany can be called a val Power any longer (the sea is altogether beyond his mprehension). The British landing at Narvik, although rdly relevant to the Norwegian campaign proper, greatly creases the ability of the Fleet to maintain its vigilance the North Sea and to enforce the 'blockade.' If the ermans establish themselves in southern Norway Hitler ill have achieved his principal immediate objective. But ven if he does achieve it, his Norwegian campaign may be e turning point of the war, not *for* him, but *against* him, ecause it enables the Allies to fight where they can win the ar, namely in northern Europe.

It would seem that the German invasion of Scandinavia as been conceived as subsidiary to the prospective invasion f the Low Countries and to the extension of the war to the Mediterranean and perhaps to the Balkans. The Allies are elieved of the need for taking the initiative in establishing a orthern front, seeing that Hitler has taken it for them. f he takes the initiative in the south, or in the south-east, they eed feel no dismay, for the war can be won in those regions as well as in the north. A German invasion of the Low Countries would expose them to bombing at short range—it would, perhaps, try them more severely than anything else in the war. But, as long as the 'home front' holds it cannot be decisive.

Even if new fronts are established through Hitler's initiative, the Allies cannot afford to leave the initiative in his

lands. They must, if they are to win the war, use every new front for offensive operations. The need for an energetic, realistic, imaginative, *offensive* strategy—and with it remains the need for changes in the Cabinet that might leave Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill and Lord Halifax in office, but would make the Government more genuinely National, the need, also, to enlist the talent, ability and strength of character to be found still unused amongst men of known distinction and patriotism. Hitler's apparently successful surprise invasion of Scandinavia appears to have heightened the prestige of the Cabinet—an outcome as undeserved as it is unexpected.

The treason which helped the Germans in their conquest of southern Norway has called widespread attention to the 'inner' or 'home front' and has given currency to the term 'Fifth Column,' a term which appears to have been first used in the Spanish Civil War of General Franco's secret supporters in the regions held by the Republicans, especially in Madrid. In civil war, those who support one faction are not traitors merely because they happen to reside in the territory held by the other. The Republicans had their 'Fifth Column' in districts held by the Nationalists. Indeed, high courage and devotion are required to work as an agent, saboteur or conspirator against the faction in control, for the work is more dangerous than open warfare, and the penalty for arrest is certain death.

But it is an entirely different matter when the men of the 'Fifth Column' are working not for their own country (both sides in the Spanish Civil War were fighting for Spain) but for a hostile country, for an actual or potential invader. It will be found that such men work not in danger but in safety, either because the country they are working against, namely their own, shows them excessive indulgence, or because that country is so weak that it dare not suppress them for fear of provoking the country they are working for. The men of the 'Fifth Column' in a civil war are usually patriots. In a war, or prospective war, between nations they are always traitors. That they may be dangerous traitors is shown by the Norwegian 'Fifth Column' which, led by a now notorious Major Quisling, betrayed the capital and other strategic points to the invader.

The French, who know what revolution and invasion [...]e, have suppressed their Communists who make up a [F]ifth Column' which, by working for Russia, is working [fo]r her ally, Germany. The always woolly-minded and [se]ntimental *News Chronicle* and *New Statesman and Nation* [ha]ve criticised the action taken by the French on the grounds [th]at it is an attack on liberty. It is just the opposite. It has [be]en taken in defence of liberty. What do the *News Chronicle* [an]d the *New Statesman and Nation* expect? Are the French [to] remain passive while their Communists promote defeatism [at] home and try to paralyse national defence while the Germans [th]reaten invasion? 'Hinder, hold up, delay, and make useless [a]ll war output'—so runs a leaflet issued by the French [C]ommunist Party and distributed amongst munition workers. [T]he French Communists naturally have the support of their [B]ritish comrades. A leaflet, issued by some of the latter, [w]ho call themselves 'The Anti-Fascist Relief Committee,' [e]nds with the words 'By giving them [the French Com[m]unists] all assistance possible, we shall not only help them [b]ut take an essential step to guarantee the preservation of [t]hose democratic rights and traditions for which our forefathers fought.' This piece of effrontery is typical of the British Communists who pose as the defenders of these 'rights' which they would destroy (as they have been destroyed in Russia) and now proclaim them afresh with a view to helping French traitors to stab the French Army in the back, so that Hitler, and his ally Stalin, may become masters of Europe.

To employ traitors is an acknowledged method of warfare and one as old as warfare itself. Whatever else may be said about Germany and Russia and their recent acts of aggression, it would be pharisaical to blame them for promoting treason amongst their foes and employing traitors like Major Quisling or Comrade Kuusinen. But the action of these traitors is none the less infamous, and those who tolerate them in the name of freedom or condone the like in their own countries are themselves promoters of treason and foreign conquest. A democracy must have teeth and claws. Norway and Sweden are amongst the most civilised countries in the world, but their failure to rearm, their constant championship of utopian pacifism, and their indulgence towards the internal foe, and their lack of political

alism and resolution, have helped to bring disaster upon emselves—upon Norway armed invasion, and upon Sweden humiliating dependence on the aggressor (with the danger f armed invasion by no means removed). Sweden and other eutrals are now trying to accelerate their rearmament and re taking precautions against their 'Fifth Column' at home s well as against the prospective foreign foe.

The 'home front' is no less important in Great Britain han in other countries. If the war is long and hard (it will ertainly be the latter), the importance of the 'home front' nay be decisive. The armed forces may fight on heroically, ut all the heroism, effort and sacrifice by them and by the ation as a whole will be in vain if the 'home front' collapses, so that the Government are compelled to sue for a premature peace that will make Germany master of Europe or allow her to prepare for the Third World War.

But it is precisely to this end that the British Communists, no less than the Fascists, are working, helped, directly and ndirectly, by the Peace Pledge Union, and by sundry pacifists and defeatists, who, not knowing what the war is about, demand 'peace by negotiation' and still believe in the 'Russian experiment' or in the good intentions of Adolf Hitler.

An examination of recent issues of the *Daily Worker* and of *Action* will show the similarity between the Communists and the Fascists and the identity of their treasonable intentions.

They join one another in their attack on France and in their defence of the French Communists. The *Daily Worker* of April 6th declares with impudent mendacity that 'to advocate liberty, equality, and fraternity in France is now a crime punishable by death. . . . Parliament is a mockery. The trade unions are in chains. . . . Savagery and barbarism are enthroned in France. Daladier's guillotine now rivals Hitler's axe.'

For the *Daily Worker* there is nothing to choose between our ally, France, and our enemy, the Third Realm. *Action* (which constantly betrays its preference for Germany) writes on February 22nd about 'amazing incidents in France' and the penalties imposed by French tribunals: 'We are not surprised that the huge advertisements headed "Land of Liberty" have ceased to appear in the [British] National Press. With such events in contemporary France, no heading could

nore incongruous' (*Action* has never observed 'amazing dents' in Germany).

Both the *Daily Worker* and *Action* do all in their power to re the Allied cause and to discredit the Allied case. ther of them ever misses an opportunity of representing Allies as the real aggressors. The *Daily Worker* (April 1) has the impudence to declare that 'The Chamberlain vernment and the Reynaud Government had deliberately voked this extension of the war in Northern Europe by ir violation of Norwegian neutrality. With cynical regard for international law, they *deliberately* laid minefields Norwegian territorial waters *in order to extend the war*' lics our own). According to the *Daily Worker* bruary 1st), not Germany, but Great Britain, is the gressor: 'Hitler repeated once again his claim that the r was thrust upon him by Britain. Against this historical t there is no reply.' But Norway is guilty too. According the *Daily Worker* (April 17th), Norway 'could have ablished fraternal relations with the Soviet Union, but the orwegian capitalists, anxious to fatten themselves on the ir, chose to intrigue with the belligerent Powers.' The itish landing in Narvik is not, in the first place, meant for e defence of Norway, according to the *Daily Worker* April 17th), its real purpose is aggression—aggression gainst Sweden and, of course, against Russia, so that it has a triple purpose for the British warmongers.' The *aily Worker* (April 19th) also holds Great Britain and rance responsible for the prospective invasion of the Low ountries: 'British sources yesterday were busy spread- ng rumours of a German invasion [of Holland] due for ne next forty-eight hours—rumours considered in many uarters to be a smokescreen for Allied preparations to follow p Scandinavia by activities in the Netherlands.'

What *Action* has to say about Norway might just as well ave appeared in the *Daily Worker*: 'From the moment he Norwegian Foreign Minister declared the British and French mining of Norwegian territorial waters to be "a nost unwarranted violation of neutrality," the last chance was gone for our Government to contend that one side was regarding neutral rights and not the other' (April 11th), and, with reference to the report that the R.A.F. dropped

bombs on Bergen, 'The Germans state that Bergen is an open town . . . the killing of Norwegian civilians [there is no evidence that any such were killed] whom the Germans have taken under their protection [*sic*] will almost certainly lead to reprisals upon British towns.' Thus *Action* tries to justify in advance the bombing of British towns by the Germans!

If the war spreads still further, the Allies are guilty, if we are to believe our Communists and Fascists. Italy is declared innocent in advance, for according to *Action* (April 4th): 'To open war in that area almost certainly means that we shall face the combined power of Germany, Italy, and Russia . . . for Italy could scarcely ignore a challenge in that sphere even if she wished, after all her declarations concerning the preservation of peace in the Balkans.' According to the *Daily Worker* (April 17th): 'Belief that the imperialist Powers [the context leaves no doubt that the reference is to France and Great Britain] are planning a huge extension of the war to the Balkans, the Black Sea, the Eastern Mediterranean, and the Adriatic within a matter of weeks and even days, was prevalent in diplomatic circles in London yesterday.' This assertion is an impudent falsehood, for at no time was such a 'belief . . . prevalent in diplomatic circles in London.' On the contrary, the belief that has been both 'prevalent' and well-founded, is that Germany, Italy, and Russia are 'planning a huge extension of the war to the Balkans.' But the *Daily Worker* must fix the responsibility for the extension of the war, as for the war itself, on the Allies in case any of its readers might, when the time comes, suspect that the enemy could do wrong.

There is a case, which we believe to be a strong one, for 'extending' the war so as to close in on Germany for the decisive campaign. But this case (which is not accepted by the Allied Governments) is not examined by the *Daily Worker* or *Action*, because if it were seen to have any substance it would seem to reflect some credit on the Allies—and this the British Communists and their Fascist comrades would avoid at all costs.

Both the *Daily Worker* and *Action* are openly defeatist. The *Daily Worker* (March 26th) declares that the 'Communist

rties are leading the fight . . . organising the movement the masses against the war.' 'Raise your voice unitedly ainst the war!' it exclaims (April 11th). 'Prevent the ominable plans to spread the war . . .!' *Action* has the llowing demagogic slogans in thick type (April 18th): STOP THIS WAR . . . MOSLEY FOR PEACE . . . CONSCRIPT 'EALTH . . . GIVE FOR PEACE' (the last slogan refers to e Fascist 'Peace Fund,' the counterpart of the Communist Fighting Fund' for ending the war).

These examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

The Communists do not pretend to be patriots, indeed ey hate and despise patriotism. They profess loyalty to e working class although they have no claim to represent at class (which has, indeed, solidly rejected that claim ear in year out for more than twenty years). The loyalty nder which they try to conceal their disloyalty is, therefore, fiction.

The Fascists make loud professions of patriotism[1] and ry to conceal their own treasons by attributing all treasonable ntentions to others. They make use of Jews for this purpose and have, of late, with characteristic meanness and malignance, urned on the refugees as well, as though a Jewish patriot were not preferable to a Fascist traitor, and as though fugitives rom persecution abroad were not, in their gratitude, likely for the most part to show the country that has become their refuge a far greater loyalty than is shown by Fascist traitors who are trying to promote the cause of a ruthless enemy in time of war.

The true nature of the struggle with that enemy is better understood by the British people since the German invasion of Scandinavia. The spirit of the country has never been better than it is now—thanks to the great deeds done by the Navy and the Air Force. But there may be dark periods of reverse, of anxiety, and of mental confusion, when any weakening of the 'home front' may be fatal. The suppres-

[1] *Action* (February 15th) has made the interesting discovery that this war is not uniting but dividing the Empire: 'It has created a sharp division of loyalties and a bitter cleavage of opinion. It has torn asunder in a few months that which wise and patient labour has sought for generations to bind together . . . it has divided in bitterness the two races who have together built up the [South African] Union. . . . The sudden announcement of a general election [in Canada] is definite evidence of disunity and discontent. . . . There again the war has brought strife and dissension. . . . Australia, too, is sharply divided. . . .' What a plum for the German Ministry of Propaganda!

sion of the organised Communist and Fascist movements may seem desirable in *any* case, because their perfidy, mendacity and disloyalty are indecent at *any* time, and outrageously so in time of war. Their members enjoy the protection of the law and the indulgence of a tolerant, civilised and loyal public. They will benefit by the sacrifice and the suffering that will have been endured in defending the cause and the country they are deriding and trying to betray. It would, perhaps, be most desirable if public opinion could heighten what little sense of shame these people have left and so lead to their self-effacement. But if there are reverses in the field and the strain on the 'home front' grows severe, then the suppression of the two movements, not because they are Communist and Fascist, but because they are a danger in time of war, will have to be considered. All the continental States that are menaced by Germany are taking precautions against their 'Fifth Columns,' against their 'Kunsinens and Quislings.' Shall this country do so as well? The question is: 'Do the Communist and Fascist movements endanger national security?' If the answer is 'Yes,' then measures that will at least make them innocuous will have to be taken without any hesitation or delay.

THE EDITOR.

POSTSCRIPT

The French and British Communists are, apparently, giving satisfaction to their masters in Moscow, for, according to *Pravda* (March 29th) 'The ruling circles in England and France are becoming very worried over the problem of preserving the morale of their respective peoples, for a good morale requires a sound front line and a solid home front.' *Pravda* also observes that 'in England, particularly, there has been little enthusiasm on the part of authors and playwrights to co-operate with the Government.' *Pravda* mentions Mr. Bernard Shaw as an example.

Mr. Shaw accepts the Communist, and therefore the Russian, thesis in its entirety. To support it, he uses the familiar Communist method of misrepresentation. On April 7th he wrote in the *Sunday Express*:

By far the gravest suspicion of the good faith of the professed intentions of our Imperialist Government is that our Ministers are either the dupes or the accomplices of a conspiracy of the Western capitalist States, including the United States of North America to effect a Partition of the U.S.S.R., with its very tempting plunder, and the re-enslavement of its workers as proletarians. . . . I shall be told by people who have never dreamt of such a thing that the conspiracy exists only in my imagination. As yet it exists only in imagination, but not in mine alone. Lord Beaverbrook, writing for his great popular newspaper, says nothing about it, nor do the controllers of the other great dailies; but that very select review, the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, which the vulgar do not read, has let the cat out of the bag. Hear its editor discoursing on The Situation in his April number.

'Hard blows alone will dissolve the German-Russian partnership *and promote a Russian political order that will let the Allies send their managers and experts to recondition Russian industry and enable them, instead of Germany, to draw on Russia's exportable surplus*, and perhaps threaten an isolated and fully blockaded Germany with armed risings in her eastern border regions.' Pretty frank, that.

If Mr. Shaw will re-examine the relevant article in the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER and replace the quotation in its proper context, he will, perhaps, realise the grossness of his misrepresentation. No opinions in the least resembling those he attributes to the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER have appeared in our columns.

THE EDITOR.

DIARY OF THE WAR

The British and French representatives who gathered in London on March 28th for the sixth meeting of the Supreme War Council found themselves confronting a situation which, viewed from every aspect, called for swift and radical re-examination of the military and political conduct of the war. The battle fronts were joined and locked, to the considerable advantage of the enemy. The situation in Scandinavia and the Balkans was such as to place almost insuperable obstacles, political as well as technical, in the way of the Allied effort to draw the blockade more tightly around Germany. Over and above all this, the Brenner meeting between Hitler and Mussolini seemed to have opened the way for a new and more extensive understanding between Italy and the Reich. All the available evidence indicated that Hitler had been successful in securing from his Italian partner a re-definition, favourable to Germany, of Italy's attitude, aims and policy. How far agreement was reached on points of detail we do not know; but it seems quite certain that Mussolini again affirmed his determination to assist and support the German war effort to full and final victory.

In Scandinavia Germany was seeking to exploit the situation created by the ending of the Russo-Finnish war, and safeguard her interests by bringing the whole peninsula under complete political and economic control. An overt stroke in this direction, by Germany alone, or by Germany in combination with another Great Power, would necessarily bring into existence a qualitatively new and extremely dangerous situation: dangerous locally and, what is more important, dangerous to the whole Allied prosecution of the war. Such a development could only be prevented if the Allies were both decided and prepared to parry the threatened German action with a strong counter-blow. The gravity of the position was fully realised; and coinciding with the fall

of the Daladier Government and the formation of a new administration by M. Reynaud, came far-reaching changes.

These were not merely changes in personnel. Essentially they were changes in the public mood and mind. A new insistence was making itself felt in France that more directness and greater vigour should be shown in the conduct of the war. On the day before the meeting of the Supreme War Council, M. Reynaud, in a stirring speech broadcast to the French people, had called for 'total war' against Germany. 'Everyone must serve. We shall have to fight hard, work hard, and we shall have to suffer, too. But we shall win this bitter war.' These words can be taken, quite literally, as the 'programme' which M. Reynaud took with him to the London meeting. And after the events of the last three weeks it can no longer be doubted by the enemy that M. Reynaud found not only understanding and acceptance of his point of view in London, but a determination equal to his own. The decisions taken at that meeting, and the further developments to which they gave rise, all speak an unmistakable language. In a solemn declaration of united policy it was announced that neither Government would negotiate or conclude an armistice or treaty of peace except by mutual agreement. After the conclusion of peace the two Governments would continue to act together to safeguard their security and effect the reconstruction of an international order ensuring peace, liberty and respect for law. This declaration provided a solid foundation upon which to build the future policies of the two countries. For the war effort against Germany, the complete agreement reached by the Allied political and military leaders also meant that the decks had been cleared for action—as was shown by the prompt and powerful counter-action that followed the German invasion of Scandinavia a fortnight later.

Before and during the Russo-Finnish war, Germany was treating Scandinavia as a predominantly German or Russo-German sphere of interest. This attitude became even more marked after the Finnish war had ended. It underlay, quite obviously, all Germany's dealings with the northern countries. These neutral states were to be bullied into accepting a purely German interpretation of 'neutrality.' Formally they would stand apart from the struggle. In reality they

would be politically, economically, and it seems strategically also, at the disposal of the Reich. In the German view Scandinavia would be not only an additional and valuable source of raw material supplies; not only would Norwegian territorial waters from Narvik south provide safe passage for an unending stream of German and Scandinavian supply ships; but over and above all that, the necessary strategical positions that Scandinavia offered and that Germany needed for the launching of a full-scale air and sea attack against Great Britain were also, in the not too distant future, to come into the possession of the Reich. All Germany's demands to the neutrals that 'absolute neutrality' should be observed, including 'neutrality of opinion,' all her complaints and threats, were made with one end in view: that of subordinating the neutral countries to German authority, in the last resort to German military authority.

The lengths to which Germany was willing to go are well illustrated by her relations with Norway before the recent outbreak of hostilities. While Germany was mercilessly sinking Norwegian ships and murdering Norwegian sailors, she was still exerting a diplomatic pressure so great that her leaders were convinced that they would shortly succeed in forcing Norway into a position of open opposition to the Allies. Even at that stage of the game they were largely successful in forcing Norway to allow her own territorial waters to be made use of by Germany in any way that Germany might see fit. Allied *démarches*, so strong was this pressure, found little or no response either in Norway or Sweden. As the situation developed, it became very clear that some sort of action on the part of the Allies would soon become essential. In spite of the Note sent by the Allies on April 5th to Norway and Sweden, those two countries showed little inclination to carry out the necessary measures which alone could have given practical reality to their professed neutrality. The Note, while showing a full understanding of the difficulties facing the two neutrals, nevertheless pointed out that the existing state of affairs could no longer be tolerated. Whether it was the Scandinavian situation in itself, or foreknowledge of an imminent hostile move on the part of the enemy, which finally prompted the decision to lay three minefields in Norwegian territorial

waters, is a question which cannot at the moment be answered. Whatever its immediate cause, the Allied action was branded as a technical breach of Norwegian neutrality. Morally, and in a certain sense even legally, it was nothing of the kind. For one thing, the rules of international law had ceased to have any meaning in the territorial waters to the west of Norway. So Germany had ordained. For another, the state of affairs permitted, under duress, by Norway, threatened the very existence of the Western Powers. This is not to say that England and France have now decided to live by lawlessness, or that they are prepared to adopt the German definition of 'Right as that which serves Germany.' The Western Powers are fighting for an international order under the rule of law. The rights of neutrals in that international order have been fully recognised, widely construed, and where necessary defended. But where the reciprocal obligations of law are made incapable of fulfilment because of blackmail by the enemy, where law itself is negated, a new situation arises to which the old rules do not apply.

The real significance of the Allied action in mining certain areas within Norwegian territorial waters only became completely clear on April 9th, when Germany launched her military invasion of Denmark and Norway. It was immediately obvious that the *communiqué* issued by the German High Command, which claimed that the invasion had been undertaken in order to protect Denmark and Norway from a British attack upon their neutrality, was simply nonsense. No such attack had been made or even contemplated. What had been contemplated, and that for some time, was a German attack upon the two countries; and plans for such an attack had been worked out down to the smallest detail. The positions taken up by German naval units, the location of German military forces, their equipment, their embarkation and disembarkation exercises, all show that the plan of attack upon Scandinavia had been prepared, and its initial operations carried out, at least several days in advance of the Allied mine-laying.

Yet why was the attack on Scandinavia made at all? The internal situation in Germany was certainly not such as to force Hitler to distract the minds of his people by showing them a new battle front. He was under no duress

to find a 'victory' abroad in order to allay discontent at home. Nor can it be maintained that the invasion of Scandinavia was undertaken simply and solely because Hitler was afraid that the Allies would succeed in undermining his influence in the peninsula. The Allied determination to tighten the blockade may have been a contributory cause, but certainly cannot have been the deciding factor. In one of its aspects the invasion can be regarded as another of the predatory campaigns, so common in the history of Nazi imperialism, designed to replenish the treasure and raw material stocks of the Reich. But this again is not a complete explanation.

It is much more likely that the attack upon Scandinavia is only a part of a much larger and more boldly conceived plan, one which in the opinion of the Nazi leaders offers a good prospect of a swift and victorious conclusion of the war. The military purpose of the invasion, looked at in this light, is that of carrying the war closer to the enemy, closer particularly to Great Britain. There can be little doubt that, had the attack on Norway been crowned with complete success, a success which the minuteness of the preparations seemed sufficiently to guarantee, the logical next move would have been an attack on the Low Countries and a thrust in the direction of the northern harbours and ports of France. In this sense the blow has miscarried. This is not to say that the plan for an attack on the Netherlands has been abandoned. The speech made on April 19th by Jonkheer de Greef, the Dutch Prime Minister, which referred to Holland's 'hour of peril'; and the proclamation of a state of siege in the Netherlands the same day; together with the stringent precautions taken by the Government against the 'Fifth Column,' show that the Dutch authorities are alive to the reality of the threat.

In the German conquest of Austria, the Sudeten bastion of Czechoslovakia, Bohemia and Moravia, Poland, a preparatory political action always preceded and favourably paved the way for military action. With Denmark and Norway the programme was broken through. The soldier was hurried on to the scene before the propagandist had finished his explanations. Hitler cannot this time sit down behind well-fortified positions and limit military action to defence

and the simple parrying of Allied counter-attacks. For the first time in his career he is in a position where the psychological, political and strategic factors are not all entirely in his favour. Furthermore, only a peaceful, a peacefully working and productive Scandinavia could serve as a source of raw material supplies to the German war machine. A Scandinavia become the theatre of bitter warfare is, from this point of view, lost to the Reich. Add to all this the fact that Hitler's assault on the peninsula was directed primarily to the securing of land and sea communications and the use of air and naval bases—aims which he has certainly been unsuccessful in accomplishing to date—and the full weight of the Allied counter-blow becomes clear.

Between April 11th and 15th the British Navy, in a series of brilliant actions, successfully torpedoed the German plan for the swift conquest of Scandinavia. Hitler has been made to pay a high price for the German landings in the south and west of Norway. The exact losses suffered by Germany in warships, transports and supply ships are not yet fully known, but it is safe to say that at least half the German Navy has been either sunk or else severely damaged. It is, of course, possible that individual units of the German Fleet may still be used against the Allies. It may even be that Germany still has at her disposal more destroyers or more submarines than we are inclined, at the moment, to credit her with. Nevertheless it remains true that the German Navy, as a fighting force, has ceased to exist. In the Skagerrak and Kattegat, and even beyond in the home waters of the Baltic, the remnants of the German Fleet have been fought, attacked and damaged. The way in which the Propaganda Ministry, from April 13th on, has been breaking the news of the naval losses, by slow degrees and with infinite care, argues a proper realisation in Berlin of the way in which these British successes at sea may affect the 'will to victory' of the German people.

The naval battles that have raged along the Norwegian coast are the first moves in a campaign, which will be fought by sea, land and air, to drive the Germans from Norwegian soil. The lines of communication across the North Sea have been kept clear, the battle of Narvik has been won and an expeditionary force landed at several points along the

coast. The strategic importance of Narvik is perhaps small. The political value of the battle fought and won there so early in the campaign can hardly be exaggerated. The news of the destruction done to the fleet of German destroyers and transports stiffened the Norwegian resistance and heartened the neutrals, in Scandinavia and elsewhere.

The new plans of the German High Command, now that the first 'surprise attack' has failed, are rapidly becoming clear. The Germans are attempting to establish themselves along a line running from Oslo through Kristiansand, Stavanger and Bergen to Trondheim, and at the same time occupying a second line which leads eastwards from Trondheim along the railway to the Swedish frontier. If they can succeed in holding these two lines and in controlling the country between, not only will their position in Norway be immensely strong, but they will also 'contain' an important part of Sweden. Yet the real aim of the German High Command is to secure Norwegian naval and air bases from which a massive attack upon Great Britain can be launched. Unless the Nazi hold on southern Norway can be prised loose, and as yet it is a precarious hold, this aim may be realised. In this part of Norway, since lines of communication with home bases are still uncut, every day that passes sees a strengthening of the German position. Speed is therefore the essence of the Allied task.

The coming weeks will doubtless witness bitter fighting in central Norway. Although the Allied naval operations are taking place in comparatively favourable circumstances, on land the Allies will have to face and overcome serious difficulties. It seems likely that the enemy will be able to fight with his back to the Swedish frontier. The German rear will therefore be covered. The most important internal lines of communication will also, in all probability, be under the control of the enemy. The Allied expeditionary force will have to fight under the severest geographical, strategic and tactical conditions. The campaign will test the morale of our troops, the quality of their mechanised equipment, and test also the competence of their leaders.

We should in the course of the next few weeks learn, too, the answers to a number of other questions, answers which will react decisively on the future development of the war

Will Germany finally decide to throw the full weight of its air force into the Norwegian struggle? Will Germany regard Norway as, for the time being, the main theatre of the war, and make her military dispositions in accordance with that view, or will she reserve her wealth of man-power with the object of creating military diversions later on elsewhere? At the moment one gets the impression that the German High Command is determined upon success in Norway at however high a cost. The political as well as strategical arguments favouring such a decision are weighty. A forced German evacuation of Norway would mean not only the loss of Scandinavia, but an abandonment of the German plan for an attack upon Great Britain. It would mean, from the military point of view, and even more from the diplomatic, a major defeat for Germany. Germany has more at stake in Norway than have the Allies. The Allies, no doubt, could lose in Norway and still win the war. Germany cannot. This is a reason the more why the Allies should prosecute the war in Norway swiftly, vigorously, insistently.

The Reich, faced with military difficulties in Norway, and with much of its initial advantage impaired by the effectiveness of the Allied counter-blow, is seeking to strengthen its hand by a series of adroit diplomatic moves. This activity centres naturally in Rome and in the Balkans. Military conversations between the Axis Powers, the calling up of the Italian naval reserve, the unusually early spring manœuvres of the Italian Navy, the violent propaganda campaign on the radio and in the Press, while they are not positive proof, are lively indications that Italy is reconsidering her attitude to the war. Many political observers in Rome are convinced, apparently upon good evidence, that Italy has already made her choice. It is worth noting, in this connection, that a considerable Italo-German pressure has quite recently been brought to bear in Spain. It is unlikely that either Berlin or Rome are under any illusions as to the military value of Spain itself. General Franco has by no means succeeded in pacifying the country. Political feeling still runs high, and considerable tension can be noticed everywhere. (A monarchist *coup d'état* seems only just to have misfired during the recent Easter festival.) But Spain, although she cannot be regarded

as an effective ally, has strategical advantages that are certainly not to be despised.

In the Balkans the position has, if anything, improved. This is due, in great part, to the resolute action of the Allies in Scandinavia. (The importance of the fact that every smaller neutral State, possibly itself threatened by Germany, is watching and drawing conclusions from the struggle in Norway, cannot be over-emphasised.) The will to resist aggression has grown firmer in the Balkans. How far the practical possibilities of resistance have been improved, or will be improved, as a result of the recent conference between Lord Halifax and British diplomatic representatives from south-eastern Europe, remains to be seen. Mr. Chamberlain's references to the matter in the House of Commons on April 18th were, perhaps purposely, unenlightening.

Russian policy has again, during the last few weeks, been the subject of much speculation. Do Germany's views and plans meet with the approval of Moscow, or not? Can the Third Reich count upon Russian encouragement and support, and how far, and where? The Soviet Union, through its diplomatic spokesmen, has once more affirmed its neutrality. But how is that neutrality to be interpreted and defined? M. Molotov's speech of March 30th, even if the text could be made to yield a clear statement of neutrality, still gives no indication that a policy of neutrality will necessarily be maintained. In the event of a German victory in Scandinavia, would neutral Russia be prepared to assist in the partition of Sweden, as she assisted in the partition of Poland? Perhaps Russia's real attitude finds its clearest expression in the activities of the various Communist parties controlled from Moscow, all of which seem to be serving not only the general interests of Germany, but actually furthering the cause of German military victory.*

Recent events in Norway seem suddenly to have opened people's eyes all over the world to the dangerous presence of the so-called 'Fifth Columns.' The belligerent States, and many of the threatened neutral countries, have at last decided to deal drastically with the internal 'Fifth Column,' to take in hand, that is, all those elements which individually or as organised groups range themselves on the side of the nation's enemies, and either act, or show themselves ready to act, as

betrayers of their country. Every nation to-day fighting for its existence against Nazi Germany, and every threatened neutral State, must as a matter of course take steps to guard against treason within the gates. But where does this treason lie? The simple answer to this question is—among the German refugees. Can such a general indictment be brought? Neither the story of recent events in Oslo nor the earlier histories of Czechoslovakia and Poland, nor yet the present grouping of pro-Nazi forces in Holland, Yugoslavia and elsewhere, convict the mass of German refugees of such a charge. Individuals there must be, among the mass, who are traitors to the country that has given them refuge; and against these it is obviously necessary to take the most drastic action. But if we are looking for the real 'Fifth Column,' it is not only to the German refugees, hounded out of their homeland for racial or political reasons, that we must direct our attention. We must look also to our own native admirers of the Fuehrer, to our English would-be imitators of the Nazi technique and to the friends of Hitler's eastern neighbour.

'European Observer.'

THE GERMAN INTERNATIONAL

I

The most effective, and yet as a rule the least impugned, 'International' has been that of the Germans. A hundred years ago, it was the International of the dynasties, now it is of the German '*Volksgemeinschaft*.' In 1840, the ruling families of all the Great Powers, except France, and of most of the smaller countries, were in essence German, and there were many scores of dynasties in Germany, ruling or *quondam* sovereign, anxious to supply brides or candidates for any and every throne. In fact, the German guild of princes had managed to impose on Europe a German 'racial' theory, utterly alien to the traditions of most other nations, about the blood sovereigns having to be 'uncontaminated' by that of non-princely families. Even for the eldest son of Louis-Philippe the bride had to be sought and found in what Bismarck, on another occasion, coarsely described as 'the German stud.' Nor could a new throne be raised anywhere from Mexico to Bulgaria, or an old one fall vacant, without a Coburg, a Habsburg, a Wittelsbach, or a Hohenzollern coming forward as candidate. The last, rather farcical, swarming of German princes occurred during the years 1914–18: the Prince of Wied in Albania, Austrian Archdukes as candidates for the thrones of Poland and the Ukraine, the Duke of Urach aspiring to become 'Mindowe II' of Lithuania, Friedrich Karl of Hesse as candidate for the Finnish throne, etc. A legend has been fostered of a German cosmopolitanism in the first part of the nineteenth century, a '*Weltbürgertum*,' a 'universality' tinged with renunciation, when rather it was the case of an International based on the ubiquity of German dynasties, at a time when dynastic power was a reality.

That chapter is now closed for ever. But in the '*Volksgenossen*' it has left a heritage to the new phase of German influence. German permeation and colonisation was furthered

and encouraged by the princes. The Habsburgs did a great deal to Germanise their Czech and Slovene provinces, and planted German colonies in the Bukovina, the Carpathian Mountains, the Banat, Slavonia, etc. Catherine II (of Anhalt-Zerbst) and her successors settled German villages on the Volga, in Southern Russia, and in Bessarabia. And even in the original German migrations to Pennsylvania and Georgia, the Hanoverian connexion was not without influence. There is no other nation possessing a State of its own which is so widely scattered as the German. They form important and coherent colonies in most trans-oceanic countries, and, barring four countries on the circumference (Finland, Albania, Greece, and Bulgaria), there was in 1933 no State in Central and Eastern Europe, hardly even a Soviet Republic, which did not harbour a German minority.

While politics were mainly dynastic and most dynasties were German, these minorities, though often obnoxious or even oppressive to their neighbours, did not profess allegiance to an extraneous Power, and were therefore not alien or hostile to the State. The rise of the Hohenzollern Empire in 1871 produced a new Pan-Germanism, at first held in check by Bismarck's realist genius, but subsequently stimulated by William II's unbalanced braggadocio. There was fervour and bombast in the Second Reich, mental indigestion and great efficiency. They talked '*Urgeschichte*,' Nordic trash, and Nietzschean a-morality, and they built up the most powerful modern industry and army. They prided themselves on their barbaric past, as no other nation ever did, and their actions were yet to bear witness both to that past and their pride in it. At the same time they claimed to be '*ein Herrenvolk*' with a mission as '*Kulturträger*': the scattered German minorities were changing into conscious outposts of an aggressive creed. German trade combined with German politics, and both were carried into the world by emissaries from the Reich working with, on, and through long-established minorities. In Austria the Pan-Germans, led by politicians from the Sudetenland, demanded a new and sharper '*Kurs*' (policy). The Habsburg dynasty, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Austrian Army Command, had done far more than the Hohenzollerns to spread '*Deutschtum*' in East-Central and South-Eastern Europe; but they had learnt

that dominion to be far-flung has to be at least tolerable. Such a system did not satisfy the Pan-German secondary school teacher and the petty middle-class intelligentsia who aspired to power over their non-German neighbours: where there is to be a vast number of citizen-rulers, there must be a slave population. Young Hitler dreamt the turgid Pan-German dreams, resented the inferiority of his father who was a small Austrian official, was determined not to become one himself, and transferred the dislike and contempt which he felt for his father on to the Habsburgs, whose uniform and rosette his father wore. To him, as to others, the Hohenzollerns were the symbol of a victorious, virile, ruthless Germanism. In 1897, the Pan-Germans, when accused by the Austrian Premier of 'squinting' into the Reich, replied by a song which was sung in the streets of Vienna:

> "Wir schielen nicht, wir schauen,
> Wir schauen unverwandt,
> Wir schauen voll Vertrauen,
> Ins deutsche Vaterland." [1]

On a later occasion when, at the end of a debate on the Address in the Vienna Parliament, the customary cheers were to be raised for the Austrian Emperor, the leader of the Bohemian Pan-Germans called out: '*Ein Hoch und Heil dem Hause Hohenzollern.*'

Thirty-three years ago I heard at Lausanne University of a German lecturer who, referring to the French character of the place, exhorted a meeting of German students, his compatriots from the Reich: '*Meine Herren, gedenket immer, Ihr seid hier in Feindesland.*' [2] (Incidentally, none of these students wearing 'German colours' could have risked, even at that time, to be seen in company with a Jew, and they were highly indignant when they discovered that a man of Jewish origin had joined them in getting drunk on 'the Kaiser's birthday.') The essentials of Hitlerism were being developed by the pre-war generation, and throughout the world the Germans were already flaunting their '*Deutschtum*' with a provocative arro-

[1] 'We do not squint, we look,
We look and do not falter,
We look with full reliance,
Into our German Fatherland.'

[2] 'Gentlemen, always bear in mind that you are here in enemy country.

gance such as only a rare combination of '*Machtbewusstsein*' (consciousness of power) and bad taste can produce. In spite of the widely different antecedents of the two men, William II was an unmistakable forerunner of Hitler, and the uncanny parallelism between them shows that they both truly voice the same element in Germany's national development and spirit.

What a victory of the Central Powers would have meant east of the Rhine was clearly indicated in the programmes of *Mitteleuropa* and Berlin-Baghdad, and in the peace treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. Defeat swept away the Habsburg Monarchy and the compromise for which it stood—of a dominant, non-nationalistic Germanism. The capital of Russia had been removed to Moscow, and St. Petersburg had changed its name and lost its German dynasty and its Baltic barons. With the death of Carol I of Rumania and the flight of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, dynastic German influence ceased to predominate in Bucharest and Sofia. Wherever the Germans were a minority in Central and Eastern Europe, they were now a minority like any other—no longer a pampered or dominant minority—and they had to yield first place to the 'majority' nation. Help or protection could not come to them any more from German princes; there were no princes left even in Germany. Loyalties to old States and dynasties had broken down, and the slight veneer of tradition embodied in the upper classes had disappeared. There was everywhere a clash of the nationalisms of the masses; the levelling, lowering influence of the last war had created a void; Hitler stepped into it with his '*Volkstum*,' the '*Volksgemeinschaft*' of all the German '*Volksgenossen*,' wherever they have been born and of whatever State they are citizens—an ominous message for any community harbouring a German minority.

II

German influence, powerfully operating at the centre, had permeated the Habsburg Monarchy and infected Tsarist Russia; yet the size of these Empires had been also a check on Germany. Now the map had been re-drawn against Germany; still, east and south-east of her, there was no State fit to offset the weight, political, military, and economic,

inherent in her numbers and organisation. Even in the 1920's there were doubts about the stability of the French system, which was based on Poland and the Little Entente: hence the eager quest after the Geneva Protocol. The economic crisis, which opened in 1929, began an era in European history and supplied a dangerous background for the flourishes of a Mussolini, the fumblings of a Ramsay MacDonald, and the perplexities of French foreign policy. The depression affected the widest masses even in the remotest countries, produced 'a crystallisation of disappointments and prejudices,' hardened 'intolerance all the world over,'[1] and everywhere brought new political forces to the surface, violent and brutal—National Socialists and National Radicals, 'patriotic fronts' and an 'Iron Guard.' The 'Awakening Magyars' and the Italian Fascists had been forerunners of such movements; Hitler's victory made Germany their focus and model. The new totalitarian, dictatorial, anti-Semitic International found in every country its reflection, and in every German minority its transmitters: the response of the '*Auslandsdeutschen*' (Germans outside Germany), and especially of their youth, shows how deeply Nazism is rooted in the German character and instincts.

In international relations totalitarian systems have certain marked advantages over freer forms of Government: there is no possibility of effective opposition under dictatorships, whereas the freedom of political life in non-totalitarian States enables Nazis and pro-Nazis to impede the work and undermine the position of those whom they mean to destroy. Colonel Beck and M. Stoyadinovich could pursue their fatal policy of collaboration with Hitler, unchecked by the intense dislike which the vast majority of Poles and Yugoslavs felt for it; while in democratic countries the 'Fifth Column' could freely favour the dictators and work for the destruction of Republican Spain and Czechoslovakia. Another advantage results from the absolute control which dictatorships exercise over the economic system and transactions of their countries; a third, from the ease with which a political *volte-face* can be accomplished; a fourth, from the unmeasured, freely flaunted brutality of these professional thugs, which intimi-

[1] Elizabeth Wiskemann, *Undeclared War* (Constable, 12s). Further quotations, unless marked otherwise, are all from this book.

dates and, like a boa constrictor, fascinates 'rabbits' among the leaders and the public.

The Austrian *Anschluss* does not enter into the purview of this essay, which deals with the technique of the German International based on German minorities; nor does even the story of how Czechoslovakia was thrown to the wolves when there was 'Peace with Honour'—diplomacy and statesmanship destroyed a State which the Nazis had not been able to suborn, a nation which they had not been able to infect, and a country over which they had failed to obtain economic ascendancy. It is in Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Poland (before 1939) that the 'Undeclared War' of the Nazis can best be studied; and the work of analysing their methods has been brilliantly done by Miss Wiskemann in the book on which the following pages are based.

On a moderate estimate the German minority amounts to 600,000 in Hungary; 600,000 in Yugoslavia; 750,000 in Rumania; and in Poland it was also about 750,000: a field for Nazi propagandist and organising activities. Hungary had provinces to reclaim; Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Poland to retain: a field for Nazi intrigue. There were more than 3,000,000 Jews in Poland, and there are almost 1,000,000 in Rumania and 600,000 in Hungary; outside Germany these are the three most anti-Semitic countries in the world: a happy field for Nazi racial doctrines. Truncated Hungary was as difficult to reorganise and govern as were the tassellated Succession States: a hungry, half-baked intelligentsia, rabid with nationalism, politics, and ambitions, and corroded with the disillusionment of the post-war period, offered in these four countries rich seed plots for would-be dictators. The collapse of the markets for agricultural produce created a catastrophic position in these four great food-producing countries: Germany was the only important buyer, eager to take their unsaleable goods, but on terms and under a system which were to give her a stranglehold on the life of these countries.

Since 1919 the demand for treaty revision dominated the thoughts and policy of the Magyars: theirs was a constant and indefatigable search for allies to effect such revision.

In 1932, just before Hitler came to power, General Gömbös became Prime Minister of Hungary. This man, like a considerable

number of Hungarians, was half German by descent and also Nazi in outlook, and from 1933 Nazi propaganda from German countenanced by him and his protégés playing upon so man Magyar prejudices, made great strides.

As the military strength of the Nazis and their political éla developed, the Magyars felt that here at last was a chance o realising their national dream. Also personal interests worke in favour of the Nazis.

. . . from the time of Austria's fall, if not even earlier, bureaucrat and important police officials and even one or two highly place members of the judiciary seemed to be preparing, like many othe Austrian officials before them, to stand on the right side of Hitler; they intended to be safe from dismissals or reprisals should any kind of Nazi régime—German or dependent upon Germany—be installed at Budapest.

At the general election of May, 1938—two months after the *Anschluss*—the Hungarian Nazis, with financial and moral support from Germany, increased their representation from five or six to forty-three seats; while 'perhaps half the Government Party itself sympathised actively with the Nazis.' When Czechoslovakia was partitioned in the autumn of 1939 the Magyars effected their first recovery of territory lost in 1918–1919: they obtained a broad strip of country inhabited by Magyars and Slovaks along their north-eastern border; and when in March, 1939, the Nazis entered Prague, the Magyars seized Carpatho-Russia and another slice of Slovakia, this time rather against the wishes of Germany.

Nazi successes are Hungary's chance, but also Hungary's danger. With Austria incorporated in Germany, the Burgenland, one of Hungary's lost provinces, will be German so long as the Nazis remain supreme. If Nazi dominion over the Czechs has given the Magyars one part of Slovakia, it has placed the rest under a German protectorate. Nor is it pleasing or safe for Hungary, containing a German minority of 500,000, to have so long a frontier with Germany and her Slovak protectorate. The Magyars are in danger of becoming German Janissaries, '*eine gleichgeschaltete Hilfsmacht.*' They hope for further conquests and fear the price which they will be made to pay.

The Magyar Nazis advocating wholeheartedly 'extreme

anti-Semitism and uncompromising dictatorship' are in a minority, especially among the upper classes which are imbued with an old political and parliamentary tradition. But they have a fairly numerous popular following and a chance to gain a much larger. They have taken up the cry for land reform against the Conservative land-owning aristocracy; rampant anti-Semitism helps them with the intelligentsia and the lower middle class; and even among the working classes they seem to have made considerable progress. Altogether they appeal to 'the young and destitute.'

The German minority, which before the advent of the Nazis, in spite of a steady curtailment of their educational and cultural rights, professed fervent loyalty to the Hungarian Government, has assumed a different tone since 1933, and still more since 1938. They are now openly taught, and have accepted, the doctrine that their allegiance is primarily due to Hitler, the leader of the race, and that it is the mission of the Germans to rule over other, inferior, races. Their demand for German schools in Hungary is pressed with marked success, and it is feared that 'a growing number of apparently assimilated Hungarians of German descent may wish to revert to the Germanism which nowadays involves the possibility of privilege.' Dr. Basch himself, elected in December, 1938, President of the Nazi *Volksbund der Deutschen in Ungarn*, 'was once a Hungarian Chauvinist.' In the General Election of 1938, with the connivance of the Hungarian Government, pressure was exerted on the Hungarian Germans to vote for the Nazi candidates: these secured about two-thirds of their votes.

Meantime the Hungarian Government, both in order to please and to check the Nazis, has adopted parts of their programme, foremost in the matter of anti-Jewish restrictions. The Prime Minister who introduced the legislation, M. Imredy, is himself of German descent (but when it was proved against him that he has also some Jewish blood he had to resign). Ousting the Jews helps the German economic conquest of Hungary. Most of her industries and trade was developed and worked by the Jews; of roughly 3,000 factories about 1,500, including all the major concerns, were in their hands. There are not Magyars fit or even available to fill the place of all the Jews who are to be

displaced, and consequently jobs and business will pass into the hands, or under the control, of the Germans. It is the Nazi aim in Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia to render the economy of these countries subservient and complementary to that of Germany: they are to specialise in the production of food and raw materials required by Germany, but to engage in industry only where it is of a non-competing character.

A few years ago, when there was a glut in raw materials, the Germans started by offering Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia inflated prices for their produce, and thus raised the price levels of these countries. Since then the Nazis have forced them to accept an artificially low rate of exchange between their own currencies and German marks. In other words, while the prices are inflated when measured in terms of free currencies, the Germans pay for their own purchases at cut rates. Lastly, the conquest of Austria and Czechoslovakia has completed the German hold over the three other Succession States. Austria has always been a good market for Hungarian, Rumanian, and Yugoslav agricultural produce and supplied these countries with foreign exchange. Since March, 1938, trade with Austria is only another form of trade with Germany. Czechoslovakia, too, was a good market for these States, controlled some of their industries, and was the chief supplier of armaments for Rumania and Yugoslavia. The conquest of Czechoslovakia has given the Nazis control of a number of Yugoslav industries, and in the matter of armaments a stranglehold both over Yugoslavia and Rumania.

In Rumania the main opponents of the Nazi creed and of a pro-German policy are the notorious 'Iron Guard,' a Rumanian version of a quasi-mystical '*Volkstum*.' The 'racial' game, however, was spoilt a little by the fact that their leader, Zelea Codreanu, alias Zielinski, 'a young man of romantic appearance,' was not of Rumanian but of Polish extraction, with an admixture of German or even Hungarian blood (similarly in the case of Major Szalasi, the leader of the Magyar Nazis, the enthusiasm for Magyar racial purity 'was impaired by the discovery of his own mixed Armenian-Slovak-German descent'). The Iron Guard, which was indebted to Germany for much of its income and of its

revolutionary *élan*, indulged in the extremest forms of anti-Semitism, demanded a complete dictatorship with a social revolutionary programme, and both threatened and practised assassination. They also demanded the merciless assimilation of minorities in Rumania: and none the less had the active support of the German Nazis sensitive to real or alleged sufferings of German minorities only when it suits their game.

Governing circles in Rumania, even when opposed to the Iron Guard, often display the 'hypnotised rabbit' condition. In various ways they show favour to the Iron Guard, while trying to get away with some of its popularity and programme. One anti-Semitic measure after another is introduced in Rumania, and in between the assassination of ministers by the Iron Guard and the killing of Iron Guards 'while trying to escape,' the Government blows hot and cold on them, and endeavours to capture their following. It tries to attract young people by the 'dazzlingly blue uniforms' of the 'Front of National Re-birth,' complete with Fascist salutations and 'Sanatate,' the Rumanian equivalent for the Nazi 'Heil.'

Meantime in Rumania, as in Hungary, the German minority is being drawn or forced into the Nazi organisation. The Transylvanian Saxons, who always felt a racial superiority over the Rumanians, readily accepted the Nazi creed. The conquest of the Catholic Swabians took a longer time, but since the Austrian *Anschluss*, and still more since Munich, even among them all opposition to the Nazis has disappeared. During the mobilisation of March and April, 1939, the German minority showed in many cases undisguised contempt for the Rumanians; and when in September, 1939, the German armies advanced through Southern Poland towards Rumania, these Germans openly avowed themselves what Hitler means them to be: part of his '*Volk*.' Seeing what happened in Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, a member of the German minority in Rumania hardly dares to keep out of the Nazi organisations, for fear of being treated, after a conquest by Germany, as a '*Volksverräter*.'

In Rumania, too, anti-Semitic legislation helps the Nazis to capture industry and trade; this was done in a more direct manner by 'Aryanisation' in conquered Czechoslovakia and Poland. Nor can the Rumanian laws which restrict the

business activities of foreigners stop the Nazis: the German minority step in as citizens of the country. And even more successful than in Hungary has proved in Rumania the Nazi currency trick:

. . . Germany has paid preferential prices which have temporarily raised the standard of life of the Rumanian peasant farmer, but by pushing down the value of the lei against the mark, Germany herself pays less and less, while she pushes up prices inside Rumania. Even for the farmers the improvement is only temporary.

In Yugoslavia the conflict between Croats and Serbs, and even the widespread Serb opposition to the dictatorship and the Stoyadinovich administration, offered the Nazis rich opportunities for political intrigue; it is one of their regular methods 'to play everywhere upon the difficulties between Government and governed, and by alarming rulers to impel them to take unpopular measures.' Every aspect of the Croat question was developed with customary zeal.

While official Germany had more and more praised Stoyadinovich for his cold-shouldering of the Little Entente in favour of the Axis Powers, whisperers in Croatia had lavished sympathy upon the Croats in the oppression of their race by the alien Serb régime. The racial theories of a Croat writer named Sufflay were taken up since Sufflay had held that the Croats were not Slavs like the Serbs, but were the descendants of a settlement of Goths. This notion was to be found in the paper *Nezavisnost* (Independence) brought out by a certain M. Buc who was obviously dependent upon German funds. It was characteristic of the whole situation that *Nezavisnost* furiously attacked Dr. Macek for his moderation in championing the Croat national cause against the pro-German Stoyadinovich régime though M. Buc was supported by money from Germany.

While the Croats were thus intended for the part which the Slovaks had played in the disruption of Czechoslovakia, confidential instructions circulated by the Nazis among the German minority in Croatia described them as 'half savage.'

Mixed marriages are therefore condemned. Among other recommendations is one to avoid alcoholic drink but to sell it in as large quantities as possible to the Croats; on occasion the Press of the Reich has supported an attitude of this kind.

The German minority, effectively organised by Nazi emissaries and leaders, at elections was made to support the Stoyadinovich régime against which the Croats were being incited. All districts of Yugoslavia comprising a German population were covered with branches of the *Kulturbund*, were given libraries stocked with Nazi literature, and were provided with German schools.

For all German propaganda unlimited funds were, as ever, available, and while the German Legation in Belgrade went through the usual process of *Gleichschaltung*, it was the German Consul-General, Herr Neuhausen, also at the head of the German Tourist Office, who appeared to be the most powerful link between Nazi Germany, Yugoslavia and its German minority. He represents various German business houses as well as the German State Railways and Lufthansa, while the *Dresdner Bank* works in connection with his Travel Bureaux, which are the centres of all German activity in Yugoslavia.

Germany's economic hold on Yugoslavia was even more complete than that on Hungary and Rumania ; for economically Yugoslavia was more closely connected with Austria and Czechoslovakia, and since the conquest of these two countries Germany's investments in Yugoslavia outstrip those of any other country. The same methods as in Hungary and Rumania were practised to acquire a virtual monopoly of Yugoslavia's foreign trade. For several years past, Germany has bought Yugoslav agricultural products at prices at least 25 to 30 per cent. above the world price level, and now compensates herself by manipulating the exchange. It is not easy to translate into exact figures this barter business, which is lauded by Nazi propaganda as something pure, simple, and noble, and contrasted with the money-economy and transactions of the Western Powers, the 'démodé capitalism' of greedy foreign usurers, either Jews or men imbued with Jewish ideas. With Austria and Czechoslovakia engulfed in the German system, and Italy impoverished by the Abyssinian and Spanish wars, Yugoslavia was in danger of becoming more and more a German economic dependency.

Nazi relations with Poland cannot be treated at any length in this essay : and the transactions described by Miss Wiskemann, who finished writing her book before the out-

break of war, have by now been overlaid by mass outrages and crimes unprecedented in European records. When the history of the war is written, the services rendered by Germans domiciled in Poland as Nazi spies during the military campaign will deserve attention: they were widespread and effective, and remarkably well organised, and the Nazis succeeded in pressing into their service even many Germans settled in Poland for generations. Nor was the part of these 'minority Germans' less discreditable after the Nazi régime had been established in Poland: in various parts of the country they have formed themselves into a '*Selbschutz*' (self-defence)—what this is could easily be guessed. But it is necessary—an article in the *Völkischer Beobachter* boasts that men of this organisation 'with their knowledge of the Polish language are able to trace the most secret places of refuge of Polish criminals, and have in every way proved the most efficient scouts.' Lastly, to be a '*Volksdeutscher*' in Poland under Nazi occupation is to be master of the lives and property of Poles and Jews; he is free to rob and kill, and only too many among the 'minority' Germans in Poland seem to have taken advantage of the opportunities thus offered.

In view of the doctrine openly proclaimed by the Nazis that Germans, wherever born and of whatever state they are citizens, owe allegiance, first and foremost, to the German *Volk* and its Führer; in view of the use so effectively made of German minorities for the disruption or enslavement of the States in which they live; and lastly, in view of the behaviour of vast numbers, possibly of a majority, of the Germans inhabiting Poland—any State containing a German 'Aryan' minority within its borders will have to consider in future whether it is safe to have them.

L. B. Namier.

ASIA INVADES EUROPE

Three times in the Christian era Europe, which is geographically only a small peninsula jutting out from the immense land mass of Asia, has been threatened with conquest from the larger continent. The triumphant sweep of Mohammedanism, after engulfing Spain, was checked by the rough warriors of Charles the Hammer on the battlefield between Tours and Poitiers.

A philosopher might question as to which was the more or less civilised side, as between the Arabs and the Franks. But European mediæval civilisation was saved from the danger of obliteration almost by accident in the thirteenth century. The Mongol hordes, incomparable fighters by the technique of the time, subjugated Russia, where they left the permanent impress of their rule, and smashed Poland and Hungary. They turned back from a final drive into Western Europe, not because of any decisive defeat, but because of some internal disputes as to the succession in the Tartary from which they had come.

Islam advanced on Europe again when the Turkish Empire, with its formidable spearhead of the Janissaries, who must have been psychologically very similar to young Communists and young Nazis, captured the historic Christian outpost, Constantinople, and swarmed over the Balkans. It was a Polish army (how characteristic that the Poles were more successful in rescuing another country than in preserving their own) that turned the Turks back from the gates of Vienna.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Asia was in eclipse before a Europe that had gained vast strength by its mastery of the secrets of the industrial revolution. The Turkish Empire decayed and shrank. In Asia itself European Powers acquired one colony and strategic point after another. It was not uncommon for a few thousands or tens of thousands of Europeans, administrators, soldiers, traders, to dominate

directly or indirectly Asiatic countries with populations running into tens and hundreds of millions.

In our time we have seen a reversal of this process. First the Russo-Japanese War, then the World War undermined the element of prestige that is so important for the maintenance of Europe's rule in Asia. The European colonial Powers were faced with storms of unrest from China to Morocco as an aftermath of Europe's destructive civil war from 1914 until 1918. Can European hegemony survive another such war, still in a preliminary phase, to be sure, but with even greater ultimate prospects of destruction, dislocation and exhaustion—thanks to the diabolical uses to which science can be put?

However history may answer this question, it is highly thought-provoking that now, for the first time since the ascendancy of the Turkish Empire, Asia is invading Europe. By far the most permanently significant result of the war so far has been the rapid extension of the territory and influence of the Soviet Union. And, whereas pre-war Russia was the most backward of European Great Powers, the Soviet Union may dispute with Japan the right to be considered the most advanced of the Asiatic states. The Soviet Union possesses the advantage in size, in population, in natural resources, in inherited contributions to world culture. Japan must be conceded superiority as regards efficiency, naval power, and relative decency of internal administration.

The political physiognomy of the Soviet Union is overwhelmingly Asiatic. Name the essential traits of the classical Asiatic despotism, from Xerxes and Mithridates to the present time, and one has described the basic characteristics of Stalin's dictatorship.

The first of these characteristics is absolute, unlimited power. The conceptions of democracy, of individual liberty, of checks and balances in the exercise of authority have no real meaning for the Oriental mind. Could there be a more unlimited despotism than the Soviet state, where millions of peasants were deliberately starved to death because they would not accept collective farming, where the Cabinet Minister of to-day may be executed without the formality of a trial to-morrow, where a leading scientist may find himself assigned to forced labour in some Arctic wilderness?

Asia is prodigal and contemptuous of human life. Respect for the individual human being is a product of Christianity and of the humanism of the Renaissance. It has no place in Asia, where a huge birth rate can be relied on to replace any exceptional ravages of famine, flood, massacre and disease. Typical of this Asiatic contempt for the individual is the Soviet practice, now copied by Hitler, of forcibly uprooting whole communities and transplanting them to other places of habitation.

German colonists who had lived for generations in the Valley of the Volga have been deported to the unhealthy coal mines of Karaganda. Koreans in the Soviet Far East were considered of doubtful loyalty and were shipped off *en masse* to Central Asia. Recalcitrant Uzbeks from Turkestan were sent to chop wood in the northern forests of Karelia. Finns whom it was desired to get rid of in the neighbourhood of Leningrad were herded into freight cars and sent into the deep interior of Russia, where there is never any lack of forced labour to keep compulsory migrants busy.

Knowledge of the sufferings of these compatriots was an important factor in stimulating the Finnish resistance, the heroic failure of which, whatever the technical causes, was of evil omen for the future of Europe. For every square mile of territory that has been extorted from Finland by the Soviet Union is won for Asia and lost to Europe.

The 'liquidation of the kulaks as a class' meant that relatively well-to-do peasants from all parts of Russia, but especially from Ukrainia and the North Caucasus, were sent to various bleak and forbidding places in Northern Russia, the Urals and Siberia. This typically Asiatic practice, as old as Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib, of mass deportation has apparently begun immediately in the newly occupied districts of Poland, where there has been a round-up of prisoners for labour in the Donetz coal mines.

The Asiatic state is profoundly secretive and its state-craft, even by the far from high Western standards, is devious and treacherous. The Soviet Union certainly conforms to these specifications. Every diplomat and journalist with a background of Moscow experience can testify to the impenetrable veil of mystery (Soviet citizens who are suspected of talking indiscreetly are soon apt to be reported missing) which

surrounds the smallest step in Soviet foreign or domestic policy. And Machiavelli himself could scarcely have excelled the duplicity of Soviet conduct toward Poland, as revealed in the Polish White Book. Poland was encouraged to resist the German demands and assured that as soon as war broke out Soviet transit facilities would be available for munitions and supplies. These treacherous assurances were repeated up to the eve of the Soviet participation in the partition of Poland.

There is a kind of equality, an equality of slaves, among the subjects of the Oriental despot, the Turkish Sultan, the Mongol Khan, the Indian Prince. The highest Pasha or Vizier may be killed at any time without benefit of *habeas corpus*. The humble water-carrier, by a lucky accident, may rise to a post of eminence. It is just this kind of equality that one finds in the Soviet Union, where the 'Socialist hero' of yesterday is so often the 'Fascist traitor' of to-morrow, where the mortality and turnover among prominent officials is so abnormally high and where such a large number of persons therefore take their turns in savouring the pleasures and perils of eminence.

The sense of race and of nationality is much less developed in Asia than in Europe. Men of all races and tribes could be found at the courts of Tamerlane, of Kublai Khan, of other Asiatic conquerors and rulers. In the same way Stalin has drawn no race or national lines in choosing his immediate satellites, among whom one may find, besides Russians, his fellow Georgians, Armenians, Jews, Letts and members of the other nationalities of the polyglot Soviet Union.

Asia's achievements are almost always of quantity, not of quality, of the mass, not of the individual. And this is most emphatically true as regards the Soviet Union. It has taught numbers of Soviet citizens to read. It has most effectively prevented the individual Soviet citizen from thinking. On its huge state and collective farms, with their modern machinery, it has committed offences against agricultural commonsense that would have shocked the most ignorant Balkan peasant. With the technical aid of American and German engineers it has built its new factories, its so-called 'industrial giants.' And the products of these new plants, after the foreign technical aid was withdrawn, have generally

been inferior in quality not only to those of Europe, but also to those of the other advanced Asiatic state, Japan. It is the tradition of the Asiatic despot to achieve everything by force. And force can sometimes achieve quantitative, never qualitative, results.

One of my most vivid impressions of the essentially Asiatic character of the Soviet régime was obtained, appropriately enough, in Samarkand, the historical capital of Tamerlane, the Earth-Shaker, who built pyramids of human heads in the cities which he captured and enriched Samarkand with some of the most beautiful mosques of the Mohammedan world. A middle-aged Russian engineer was telling the story of some of Tamerlane's edifices.

> He brought to Samarkand as prisoners skilled artificers from the countries which he conquered. They had the choice of doing as he directed or having their throats cut. And he undertook works which were beyond the technical possibilities of his age But when there were accidents and disasters, he always found scapegoats whom he executed as responsible

I could detect a faint smile on the intelligent face of this engineer, a European caught in a new Asiatic despotism, as he indulged in these apparently innocent historical reminiscences. One did not require much insight to recognise the parallels with the current Soviet practices of constantly finding new batches of 'saboteurs' to be shot whenever some grandiose plan went awry and of consigning many engineers and other specialists to the prisons and labour camps of the Gay-Pay-Oo, or Political Police.

Probably the most important consequence of the Bolshevik Revolution was the triumph of the Asiatic over the European element in pre-war Russia. One should not be misled by electric power plants, steel mills, great canals, built, incidentally, by a most inhuman exploitation of forced labour. Asiatic despots, with the work of innumerable slaves, have not infrequently created impressive material works.

It is in the cultural, in the spiritual field that the victory of Asia over Europe in Russia has been complete. It reveals a complete misapprehension of the Russian past, of the Russian present or of both to dismiss the Soviet record with a shrug and the consoling reflection :

'Oh, well, things were worse under the Tsars.'

Judged by any reasonable standard of comparis number of people killed for political reasons, number imp soned, number banished to hard labour without trial, suppr sion of even the slightest opportunity to voice critical thougl Stalin's tyranny is incomparably more ferocious than th of any modern Tsar.

It should be remembered that the worst excesses Tsarism were checked and abated to some extent by th existence of a liberal, educated public opinion which is no existent in the Soviet Union. The pre-war Russian enginee doctor, teacher, writer had his share in the humanistic cultu of Europe, to which Russia made a great contribution durin the nineteenth century. To the young Communist of to-da that culture means about as much as the philosophy of St Thomas Aquinas would have meant to a Turkish Janissary.

What was really destroyed in Russia by the Bolshevil Revolution was certainly not the practice of autocracy. Th goes on to-day in much more extreme form, a form mor suggestive of Ivan the Terrible than of Alexander II, Alexande III and Nicholas II. What was wiped out was the overla of European culture in the now liquidated Russian upper and middle classes. There has been an atavistic reversion to Asia, with which Russia always had so many strong ties. The indescribable strangeness of the Moscow atmosphere, the suggestion of nameless dread, of whispering secrecy on every hand, is simply Asia. Not the Asia of saints and sages, of Christ and Buddha and Confucius and Lao-Tze, but the dark Asia of Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane, whose scanty annals are written in blood.

It is dramatically appropriate that the head of this neo-Asian Russian state should be an Asiatic by race, and, what is more important, by background and temperament. Almost alone among prominent Russian revolutionaries Stalin had no links whatever with Europe. He has only twice been in Europe, and for very short visits; he knows no European language but Russian.

And, although Stalin has been very sparing of authentic self-revelation, one can sense in his character a consuming hatred of everything characteristically European, freedom of thought, range of cultural speculation, tolerance of divergent

opinion. It is no accident that he has killed, imprisoned or driven into exile every surviving Communist with a Western background, every man whose personality was formed under the influence of Paris and London and Leipzig and Berlin.

Lenin's characterisation of Stalin, pronounced in the political testament which he composed shortly before the final nervous breakdown from which he never recovered, could not be bettered for terseness and accuracy. Stalin, he said, was 'a rough and disloyal man'[1] who should be removed from the post, which he had made too influential, of General Secretary of the Communist Party. Stalin's entire career since that time has been an eloquent vindication of Lenin's psychological insight.

There is no need to review this career in detail. But two episodes, revealing the absolute Asiatic ruthlessness of the man, are worth recalling. At the time of Lenin's death there were seven members of the Political Bureau, or inner steering committee, of the Communist Party These were Trotsky, Stalin, Zinoviev, Rykov, Bukharin and Tomsky. All shared with Stalin memories of common danger during the struggle against Tsarism and later during the Russian civil war. A European tyrant would, I think, have spared the lives of these men, even if they had been detected in plots and intrigues. But Stalin was not satisfied until he had slaughtered every one of them within his power,[2] along with many other veteran revolutionaries, sometimes without any trial at all, sometimes after trials that reeked with fraudulence and make-believe.

In 1935 Stalin sent a message of enthusiastic greeting to the Supreme Military Council, which consisted of thirteen members. Here is the list, with a brief note on the subsequent fate of each individual. Gamarnik, committed suicide by request. Tukhachevsky, shot. Egorov, disappeared. Khalepsky, disappeared. Orlov, shot. Yakir, shot. Sergei Kamenec, died. Ordzhonikidze, died (suspicion of poison). Budenny, still alive. Alksnis, shot. Muklevitch, disappeared. Eideman, shot. Uborevitch, shot.

[1] The Russian word which Lenin used, *grubi*, is only inadequately rendered by rough. It also conveys a suggestion of coarse, brutal, uncouth.

[2] Trotsky was banished before Stalin had begun to make a practice of killing old Bolsheviki. Tomsky committed suicide—by request. Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rykov and Bukharin were all shot.

This is not the sort of thing that happens in European states, even under Fascist régimes. It is what one would expect in an old-fashioned sultanate or khanate. All Stalin's play with a 'Democratic' constitution, with 'elections' (where there is just one set of candidates to be elected), with a 'parliament' that always votes unanimously, with 'plebiscites' that always come out 98 per cent. or 99 per cent. in the affirmative represents the merest clowning. That he considered it worthwhile to resort to such methods is a tribute to the gullibility of the Left Wing intellectuals in America and England, who have been inclined to worship uncritically at the Moscow shrine.

One look at Stalin's face, notably in the photograph where he is shown shaking hands with Von Ribbentrop, surely affords ample confirmation of Lenin's judgment. It is a face of unlimited guile, the sort of face one would expect to see in an Ameer of Afghanistan, precariously balanced between Great Britain, Russia and his own homicidal tribesmen, or in an old-fashioned Chinese war lord. Stalin has given many proofs of this almost phenomenal guile in the building up of his personal dictatorship in Russia.

Machiavelli would have given him high marks on the method by which he utilised Zinoviev and Kamenev to oust Trotsky, displaced Zinoviev and Kamenev with the aid of Rykov, Bukharin and Tomsky, and finally killed all these later associates. Again and again, as a correspondent in Moscow, I could observe Stalin practising the time-honoured Oriental method of sacrificing a few luckless underlings in order to divert popular discontent away from himself. And could there have been a more impressive demonstration of finesse than the shooting for alleged pro-Nazi intrigues of political rivals and military leaders whom he wished to destroy while he was laying the base of his own understanding with Germany?

Stalin has played no small part in bringing about the present war. The *leitmotiv* of his diplomacy during the last few years (every important detail of Soviet foreign policy was dictated by Stalin, regardless of whether Litvinov or Molotov was Commissar for Foreign Affairs) has been to promote a war between the Democratic and Fascist powers from which the Soviet Union would remain aloof.

Given the fairly even balance of forces and the formidable nature of modern weapons, there was every reason to expect that such a war would be both long and destructive. What better preparation could there be for a new upsurge of Bolshevism, the natural expression of the unreasoned hatred and despair of the masses after the ordeal of a disastrous war? One cannot know whether Stalin thinks more in terms of world revolution or of Russian national power. The preservation of his own absolutism is certainly his first concern. But there could surely be no better formula for wrecking the European civilisation which he hates, and for increasing relative Soviet national strength, than to plunge Europe into war.

Spain seemed to offer the first convenient means of embroiling France and Great Britain on one side with Germany and Italy on the other. The Soviet aid to Spain, too limited to affect the final issue of the war, was designed to prolong the struggle and to bait the trap for British and French intervention. But the British and French Governments declined to go to war over Spain.

Stalin's hopes rose again with the development of the crisis over Czechoslovakia. Communists and Communist sympathisers all over the world obeyed Moscow's orders and clamoured for war over Czechoslovakia. The Soviet Union, they insisted, was burning with eagerness to go to war for the cause of democracy and small nations. A certain retrospective scepticism in this connection seems pardonable, especially when one recalls the complete absence of democracy within the Soviet Union and the number of small nations (Georgia, Ukrainia, Daghestan, to mention a few) which have been snuffed out by the Red Army.

The Soviet Union made no gesture of even partial mobilisation when the crisis over Czechoslovakia was at its height. Indeed, War Commissar Voroshilov at that time was in the Far East, 'liquidating' Marshal Vassily Bluecher, one of the few surviving Soviet commanders of proved military capacity. Litvinov's proposal to France to begin staff talks, much emphasised by Soviet propagandists at that time, assumes another significance to-day, when we know how the staff talks which were initiated at the Soviet request in August, 1939, ended in a virtual Soviet-German alliance.

But Stalin possesses the Oriental capacity for waiting. The European catastrophe which he had vainly hoped for in 1937 and 1938 came to pass in 1939. No one had so much reason for satisfaction as Stalin when Chamberlain gave his guaranty to Poland and Rumania in the spring of 1939. This meant that Great Britain and France had virtually insured Russia against a German attack. For Germany could only attack the Soviet Union after crushing or drawing into its orbit the intermediate states of Poland and Rumania.

The Anglo-French talks in Moscow were foredoomed to futility from the beginning, and criticism of the manner in which they were carried on is beside the point. No matter what Great Britain and France had agreed to, there was never any chance that Stalin would have carried out (even if he had assumed) an obligation to fight Germany. Such a war would have involved the gravest risks for a régime that is already undermined internally by so many purges and executions and by its complete failure to lift the Russian living standard above a very low Asiatic level, inferior to that of pre-war times.

But the comedy of conversations with the British and French political and military representatives was useful to Stalin because it enabled him to blackmail Hitler into signing the 'non-aggression pact' of August 23rd, which was soon to be revealed in its true character as a mutual aggression pact against unfortunate Poland.

It is already clear that Stalin is the immediate and may well be the ultimate beneficiary of the war which he worked so long, and with so many artifices, to bring about. The Caucasian shoemaker's son, who is the master of the peoples of the Soviet Union and the former unemployed house-painter who wields a power more unlimited than that of Bismarck, have proved worthy successors, in cynicism, of their imperial and royal predecessors, Catherine II and Frederick the Great, who first partitioned Poland.

But the price of Hitler's aggression has been a major war in the West which taxes his resources to the utmost and sets bounds to the possibilities of eastward expansion. Stalin, in contrast to Hitler, is in the position of being able, up to the present time at least, to extend the frontiers of his Asiatic Empire without coming into conflict with any great Power.

Asia is on the march. Europe is tragically, suicidally divided—the same state of affairs that in the past contributed to the victories of the Saracens, the Mongols and the Turks. There are half a dozen parts of the world where Stalin may conceivably push ahead as opportunity offers. There is highly civilised Scandinavia, which would give Russia a very wide window on the Atlantic.

There is the Balkans, where Russia was so active before the World War. It is nonsensical to think of Stalin, the typically unromantic Asiatic, as a sentimental apostle of pan-Slavism. But he may exploit pan-Slavism, as he would exploit anything else, to extend his power and territory.

It was an old Russian aspiration, the nightmare of British statesmen during the nineteenth century, to possess Constantinople and the Straits. India was another more distant goal of Russian expansion. Soviet power is already supreme in Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, and Soviet and Russian skill in propaganda among Orientals should not be underrated.

There remains the Far East. Stalin is not likely to provoke hostilities with Japan while he is involved in Europe. The stage, therefore, seems set for a Soviet-Japanese *détente*, if not for an *entente*. There may be an informal partition of China, looser and more imperfect than the partition of Poland. The railway line from Peking to Canton may become the line of demarcation between Japanese and Soviet spheres of influence in China.

The biggest prize of all, for Stalin, may be his quasi-ally, the Third Reich. Hitler has already brought Germany a considerable part of the way to Bolshevism. Politically and psychologically there have always been the closest similarities between the Communist and Fascist patterns. Economic and social likenesses have grown rapidly during the last few years as inequality became more visible in Russia and state control became more all-pervasive in Germany.

Now these two mastodon Powers, one strong in military organisation and industrial technique, the other powerful through sheer weight of man-power and natural resources, are in a state of uneasy understanding. They have a common victim, Poland, to serve as a bond of union.

Should the war go against Germany it is quite conceivable that the more extreme Nazis, rather than submit to another

Versailles, would wipe out the remnants of the individualist system and declare Germany a Soviet republic. This is not a reasonable prospect in 1940. It may become a reality in 1941 or 1942.

Stalin is not likely to launch out immediately into a Napoleonic career of conquest. He knows better than any outsider can know the internal weaknesses of his régime, the thwarted plots and suppressed revolts with which it is honeycombed, the technical inferiority of the Red Army to any Western force. He knows that his system could not stand the strain of a major war with a first-class Power. What he has done so far, with consummate skill and cunning, has been to manœuvre other peoples into the position of fighting his battles. He has fed the Chinese nationalists with enough aeroplanes and other supplies to keep the Japanese fully occupied in China. And his still more brilliant coup has been the promotion of a European war, from which he bowed himself out at the last moment.

The Asiatic dictator may well hope that by the time there has been a genuine war 'to the bitter end' in Europe there will be no great Power left to oppose his schemes of world domination. He remembers how in 1918 and 1919 well-equipped and well-trained British, French and American troops fought indifferently and half-heartedly against the ragged, hungry Red bands of that period.

Europe's peril is a very real and very grave one, not from any positive superior strength of Stalin's Asiatic realm, but from the internal self-destructive forces which the war has let loose and which Stalin may be counted on to exploit to the utmost. Can there be a miracle, a last-minute saving sense of European unity that will halt the glacial mass of Asia, which threatens to destroy everything humanistic and individualist in Europe itself, as it has already destroyed the reflection of European civilisation in Russia?

William Henry Chamberlin.

THE WAR AT SEA

So swift a turn has the war at sea taken, so dramatic have been the developments of a few days, that suddenly all the long, patient and ungrudging spade work that the British naval officers and men have done at sea during the winter months is in danger of being forgotten. It is indeed difficult, in face of the welter of sensation provided in Norwegian waters, to remember all the unspectacular weeks of hard plodding on convoy work, on patrols, on submarine hunting. And yet the evidence is before our eyes every day—in the home where the food rations are in some commodities beyond the family's normal consumption; in the warehouse where inward and outward bound goods move freely and in bulk that differs little from those times when perhaps a slump has somewhat damped down trade activity; in the weekly returns of shipping convoyed in safety and of shipping lost by enemy action. A graph of merchant ship sinkings for eight months gives a dramatic and impressive picture of the grip the Navy has established on the *guerre de course*, the control it exercises over the modern privateers.

How far was the flare-up in Norwegian waters due to fear of that insistent, unseen pressure? Was there not much in the early Nazi comment on the invasion of Norway that betrayed the pressing desire among their leaders to extricate themselves from the cramping confinement of the Wet Triangle of Heligoland Bight, to obtain more Schwimmraum? But he who would swim must also learn to use the water. The marathon runner cannot use the technique of the road when he tries to swim the Channel.

Cicero was perhaps not among the textbooks in which Corporal Hitler studied the art of war. That would not, in itself, have mattered provided he was prepared to give due heed to the warnings of those whose studies had included the thesis 'He who holds the sea must necessarily be master of

the situation.' But he was not so prepared. The Norwegian overseas expedition was undertaken in complete defiance of a principle of war established since the days of Themistocles, proven throughout the many material changes in the nature of sea weapons and immutable under the many varied geographical conditions surrounding the wars of the past. Strategically the venture was unsound: tactically it was hare-brained.

Germany had no command of the sea. The sixty-mile passage across the Skagerrak, though close to German naval bases and so distant from British, was not dominated by the German Navy. Its warships had been using the area almost with impunity since September as an exercise ground, since there was small point in risking British ships there merely to interfere with training squadrons, but the moment that area became a vital factor in definite operations of war and provided a real objective to justify any material losses the stronger Navy intervened to halt the traffic.

The Skagerrak became at once 'an area of disputed command.'

The phrase 'command of the sea' is rather loosely used by many publicists and it is perhaps desirable to clarify it before proceeding to further analysis of the Norwegian operations.

Command of the sea can be absolute, temporary or disputed. It only arises in war-time; when nations are at peace no one has need of it and all can pass lawfully where and when they will.

Absolute command of the sea can only exist in rare circumstances, as, for example, the Boer War, when one belligerent had a large Navy and the other had none.

Temporary command is much more usual. It may extend to a certain area of sea—say, the English Channel or the Straits of Tsushima—or to seaborne movement generally, as in the case of the British Navy after the Battle of Jutland when we enjoyed temporary command of the surface of the world's oceans, although it was always open to the High Seas Fleet to attempt to wrest that temporary command from us.

Disputed command arises when two belligerent naval forces are each capable of navigating in the area and are perhaps fighting for the use of it, as in the case of the sub-surface

after the Battle of Jutland, as in the case of the English Channel when Napoleon was preparing for his invasion of England.

From this it is clear that the position in the Skagerrak at the beginning of April was one of disputed command. Use of the area had been temporarily left to the German Navy by us, but at any necessary moment we were fully prepared to fight for the suppression of German movement there. The launching of a seaborne invading army against Norway was obviously a 'necessary moment' for us, and given the numerical superiority of the British Navy there was enormous hazard for Germany in venturing on a seaborne military expedition. The German Naval Staff must have been fully aware of the nature of the risk, and it must equally have realised to the full the only strategical disposition of its forces which could conceivably enable them to dispute command of that area with the British squadrons. It would be to underestimate the professional skill of Grand Admiral Raeder and his naval colleagues at the Marineamt to suppose that they did not represent the position forcefully to the Fuehrer. But just as Grand Admiral von Tirpitz was overruled and fell from favour at Imperial Headquarters for his forceful arguments about the use of the High Seas Fleet in 1914, so it would seem Raeder was overruled and his warnings brushed aside in the Brown House study.

The Hitlerian creed is founded on the assumption that the Overman can re-write the teachings of history and remould strategy to his heart's desire. That which Napoleon after two years of intensive preparation dared not in the end, Hitler would do with ease. Had not the Hitler hordes poured unimpeded and with clockwork precision into the Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland? The same meticulous planning and unswerving adherence to programme would easily carry the hordes into Norway. What was the sea but a part of the earth differently coloured on the map?

And then from his conjuror's thinking cap the Fuehrer produced his great new idea. A complete surprise for the British which would utterly confuse them and send them scurrying to and fro between the Arctic Circle and the Bight, with no definite objective, not knowing where really to hit. The Norwegian expedition should be landed at eight different

points, more than 1,500 miles apart. That was to be the master stroke of the new strategy—to compel vast dispersal of force by the enemy and so counteract his numerical superiority.

To the serious student of sea warfare the plan is demonstrably crazy. And there can hardly be a thoughtful layman anywhere who, being in possession of the established facts about the progress of the operations between April 9th and April 16th, does not also realise that there must have been fundamental weaknesses in it. What they were it is the object of this analysis to make clear.

The basic error was the undertaking of a seaborne expedition at all until at least temporary command of the sea routes had been ensured. A War Lord with a large navy might have taken the risk; Germany in 1914 was strong enough at sea to have undertaken a Norwegian expedition across the Skagerrak to Oslo Fjord. But the Germany Navy of 1940 is a fraction of the Kaiser's Fleet and as against our Fleet is relatively much weaker than was Scheer's command compared to Jellicoe's. Hitler has sufficient knowledge of simple arithmetic to understand this, but, like the Kaiser's G.H.Q. advisers in 1914, he is unable to make an accurate deduction from the data. This inability is apparently inherent in the German mentality: a continental mind, inland bred, cannot envisage the problems of the sea. It knows that a land frontier is but an imaginary line and fails to realise that the sea is a tangible and infrangible barrier.

Nevertheless, as a desperate gamble, a form of invasion of Norway could have been undertaken in the particular geographical conditions of the arena, but the limitations within which it could be planned had to be fully realised and their efforts accepted.

The only practicable scheme was a concentrated enterprise, the fleet massed in the western part of the Skagerrak, the invading army's transports launched behind its shelter across the eastern end and aimed solely at landings in and around Oslo. The physical barriers of the land masses of Norway and Denmark north and south of the sea area provided a valuable strengthening of the German Fleet's tactical position in such a plan. It could not be outflanked. Careful disposition of submarine and mine traps around the North Sea

mouth of the Skagerrak could be expected not only to take toll of any essay by the British Fleet to force its way in, but also to delay the launching of such an attack. The student, pondering in the safety of his work-room over charts of the area, may be tempted to ignore the material effects of modern weapons like the mine and torpedo and to insist that all commanders should display the legendary fighting spirit of a Drake or a Nelson, who was actually a most cautious and careful tactician. The Commander-in-Chief afloat may not so airily dismiss the risks of material losses (the British public has a perverse objection to the breakage of sea-eggs in the making of war omelettes) and the preparatory operations for a break through in force into the Skagerrak to tackle the German Fleet might well have occupied time, during which the Nazi troop transports and supply ships moving from Kiel Bay up the western coast of Sweden would have been pouring reinforcements, munitions and supplies into the occupied bases on Oslo Fjord to strengthen the army of invasion.

That plan however lacked those elements of the grandiose and the spectacular which are essential for the gratification of Hitler. His temperament demanded something world-shattering as a demonstration of Nazi power And so the conjuring trick of simultaneous landings at eight different points was produced for the bedazzlement of the world and the bewildering of the British Naval Staff. The small German Navy was dispersed into little packets over a 1,100 mile front, immense lines of communication were opened up through open waters in which (despite the verbal ' victories ' of Dr. Goebbels) the British Navy had held command of the sea throughout the war; and every possible chance for defeat in detail of the scattered naval units and landing parties was presented to their enemy.

The consequences were speedily seen. Hitler had ignored the elasticity of sea power. Within a week the British Navy had struck at his plan not only along the western Norwegian coasts but deep into the Skagerrak and even into the Baltic right up to Memel. The Narvik ' sabotage squad ' was cut off and a heavy numerical loss inflicted on the German naval strength by the obliteration of eight of the few large destroyers it possessed. Air power, sea based, struck at the cruisers and destroyers in Bergen and Trondhjem and sank them, for they

were immobilised against the wharves and offered targets as stationary as warehouses. And the main lines of communication in the Skagerrak were fiercely raided by British submarines and by some of the Norwegian warships that had escaped the net of treachery in which most of the Norwegian Navy was entangled and prevented from operating.

The story of the attacks on transports, as it gradually emerged from the welter of messages and radio bulletins, provides the completest measure of the folly and inadequacy of the Nazi tactics in this sea affair. Even before a single transport had reached Norway, before a single soldier had been disembarked, British submarines had begun the work of interference with the invader's movements. A transport, a naval auxiliary and a tanker were all sunk in the course of Monday, April 8th, on their way to Norwegian south coast ports. The following day five more transports went to the bottom. On April 10th one was torpedoed and one captured. On the 11th a munition ship was blown up by aircraft and a tanker scuttled by her crew when sighted by a British cruiser, and on the following day another was scuttled when a Norwegian torpedo boat came in sight.

If we analyse the complete list we find that ten vessels which were in convoy were sunk by British attacks in five days. German attacks on British convoys sank twenty-nine ships in thirty weeks (and some of these losses were due to mines). The contrast is noteworthy, for it is a clear indication that the escort provided for the convoys was inadequate. How could it be anything else? The few destroyers that the Nazi Navy possessed had been frittered away on distant operations on the West Coast and the ships moving along the essential lines of communication emerging from Kiel Bay could only be covered by small escort vessels and armed trawlers. The Admiralty's official reports that in one attack on a Nazi convoy our submarines sank two ships and got torpedoes home on four others and that in another attack four torpedoes again found their mark is clear proof that the attackers were not seriously harassed by the escorting craft, at least until after the damage was done. There has been no instance of U-boats carrying out such wholesale slaughter among our convoys. Nor are the Nazi losses from convoys the only evidence of misconception in the tactical plans. The

sinking of solitary transports and the self-destruction of others when they encountered hostile warships is proof that the German naval authorities had committed the almost incredible folly of sending troopships and vessels with urgently needed stores to make their way across disputed waters without any escort at all. Nothing but the direst necessity could have brought about such a state of affairs, and it is not surprising that at the end of the first week of operations circumstantial accounts came from Denmark of many transports being held up in Danish ports because of the danger of mines and submarine attacks. Maintenance of communication had already been interrupted, when but a fragment of the invading army had reached Norway and when vast quantities of heavy equipment were still lacking for the conduct of land operations on an extensive scale.

The essential adherence to programme times—so successful a feature of the overland invasions of Czechoslovakia and Poland—was not possible oversea for him who did not hold command of the sea and was not master of the situation.

The full price to be paid by Germany for the blunders of her first attempt at seaborne operations has yet to be learned. The debit balance will mount in ways that as yet we cannot foretell. But the material price is already staggering. In one week the folly of Hitler has presented the British Navy with material gains far exceeding those wrenched so painfully and at such cost from the Battle of Jutland. The relative strengths of the British and German Navies after that engagement remained unaltered. Only on the psychological side was there any great advantage to Britain. But the operations of the first week of the Norwegian adventure reduced the German Navy to virtual impotence. It lost 50 per cent. of its strength in capital ships; 33 per cent. of its strength in large cruisers; 83 per cent. of its strength in light cruisers; and 45 of its strength in destroyers. At a blow of its own Fuehrer's devising the German Navy was reduced to low rank among the minor naval Powers. It became numerically less powerful in the main classes of warship than Sweden, less powerful than Spain, along whose coasts a bare two years since the German Navy was playing at being a protector of the Iberian people!

The politician dictating strategy is almost invariably a

pathetic failure. The commonsense view of political interference with belligerent technique was bluntly put by an old English Admiral in Victorian days when he said of the politicians:

> They have no right whatever to say 'You do not need that number of ships or guns or men' [to carry out a specific strategical purpose]. For that is not their business at all and they know nothing whatever about it.

The Nazi invasion of Norway was literally shipwrecked at the outset. For the 'politikers' devised it and that is not their business at all. They showed to the whole world that they did indeed 'know nothing whatever about it.'

H. C. FERRABY.

BRITISH SHIPPING AFTER THE WAR

THE Germans have sustained their first defeat. The *coup* with the U-boat employed without regard to the laws of God or man, the mine sown broadcast in the fairways of shipping, and the swift flying bombing aeroplane, has not come off. But whether we gain the fullest ultimate advantage from our success depends on the extent to which the Government takes a long-range view of the necessities of shipping and the other maritime industries after the war.

If the errors of the struggle of 1914–18 are repeated the foundations on which our prosperity as well as our safety have rested during past centuries may be undermined, to our undoing as an island nation, dependent, first and last, on the free use of the seas, and to the eventual ruin of the maritime Empire, of which this country, owing to Imperial Preference, is now more than ever the pivot.

The enemy was confident that, profiting by the experience of the last sink-at-sight campaign, by which he almost achieved victory,[1] he could speedily sever our sea communications, thus cutting us off from the markets of the world as well as from the Dominions and Colonies, and paralysing our whole war effort. The Germans had provided themselves with more submarines than they had at their command during the last war; they had devised more effective mines, including the electric mines; and they had developed better aeroplanes, not only equipped with deadly bombs but carrying quick-firing guns with which to rake the decks of our ships.

In the 'black month' of the last war, April, 1917, they sank British ships of 551,203 tons gross, so that in the first

[1] 'There appears to be a serious danger that our losses in merchant ships, combined with the losses in neutral merchant ships, may by the early summer of 1917 have such a serious effect upon the import of food and other necessaries into the Allied countries as to force us into accepting peace terms which the military position on the Continent would not justify and which would fall far short of our desires.'—Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe in a letter to the Admiralty, October 29th, 1916.

eight months of the present war they no doubt anticipated that they could destroy at least 4,000,000 tons gross of our shipping, besides making heavy depredations on neutrals, with the result that we should no longer be able to replenish our stores of food and raw materials, to mobilise the strength of the Empire, or to support our naval, military and aerial forces, all of them dependent on overseas supplies.

Owing to the counter-measures adopted by the Admiralty, the vigilance and courage of the Royal Navy, and the unconquerable spirit and resourcefulness of the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine, the losses at sea have been less than one-fifth as large as the enemy expected, amounting to only 750,000 tons gross. Moreover, as a result of the gains by ships which have been completed in the shipyards, captured from the enemy, or bought or chartered from neutrals, those losses have been reduced to a negligible figure, if, indeed, they have not been wiped out. The effective sea-carrying capacity which the Ministry of Shipping now has under its control cannot be much, if anything, less than it was when the war opened, for in the meantime the convoys have been speeded up, merchant officers have become more accustomed to war conditions of navigation, and the organisation at the ports has been improved, with the result that vessels spend more time at sea. The success of the British seamen of both navies has far exceeded any reasonable expectation in view of the suddenness and intensity of the enemy's attack; from the day of the outbreak of hostilities, when the *Athenia* was sunk, the Germans have been fighting an 'all in' war with all the weapons at their command and with complete disregard either of international law or the dictates of humanity, and they have failed.

The ill effects of the war on shipping from which we are suffering are traceable, not to the enemy, but to the indifference of successive Governments to the attack on our supremacy by rivals by means of flag discrimination, reservation of coastal shipping and subsidies—during the years which preceded the opening of the present struggle. As long ago as 1933 the gravity of the situation which was developing was brought to the attention of the Ministers of the day.[2] It was pointed out that the merchant tonnage under the British flag,

[2] *The Eclipse of British Seapower: An Increasing Peril.* By Sir Archibald Hurd.

which was 49·2 per cent. of the world's tonnage in 1900 and 42·3 per cent. in 1914, had fallen to only 32·9 per cent. and was still decreasing owing to the shrinkage of international trade; the payment of shipping subsidies amounting to upwards of £30,000,000 annually by some foreign Governments; and the lower wages and other operating costs of other competitors. Emphasis was laid on the fact that shipping is an essential industry to an island people, who must import most of their food and raw materials and must export goods and coal in order that they may pay for their necessities. The people of the British Isles, whose sea instinct has been developed by their environment, are sea-dependent to a greater extent than any other population, and, indeed, the whole of the countries forming the British Empire are, in varying degree, also sea-dependent. A few years ago an American writer summed up the position in these words: 'The component parts of the British Empire are tied together by ships. The component parts of the United States are tied together by railways and highways.'

To the people of the British Isles, completely surrounded by the sea, ships are not luxuries but necessities, and, therefore, the situation which developed after the last war should have roused the country to defensive action. Lord Essendon uttered words of warning a few years ago which may appropriately be recalled to-day, since they may serve as a danger signal for the future now that events have proved once more that shipping is our life-line:

> There is no longer any such thing as the freedom of the seas, in the sense of shipowners being free to conduct their business on accepted commercial lines, as at every turn there is either some trade restriction or some State-aided competition, which is gradually taking the shipping industry out of the realms of ordinary competitive commerce.

In face of these and other warnings, British shipping, dependent on the private investor for capital and reflecting at sea the high standard of living of this country—wages and other costs—was left to fight without aid, on the one hand, against the resources of foreign treasuries, and, on the other hand, against the advantages enjoyed by competitors with lower standards of living. When the present war began

there were 1,000 fewer ocean-going ships and 2,000,000 tons less sea-going tonnage at this country's disposal than in 1914 —that is, vessels suitable for the carriage of general cargoes and passengers—while the number of seamen had decreased by 70,000. We thus began the war with a handicap.

An attempt was made to conceal the truth, as though the Germans, with Lloyd's Register Book and other reference books at their disposal, were unable to add two and two together and make four, or probably a higher figure. It was said that we had 21,000,000 tons of shipping. That fallacy was exposed early in the present year by Mr. F. Fletcher Hunt, the chairman of the Liverpool Steam Ship Owners' Association. During the debate on shipping in the House of Commons on March 18th last, Mr. E. Shinwell, M.P., carried the matter a stage further. He revealed the result of a close examination of the tonnage position. Only ships of 2,000 tons or upwards can be used for the carriage of food and raw materials; tankers must also be excluded because their cargoes are oil in bulk which has replaced our own coal in the Royal Navy and now drives about half our merchant ships besides operating our road transport.[a] Nor are large liners, owing to their great length and draught, of service except as transports. Finally, the fighting services need a large amount of tonnage for auxiliary purposes. Having made all the necessary deductions, Mr. Shinwell stated:

> In 1914 we had 2,815 ships of 13,000,000 odd tons on which we relied for our carriage of food and raw materials. To-day we have 1,751 of 12,000,000 tons, and on the assumption that we exclude liners beyond 15,000 tons and some between 10,000 and 15,000, our effective tonnage is not more than 10,000,000 tons.

So much for the British strength in merchant tonnage. Unfortunately, successive French Governments were as unmindful of the needs of their country as the Government of this country. The British and French Governments were both short of merchant tonnage when the war began. Who can doubt that knowledge of this weakness was a factor in leading the Germans to make an intensive attack by U-boats, mines and bombing aeroplanes on merchant vessels?

[a] The oil tankers on the Register of the United Kingdom in June last were of nearly 3,000,000 tons gross.

From the opening of the struggle this country has been dependent, to an extent unknown in any previous conflict, on neutral tonnage to supplement our inadequate shipping resources. On the eve of hostilities, Ministers remarked optimistically that any shortage of British ships could be made good by using neutral tonnage. That was true to a limited extent; but at a high price, as the Ministry of Shipping has since discovered. Foreign shipowners have been able to ask and obtain extravagant rates of hire; they have had the whip hand of us and have insisted on being paid market rates which have reflected the law of supply and demand. We have no cause of complaint. The extent to which the rates which neutrals have been able to earn have risen since the outbreak of war is illustrated by the following figures for ships bound to the United Kingdom:

	Pre-war	To-day
St. Lawrence U.K.	2s 9d. per quarter	19s.
Cuba U.K.	18s. 0d. per ton	113s.
River Plate (up river) U.K.	20s 0d ..	125s.
British Columbia U.K.	26s 6d ..	170s.
Saigon U.K.	27s. 6d ..	160s.
South Australia U.K.	31s 0d ..	140s.

While neutrals have been reaping the benefits flowing from our necessity, the Ministry of Shipping has been busy checking what has been described as 'profiteering' by British owners. From the outbreak of war a great deal of the tonnage on the Register of the United Kingdom was withdrawn from the freight market by the Government. In February all sea-going tonnage was requisitioned and eventually Government control was extended to vessels in the short sea trades. Owners have been paid sums on account for the use of their property, the eventual rate of hire remaining a matter of negotiation. Owing to the complicated character of the calculations which had to be made and the changes in conditions which have occurred since the discussions began, it was not until last month that provisional terms were submitted to the industry by the Ministry. Their examination showed that

[illegible] view of the [illegible] in September last [illegible] brought it into the horizon of [illegible] the post-war situation when [illegible] in his life, owing to the competition [illegible] enriched by the war, and the competition of the Americans and Japanese, who will have gained ascendancy on many trade routes from which British [illegible] have perforce had to be withdrawn in order to serve the war needs of the Allies.

British shipowners fear that history may repeat itself with disastrous consequences to themselves and to the nation. In the early part of the war of 1914–18 British as well as neutral tonnage gained all the advantages of a free market. Large profits were made. British owners are under no reproach on that account. As Sir Arthur Salter, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping, has declared:

> It is useless and foolish to blame owners for refusing to take more than five shillings when offered ten. So long as the commodities requiring transport were being purchased by private merchants and sold under competitive conditions, the only result of an individual shipowner choosing to take a lower rate than the market was offering would be that he would give an extra profit at his own expense to the merchant, who was normally no more a deserving object of charity than himself. The merchant would buy his goods in the cheapest market and would sell them in the home market at the highest price he could get. From his point of view the price he had to pay for freight was merely an item in his expenses. It did not affect the competitive price which the purchaser was willing to pay and the merchant was able to get for his sales.

Not until the beginning of 1917 were British ships requisitioned by the Government at fixed rates, while neutrals continued, of course, to receive the high world rates which were then to be obtained. In the one case earnings were limited by the British Government and in the other they were limited only by the law of supply and demand. Mr. H. M. Cleminson, General Manager of the Chamber of Shipping, recently recalled that while enemy tonnage was largely lost or immobilised, owners of neutral tonnage were in a position to make unexampled profits. Thus, where the British Government paid for British requisitioned tonnage 12*s*. 6*d*. a ton d.w.

[illegible] neutral tonnage [illegible]
[illegible]n market rates obtained by [illegible]
[illegible]ch as 100s. per ton d.w.

[illegible]The British Government paid for neutral tonnage up to [illegible] ton for grain from the Plate; that is, over £11 per ton of [illegible] [e]qual to £17 per gross registered (ship) ton or, for the one voyage, [d]ouble the pre-war cost of a new ship or four times the average [p]re-war capital value for each voyage, and the neutral ship could [m]ake, if spared, three such voyages a year.

The advantages enjoyed by neutrals were reflected, in particular, in the vast sums which were afterwards spent on increasing the tonnage of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Greece, while the advantages enjoyed by the Allies of this country were reflected in the growth of Japanese shipping, which was of 1,708,000 tons in 1914 and had increased to 3,639,000 tons in June, 1919. The British Government, in effect, financed the expansion of foreign fleets.

In these conditions neutrals prospered, while the Ministry of Shipping made profits running into many million pounds out of the British tonnage which it had requisitioned and the Government's war risks insurance; after the war British owners had to spend £134,000,000 over and above the compensation which they had received in replacing tonnage lost at sea, besides meeting greatly increased operating charges. The industry, hitherto one of the most prosperous, was bled white during its struggle for existence against intense foreign competition, with the result that replacement of tonnage as it became old was retarded for want of funds to meet the high building costs.[4] The profits from voyages of the liner companies in the seven years 1932–38 were on the average only 1¾ per cent. on the capital at risk, after provision had been made for depreciation; the tramp section of the industry traded more profitably in 1937 than for many years, but in the following year freights fell; on the eve of the war the allocations for depreciation were in arrears to the extent of £7,500,000. It was evident that the industry as a whole was in a parlous condition, being without adequate resources to replace or support its fleets and thus maintain efficient

[4] In the first three months of last year the shipbuilding industry, capable of an output of 2,000,000 tons gross a year, received orders for only 71,000 tons gross.

may be detached at will without much effect upon its vitality. It is a living organism whose parts are all interdependent, and highly sensitive in their relations. A stab at the heart may put it to death more suddenly, but perhaps not more surely, than the severing of a remote artery, or the wounding of a 'nerve centre.'

The trade of this unique organisation can be carried on only in merchant ships, which must be protected by ships of war.

'The real essence of the problem,' the President of the Chamber of Shipping (Sir Philip Haldin) has declared, 'is to find the means of building new ships for old as the latter wear out, of replacing ships lost by marine casualties, and obtaining fresh capital to increase our Mercantile Marine.' In view of the advance in naval architecture and marine engineering, twenty years may be regarded as covering the efficient life of an ocean-going vessel. Lloyd's Register Book for 1939–40 shows that in June last, excluding ships of less than 2,000 tons, vessels of 3,222,499 tons were already beyond that age limit, with a further 3,364,647 tons in the next category of from fifteen to twenty years. So it may be concluded that 6,587,146 tons were due for immediate or early replacement, or 41·5 per cent. of the total seagoing shipping. It is not surprising, therefore, that shipowners regard the replacement problem with anxiety, for the enemy is taking toll of new as well as old tonnage and the experience of the last war is that war-built tonnage is not as well built as tonnage constructed under more leisurely conditions, and that ships which operate under war conditions become inefficient much quicker than under peace conditions. Less attention can be given to running repairs and the engine room staffs are often less experienced in their work.

The economic importance of shipping is usually under-estimated. It supports a variety of trades in all parts of the country which give employment to about 1,000,000 men. It was estimated on the eve of the war of 1914–18 that the capital invested in all the industries concerned with sea transport amounted to about £1,000,000,000. The sum is much larger now, perhaps as much as 50 per cent. higher. There is hardly a city or town in this country which is not concerned to some extent in the building, equipment and furnishing of ships, though the actual operation of ships is

the business of the great and little ports. If shipping suffers, its misfortunes are shared by the whole business world as well as by all sections of workers. The maintenance of our high standard of living and the restoration of our export trade after the war, as well as the balancing of our national trading account, depend on cheap transport by sea. That is one of the advantages which we possessed in past centuries. Hitherto we have been able to reach the markets of the world at a low cost in comparison with the charges of railways. If we surrender that advantage we shall not only handicap all our manufacturing industries, as well as the coal exporting industry, but, to the extent that the tonnage under the British flag continues to decline, unemployment in the British Isles will be increased, raising social problems which will be the embarrassment of future Governments.

Events have shown conclusively that we must have more ships if the nation's overseas supplies are to be maintained and that, under peace conditions, we cannot operate at a reasonable profit even the ships that we had on the eve of the war, and hence the intervention of the Government with its British Shipping (Assistance) Bill. The war offers to the Government the opportunity of re-establishing the Merchant Navy at an adequate strength. If that problem be tackled during the war, it can be done for a far smaller sum than if it is postponed. The cost of replacement should be regarded as a war cost to be spread over the period of the war. Month by month the necessary sums can be accumulated out of earnings paid to shipowners and then the burden will be so distributed that it will be felt hardly at all by producers or consumers.

In these circumstances, the country would emerge from the war with an instrument of sea transport which would be at an advantage, instead of a disadvantage, in competing on the trade routes. If, on the other hand, the industry is starved and the replacement problem ignored, it may be that the heaviest toll of the war will, apart from the sacrifice of life, be the loss of our maritime position.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

HITLER AND THE KINGS

When the Norwegian Government told the British Government on April 14th that the German Air Force had been ordered to bomb King Haakon personally, and when we read of a staunch handful of fifteen Norwegian soldiers who, by sacrificing their own lives on the road between Oslo and Elverum, foiled an attempt by the German Army to capture the royal person, it seemed as if the curtain had been lifted from one more incongruity of Hitler's mind. Was it worth the indignation that it caused in America? Kaiser Wilhelm II, 'phantast,' recked little whether he took possession of Albert of the Belgians. He aimed at the Maas fortresses and the Channel ports. Hitler, the 'materialist,' neglected the ports of Norway to pursue into the mountains a will-o'-the-wisp of over military age. King Haakon, who at one moment had to hide under a railway truck from bomb splinters, told a journalist after the first halloo was over that he had not taken off his boots for three days. Was this cricket? Was it chess? Was it warfare? Was it class hatred, or, perhaps, an odd obsession of Hitler's with the feats of Salic warriors or Staufen captains?

Hitler has dealt with four Presidents so far—the obscure Miklas, who stayed, Eduard Benesh, who left, Emil Hacha, who fainted, and Moscicki, who fled, leaving the national dignity of Poland in the keeping of the Mayor of Warsaw. A President is not much of a problem. He is at the best a harmless electee, and his sufferings, if any, do not appal the world. A King is less easy to handle. Hitler with one stroke this month made a crowned head a captive in his own palace and another a fugitive.

Napoleon, who only regarded the Tsar as his equal, as Hitler, it may be, regards Stalin, had a respect for hereditary monarchs. At any rate he was anxious to know what the 'kings by descent' would do in this and that predicament. He envied the Habsburgs. Hitler, who avoided discussing

the principles of monarchy in *Mein Kampf*, has never taken kindly to kings. His enthusiasm in the Great War was not for his rulers. He has since repeatedly called the leaders of the Second Reich '*feige*.' Only once did he espouse a monarchical cause, and that was in the Burgerbräu Keller in 1923, when President von Kahr refused to join his *putsch*. Hitler, in tense agony lest the *putsch* should be executed by another than himself, sought to move the old monarchist with an exclamation: 'Indeed, Excellence, the monarchy suffered in a shameless manner in the November crime of 1918, and there is a grave injustice to be repaired.' It was a ruse which moved von Kahr at the time. But when the true day of reckoning came, June 30th, 1934, the venerable Bavarian monarchist was found hacked to death on Dachau Moor. He was eight years the senior of Neville Chamberlain. It was the old men whom Hitler seemed to fear most.

As with the Wittelsbach, so with the Hohenzollerns. In January, 1939, an Army Order issued by General Keital forbade toasts to the Kaiser on his eighty-first birthday. Even the idea of a few shapeless old countesses and doddering majors toasting the man in Doorn was hateful to him. The order was minute, it left no loopholes to his officers. They were to leave table at an attempt to toast, they must report their hosts or drinking companions to their superior officers. *Schluss!*

To supplant the memory of a king Hitler has held big receptions at the end of January in the past two years. In the vast new Chancellery he has revealed his own splendours, and it is worth notice that, instead of receiving the officers of a regiment, he preferred to divide the generations. One day he would fill his marbled halls with colonels, another day with hundreds of young lieutenants, another day with generals. Thus the Army went before him, not as a body of men, but in age groups, to be lectured to according to their years.

What of the kings of the bordering states? While at peace with them, Hitler treats them with the studied correctness of a *parvenu*. His birthday telegrams are regular. But here and there his animosity wells up.

With the House of Orange Hitler's relations soon became clouded. That military school of thought which was

responsible for the invasion of Norway saw, in 1935 and 1936, before the Rhineland was refortified, a possible counter-move to a French re-occupation of the Rhineland in a sweeping flank movement through Holland. With this in mind every attempt was made to bring Holland under German commercial and diplomatic tutelage. The Dutch replies to Hitler's offers of non-aggression pacts and guarantees were strong meat. He imagined that the Dutch Crown was the rallying point for this resistance. He felt himself spurned as an interloper. I was assured in 1939 by a trustworthy Dutch correspondent in Berlin that the Nazis nursed a plan in 1935 to capture Queen Wilhelmina as a punishment for Dutch arrogance, and thus to force concessions out of Holland. He added that the plan was later abandoned in favour of a complete conquest of the Netherlands. The relations between the House of Orange and Adolf Hitler were not improved by the marriage of Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld with Princess Juliana. This minor German Prince made it clear from the beginning that his German birth was to be completely left out of the transaction. Attempts to exploit it by the Berlin Government were carefully suppressed. Hitler was so piqued by the time that the marriage took place that he confiscated the passports of some German princesses who had been invited to the ceremony. A Dutch negotiator, the journalist, van Maasdyk, had extraordinary difficulties in obtaining the release of the passports from Goering.

For King Leopold, as far as is known, there is little personal animosity; but the King of the Hellenes is disliked, as he was due to visit Hitler in 1938 and cancelled his visit owing to international events. It is hardly to be expected that the King of Italy, who regards Hitler as the wrong influence on a once reasonable Duce, should be regarded in Berlin as a champion of the axis. His encounter with Hitler in Rome in 1938 lacked personal friendliness. Towards a restoration of monarchy in Spain, Hitler is known to be unfavourable. The Crown was an obstacle to German intrigues in Spain during the Great War. A restoration in Spain would seem to disrupt the mystical triangle of ideology which Hitler worked round France during the Spanish civil war.

We recall three other kings who have visited Hitler—King Carol of Rumania, King Gustav of Sweden and King Boris of Bulgaria (the last King of Yugoslavia did not have a chance). The gaunt Mr. X, who dropped in at the Chancellery on his way to the Riviera in the winter of 1938–1939, was no doubt blacklisted this year as a member of the Oslo Conference and as one who rejected the generous offer of a non-aggression pact with the Third Reich last year. King Carol, who went to Berchtesgaden on his way home from London early in 1939, is too independent for the liking of the Führer.

None of these monarchs has reached a friendly footing with the Dictator, whose impulses can lead him to befriend his chauffeurs. Maybe the unalterable bitterness of class distinctions, the instinct of a revolutionary, has thwarted good personal relations. Maybe envy for rank borne easily, for their immunity from Press attack, for the welcomes that they meet everywhere, for the bouquets of flowers which their Chiefs of Police allow them to receive in the streets.

The diseased and inchoate brain of Hitler is systematically 'packed' with fancies and prejudices by his cronies. To Himmler we can trace a fantastic respect for the antique, for the crown and sceptre and the history of Imperial Germany. To von Ribbentrop we can ascribe a deepening hatred for the kings of the little realms around him. The German Press reflects Hitler's mind, when with polite sarcasm it refers to *die Regierung seiner Majestät* in accusing Great Britain of huge crimes against humanity. The fatalistic, gregarious character of the German people subjects it to these dynamic waves of feeling. Once they hated Social Democrats, then they hated Bolsheviks, then Czechs; once French, now British, once anarchists, and communists; now it must be kings. Once communists poisoned the international well of amity. Now it is kings who refuse to trade their kingdoms for a protectorship at the orders of Dr. Brauer, who are responsible for the criminal resistance of their peoples, who deserve to be bombed till their crowns fall off.

Heinrich Himmler is one of the amateur historians of the Party, who has a passion for resurrecting the late Middle Ages in their most grandiose and most foul aspects. He has surrounded himself with small princes, and is said to be fair

game for antiquarians. In 1937 he ordered excavations in Quedlinburg Cathedral for the tomb of the first Heinrich (Henry the Fowler, King and Emperor, died 936). To him it was destiny, *die Vorsehung*, that one Heinrich should view the bones of the other, just as Frederick II disinterred the remains of Charlemagne. The German News Agency announced that the imperial bones were found and Heinrich Himmler sped to Quedlinburg. But *die Vorsehung* was for once wrong. It was an obscure and unknown grave. The Press dropped the story again instantly. (It is *die Vorsehung*, incidentally, which is one day to be held responsible for the bombing of London.)

Himmler, when he entered Austria, found rich new fields for his master. The Imperial Regalia of the Holy Roman Empire, the Crown of Charlemagne,[1] the sword of the Reich, sceptre, orb, and the piece of the True Cross and the head of the spear that pierced Our Lord were taken from Vienna and displayed in the Church of the Meistersinger in Nuremberg. Hitler visited the church twice, in September and November, 1938, and must have fixed that peculiar vacant stare on his booty while S.S. guards kept watch with rifles at the present. But no, these baubles were not for him, he was not a paternal, kingly nature, his was not a majestic figure. He could not ride a horse or wear a sword, buckle on knee breeches and choose himself a consort. The mantle of Roger of Sicily was not for his shoulders. He was born to be the enemy of kings.

I think it must have been von Ribbentrop, purveyor of hatred, who having given the Nazi salute at the Court of St. James's, egged Hitler into keeping the Duke of Windsor waiting for an hour in Berchtesgaden in the autumn of 1937 before receiving him at the conclusion of his tour of industrial Germany. This was merely the indiscriminate revenge of an ill-bred man for an ill-bred joke. How many times had the British reminded him of his wine-selling days! It was he, too, who at the time of abdication, made a show of delicacy in banning all mention in the German Press of the struggle between the King and his Ministers. Ribbentrop appeared to have performed a friendly act. In reality he made it possible to spread in Germany, with all the appearance of

[1] [illegible]

truth, that King Edward had been thrust out for his friendly attitude to the German people.

But it must have been Himmler, that ceaseless corrupter of antiquity, the bespectacled, owlish assassin, who reminded Hitler of the tale of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Not of the song of Blondel, but of the fact that Duke Leopold of Austria imprisoned Cœur-de-Lion on his way home from Palestine and made the King of England his vassal. The Reich was mighty then, and the needy kings depended upon it: Bohemia, Poland, England, Scotland. Hitler was obsessed with the idea, I learned on excellent authority. Perhaps it was this that set a joke about that went like a snowball through Berlin early in 1939. It was a parody of a Hitler speech in 1938, and it began: 'It is not by chance that I address you to-day from the throne of England. I salute Pope Alfred . . .', etc. The British journalists laughed till their eyes watered, but many of us felt that the turn of the kings was to come.

'Perhaps the King of England will come to visit us next,' said Dr. Karl Boemer, assistant to Reichspressechef Dietrich, chatting with British journalists between Berchtesgaden and Bad Godesberg. They blenched. In that incredible Reich, where the Air Marshal played trains, who knew what fiction might possess Hitler next! The Nazis admired Cromwell for a day, till they discovered that he permitted the Jews to return to England. Some of them saw their ideal in the First Reich. To some it was not big enough. It became not unusual for Hitler to go off at a tangent in a public speech and babble about the Thirty Years' War and the Peace of Westphalia for almost half an hour. That is gazing back three centuries. Bismarck and Hindenburg are uncomfortably recent in a mind that needs elastic visions and distant horizons. Barbarossa was a convenient figure, for in his prime he ruled Europe and then vanished in a legend to live inside a mountain.

The technique of Hitler with kings savours of an exaggerated regard for ancient history. The relentless pursuit through Norway is a product of a brain as motley as a jackdaw's nest. In contrast, King Christian of Denmark is allowed to reside in the Amalienborg with his standard above it. But Denmark is now a royal Slovakia. Both states are maintained as advertisement models to other states of the

enviable lot of those who lay down arms—' Ersatz ' states, which may send birthday greetings to Hitler and cling to the mock regalia of their liberties.

When we see the spite of Hitler against the King of Norway we wonder what he might have done had war broken out in September, 1938, when all Windsor Castle could show, apart from culvers and cannon, was one Bren gun on the Guard Tower! Perhaps he would have restated his claim for the vassalage sworn by the Plantaganet.

IAN G. COLVIN.

IN LENT

THAT crocus cares no more for you and me
Than God does. Below, above,
One bound, the other free,
Each, making all of perfect privacy,
Commands, and is indifferent to, love.

The physical heart that leaps and cries
To be remembered by the hours,
Oh! that it made us wise
For other things than Time, and could surprise
God's blood in us, and quicken Lenten flowers.

DARKNESS AND NIGHT

DARKNESS is not night,
But absence of light
By which we feel and fear God's might.

Darkness is a limb
Stretched out by Him,
Holding us from the seraphim.

In darkness we are stayed
In death, afraid,
And seek from God not truth but aid.

But night is light in quest
Of man confessed
Naked of will and interest.

It brings to eyes that rove
The laws that move
Aloof in their light-lifting love.

It sways the heart to keep
Its faith with sleep
Where prophecy has dreams to reap.

Within it we can trust
Death's will to dust,
And soul's to God because it must.

Night has all light at stake.
In night we make
The dark our shadow till we wake.

L. AARONSON.

ROGER FRY

THIS book [1] has been published as a monument to the man of whom Sir Kenneth Clark says in his introduction: 'In so far as taste can be changed by one man, it was changed by Roger Fry'—a phrase that reveals the significance generally attributed to this critic and the influence he had on a whole generation of art lovers. But Sir Kenneth Clark's statement is perhaps an underestimate of the influence of such men as Ruskin and Morris, Winckelmann and Rousseau, who really did change the taste of their ages. As an expression of grateful piety it should perhaps not be too pedantically examined. And yet we must ask ourselves to-day what was the basis of the admiration which could produce such a statement.

There is no doubt about three points: Roger Fry first introduced the post-impressionists to this country, and he established the appreciation enjoyed by these artists, whose merits and importance are now hardly questioned. Roger Fry was one of the people whose influence depends on their personality rather than on what they represent, an influence which their actual presence turns into a fascination. As a university lecturer Roger Fry must have been one of those teachers whom every student should have, just once, to introduce him to the study of art: one who does not communicate knowledge or method so much as a lively relation to his subject, a way of appreciation.

For it was the appreciation of a work of art, not its history, which interested Roger Fry. Even when he tried to justify the study of art at English universities, he defended it not because it would add to the students' knowledge of history and culture, but because it would contribute to the development of sensitive apprehension, thus complementing the intellectual faculties. Such an attitude is very similar to that of the late eighteenth century, when Goethe developed his idea

[1] *Last Lectures.* By Roger Fry (Cambridge University Press, £1 10s.).

of the complete man. This defence of a field of study which has since been acknowledged and even introduced at British universities—thanks mainly to Roger Fry himself—speaks of a touching idealism in a man of the twentieth century when hardly anybody else would think of such a broadly humanitarian, unscientific argument.

Nothing could prove more clearly how far Fry's attitude was from that of a historian than his introduction to Indian art—one of the chapters of the *Last Lectures*. He did not try to pretend that he had an objective interest in things that did not genuinely appeal to him and admitted with brave sincerity:

> Having set myself the task of giving you a general survey of different arts and periods I have been compelled to study a little more carefully certain arts that I have hitherto passed over with a superficial and supercilious glance. This is particularly the case with Indian art. The general aspect of almost all Indian works of art is intensely and acutely distasteful to me.

What language for a historian! The effect of such a confession on young students must have been great, though the example of method was hardly a good one. The praise of such a critic must evidently have been of greater value than his criticism.

But a scientific conception of the history of art would never have given Fry the courage to set himself such a task as that of which the completion was interrupted by his death: a survey of the artistic activities of man from pre-historic ages up to the present, comprising the arts of four continents. He did not attempt to explore the derivation of works of art from their historical, that is their political, cultural, sociological, or their psychological background, nor was he interested in their connections and inter-relations. He chose the works he wanted to deal with almost at random, here and there, only observing whether they satisfied his personal way of approach. He regarded them as detached from their historical background in a way in which it is difficult for anyone who has any knowledge of it to follow him. This purely æsthetic approach satisfied his urge for appreciation. But he seems to have felt no urge to modify his impressions by comparison, [illegible] the connections which link works of art with

each other and which so often help to understand why they were valued in a particular way at a particular time. Roger Fry had a firm belief in absolute standards. But he neglected the disturbing fact that valuation varies.

If he was concerned with valuation only, he was concerned with valuation of but one kind: that of formal aspects. Colour, form, composition, are the features of a work of art which he analysed. He seldom dealt with its contents, hardly ever with the emotional implications. One can say: the issue of art for Roger Fry was a formal one. It is therefore logical that he so much appreciated Cézanne who became his own classic ideal; Cézanne gave to Fry's generation what the Greeks gave to generations of the past: an illusion of solidity and harmony.

The means of valuation, 'sensibility' and 'vitality,' which served Roger Fry, are set out in the second and third chapters of his book. 'Sensibility' was his term of greatest praise. But there is no doubt that to many artists it is not the most desirable quality in a work of art, especially not in the particular meaning Fry gave to the word: what he meant by it was a certain quality of the surface on which the trace of the artist's work is not effaced. He used it in contrast to 'polish' and 'skill,' which to him were identical with Bond Street luxuries. But Roger Fry often neglected the changes of styles, he forgot that various phases developed various surface treatments: not only Rembrandt, but the whole of the Baroque had thus 'sensibility' in the treatment of the surface, while the whole of the Mannerist period liked what he called 'polish'—and yet would Fry accuse Holbein or Bronzino of lack of sensibility? Vitality is an even more doubtful criterion for the value of a work of art. To look for vitality in a painting is not more justified than to look for 'truth' in the sense of naturalism. And an object that 'lacked of life' in the eyes of Fry might not do so to others. A Greek lion's head seemed bare of this quality to Fry because he was prejudiced against Greek art; to some others the same head appears as the very epitome of vitality.

It is also worth imagining for a moment how differently the history of art could be told if, instead of sensibility and vitality, it were assessed by virtue of qualities such as unity of composition, constructiveness, imagination, sincerity, indivi-

duality, decorativeness. All these would be equally justified as criteria of the value of a work of art.

An attitude which is so individual as Roger Fry's must embody some prejudices of unusual strength. Fry was to blame for two: the one against expressionism, the other against Greek antiquity. Expressionist realism and classical idealism are usually considered as the two opposite poles of art, and to deny both may seem to leave no alternative. But Fry found a way to escape the two: he found shelter in a purely æsthetic attitude. He reproached expressionism with the characteristics with which the English often reproach foreigners: he presented expressionism as a failure in the artist to reveal his feelings without over-emphasising them. The reserved English attitude rebels against the tactless, the too personal frankness of the continental spirit. Expressionism in Fry's terminology became almost a term of abuse. It is amusing to find that he resented it in a figure like the Bamberg 'Elisabeth,' which to the Germans is a proof that they too can be classical. But it is pitiable that a master like Matthias Grünewald makes him feel 'nothing at all,' and one is rather at a loss as to how to assess such—insensibility. Fry's fear of confusing his interest in a picture with compassion with its subject is more typical of the nineteenth century attitude, which found its expression in 'l'art pour l'art,' than he would have liked to admit. Such an attitude was not always valid, least of all in those primitive periods which Fry so admired and which could not have understood a detached attitude to objects of art.

Fry's more surprising prejudice is that against Greek art, with which he deals in the last chapter. His dangerously persuasive style permeates his descriptions of Greek work with so many negatives that they do not leave, as it were, room for any positive admiration that might have grown in his audience when confronted with the works of the classic age. In no other chapter does he use so often words like 'uniform,' 'mechanical,' 'schematic,' 'ignorance,' 'unable,' 'sentimental,' 'over-sweetness,' 'excessive prettiness' and, of course, 'insensitiveness.' A statement which is even more startling than what he says about the Isenheimer Altar is his sentence about the running girl from Eleusis: 'It fails altogether to give any feeling of movement.' And yet he is the

man who discovered that the idealism of Greek art—the idea of *the beautiful man*—is unique in the artistic activities of humanity. But he curiously overlooked the realistic trends which were strong in the sixth century and in the Hellenistic period. It is strange that while he recognised what our culture owes to the Greeks in the fields of the intellect, in philosophy and poetry, he does not acknowledge their supremacy in art. It is difficult to understand that anybody could deny their pioneering rôle in European architecture and sculpture, not to speak of the miracle that they established canons for the representative arts which are still valid—even though other ideals are now being recognised as well. The fact that so many periods with so many tastes could see so many different qualities in Greek art did not make him realise how many-sided it is. His response to what was generally recognised as great was negative—an attitude which, considering the strength of the classical tradition, we must admire as showing a brave and revolutionary spirit. But we may wonder whether it can have been opposition for opposition's sake: for does it not seem unbelievable that Roger Fry, who had such an admirably wide understanding, such a sincere approach to all foreign and most exotic things, was profoundly prejudiced against the culture which was the basis of his own? His methods of valuation could not provide him with a means of appreciating things like the unity of the spiritual and formal organisation of Olympia, the symbolic and imaginative power of the great sculptures which decorated the temples of the fifth century. But he should have been grateful for the reserved and yet concentrated expression of early fifth-century figures. The invention of the pediment composition—the first break with the tradition of enumerating representation, with the frieze—should have been quite enough to exult over. Instead Fry blames the Greeks for lack of rhythmic idea which would unite the figures of Olympia. He had no feeling for the measure contained in every metope, for the speaking intervals, for the swelling composition of the pediment, the figures of which seem to be alive with a feeling that grows from attention in the recumbent spectators, to excitement, and to tense reserve in the standing figures of the centre. The calm, dignity and superiority of the Greek gods was lost on Roger Fry. It is

rather distressing to think that innocent students should have had a whole course of these impressions which must have sounded very tempting to the young who had probably nothing to oppose to these historically unfounded theories. The effect of Fry's persuasiveness is to be found in Sir Kenneth Clark's introduction: he thought these opinions refreshing. 'Perhaps he is right in saying the Greeks lack the art of building up large and complex compositions,' he writes—in the face of the Parthenon.

But there must nevertheless be few men who could appreciate so many different and conflicting styles as Roger Fry: he had a real understanding of the qualities in American, African, Chinese and some European styles. This seems to prove that his methods made approach easy. But there are also eminent works of art in which he could not see anything: because his means of valuation did not fit. Decorativeness, imagination, sheer joy of living expressed in exuberance and playfulness escaped him altogether. The narrative charm of the stories told on Greek vases, or in a Memling picture, the whole symbolic system of a creation like the Sistine Chapel or of the sculpture series on romanesque cathedrals must have remained secrets to Fry's inner eye. The erotic implications of art made him shudder—and yet it might have been difficult even for him to distinguish purely æsthetic pleasures from their erotic sources. He took it for granted that only purely æsthetic merits have a value in art objects; he knew that an understanding of the material backgrounds of a work of art helps in the appreciation of its æsthetic qualities, but he did not provide the knowledge needed. He hardly made any attempt to discover the sources of creative activity. And yet his *Last Lectures* are well worth reading, for rarely does anyone write about art with such genuine affection.

EDITH HOFFMANN.

1940

PHILOSOPHY AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE

It was a favourite fancy of G. K. Chesterton to imagine himself a yachtsman, who, losing his direction, had made a rediscovery of the land from which he set out. Something of this effect is made on us by the writings of contemporary men of science who feel an urge to become philosophers. Unlike G. K. C., however, they appear to be under the impression that they are pioneers. Kant's so-called 'Copernican revolution' dominated philosophical thought for some time after the publication of the *Critique*, though a reaction has now set in, and the reduction of philosophy to psychology – or, with the materialists, to physiology – is less fashionable than it was. Sir Arthur Eddington[1] hardly appears aware of the long philosophical battle in which the Kantians are in retreat on several fronts, and it is a little bewildering that after a parable about the effect of fishing nets on catchable fish in the early chapters of his book, we should have to wait until p. 189 to be told that 'Kant anticipated to a remarkable extent the ideas to which we are now being impelled by the modern developments of physics.' One impression the philosopher may draw from this text is that, at a difficult stage of the battle, the Kantians have received a reinforcement of shock troops from the physical laboratory. Their enthusiasm is undeniable, but he may doubt their quality for the kind of fighting in which they are to be engaged.

If the metaphysician regards this literature with an air of faint bewilderment, he may be asked what sort of show he would make if he attempted a work on atomic physics and, if he can be candid, he will admit the thrust. It must be added that there are few contemporary philosophers with so lively and readable a style as Sir Arthur Eddington. *Il dit tout ce qu'il veut*; what has he to say?

[1] *The Philosophy of Physical Science*, by Professor Sir Arthur Eddington (Cambridge University [illegible]

We are bound to sympathise with the attempt at synthesis which inspires our scientific philosophers. If we believe in a Universe, not a multiverse, we shall agree that all the *savants* are, in their various departments, making their contributions to the interpretation of the world in which we live. The terms 'philosophy' and 'science' have changed their connotation from time to time, but it should not be difficult to arrive at a broad distinction, which the plain man can accept, between two orders of inquiry. We may attempt by rational processes to discover the necessary laws of being. That is the endeavour of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, and its theme and treatment, in so far as it is concerned with the legitimate business of the metaphysician, are as valid to-day as when it was written. Since Aristotle's day, however, immense progress has been made in the special sciences, the detailed observation of what *is*, as distinct from the rational deduction of what *must be*. When the miscalled Aristotelians in the decadent period of mediæval philosophy tried to determine whether Jupiter had satellites by reference to the writings of the Stagyrite they were in error; the telescope must decide that point. It would not be a lesser mistake to try to settle the validity of the principle of identity with the telescope—or the microscope either.

The claim to be made for metaphysics is not that it can replace the special sciences in their own domains, nor that the metaphysician has any right to deny the facts yielded by observation. Between the Cartesian absorption of all the scientific disciplines into rational philosophy and the Positivist dissolution of philosophical knowledge into the sum of empirical observations, there is the Aristotelian mean in which philosophy and the sciences study the same material object but from a different standpoint. Philosophy from this point of view becomes the *scientia rectrix*. Its magistral function is in no way invalidated by the fact that like any other magistrate it may give faulty decisions.

The ecclesiastical blunder over Galileo is notorious; so much so, in fact, that we are entitled to deduce the rarity of mistakes of the kind. In our own generation the error seems to lie in the other direction. The specialist scientist is impelled to philosophical generalisation. Medical men are [illegible] Crookshank

is a brilliant example of a fine clinician taking, let us say, influenza as the starting-point for a resolution of the tricky problems of realism and nominalism. Professor Haldane, a biologist, and Professor Levy, a mathematician, invite us to accept dialectical materialism. Sir Arthur Eddington, microscope in hand, assures us that there's nothing like 'selective subjectivism,' and another contemporary physicist is bold enough to be 'solipsist and proud of it.'

The question we find ourselves asking, when confronted with such a book as this of Professor Eddington's, is: What audience is he addressing? We want to know whether, as a brilliant physicist, he is bearing gifts to the philosophers, or whether, as an amateur philosopher, he is giving a tip to his fellow physicists. We have not been able to settle the point and are left with the idea that he is talking very entertainingly to himself. It has evidently not occurred to him that philosophical thought requires an intellectual discipline no less severe than that of the laboratory. You cannot get very far with it unless you have in your mind some answer to Pilate's question *Quid est veritas?* The word 'Truth' does not appear in the Index of this book on philosophy, though we are told in the preface that 'science . . . is slowly drawing near to the truth.' We are irreverently reminded of the old music hall refrain: 'I don't know where he's going, but when he gets there I'll be glad.'

For the most part, it seems that Sir Arthur is addressing his fellow physicists. He tells them that epistemology has given them the theory of relativity, and proceeds: 'The sensible way to treat a rich relative is to invite him to rejoin the family circle, so that you can touch him for a lot more.' A non-physicist must venture on this ground with great diffidence, but is it really true that the principle of relativity is a gift from epistemology? If so, of course, the epistemologists are entitled to proceed to the assault on it. We had understood that the 'onlie begetter' of this theory was the Michelson-Motley experiment, and that physical scientists were a little touchy about the accusation that they were metaphysico-scientists. Sir Arthur himself can talk of freeing the foundations of physics 'from suspicion of metaphysical contamination.'

But is it true that any philosophical theory has proved a

'rich relative' to any of the special sciences? It is hinted, as we have seen, by doctors, biologists, and physicists, but we have not been presented with any proof of it. On analysis Sir Arthur Eddington will not be found to claim that the results of any scientist's work have been influenced by his philosophical approach. His real argument is that a certain philosophy is 'implicit in the methods by which they advance science.' But can any philosophy, in the true sense of the term, be said to be implicit in a method? All we are entitled to ask of a method is that it shall give practical results. It is this confusion between methodology and the pursuit of ultimate truth which the philosopher will find most unsatisfactory in the philosophising of our contemporary scientists. Sir James Jeans told us some years ago that God is a mathematician. If M. Homais could have condescended to believe in God at all, he might have made Him a pharmacist. In reading *The Philosophy of Physical Science* we find ourselves reminded, rather incongruously perhaps, of Mr. Lillyvick in *Nicholas Nickleby*. He was a collector of water rates and he wanted to know the French for 'water.' On being told that it was *l'eau*, he observed: 'I don't think much of that language.' A natural reaction, but a little inadequate as a contribution to philology. We have similarly a feeling that there is more to be said about philosophical systems than whether they are implicit in the methods of contemporary physicists.

It is unlikely that Sir Arthur Eddington's writings, lively as they are, will influence philosophical thought very much, though they have a way of going to the heads of curates, and producing some curious apologetics in sermons. To the extent that these ideas *do* produce an effect, however, it must be a disintegrating one and its ultimate consequences might surprise some of those who disseminate them. An eminent psychiatrist has said that at the back of every neurosis there is a metaphysical conflict. It is more demonstrable that precisely this is what lies behind our political *malaise* in the modern world. The retreat from the objectivity of the traditional Aristotelian philosophy into subjectivism and the substitution of 'Becoming' for Being have led to a universal relativism of which the revolt against reason is the principal

tionary movements have amid all their incidental differences the common factor that they exalt the instinctive forces over the rational. It may be a far cry from Kant to Hitler, but the succession is direct. We are not competent to discuss the philosophical implications of ' indeterminacy ' in microscopic physics, but we are very conscious of something like anarchy in a good deal of contemporary philosophy. Considered as a method, selective subjectivism has broken down in the macroscopic world.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

SHORT STORY

ONE MORE MIRACLE

I

On miracles, as on personal taste, who shall dogmatise or argue? Who shall assert that the divine and incalculable gift of healing, possible and venerable in one place, is impossible and ridiculous in another? The mind turns naturally to the Hautes Pyrenees; but if the French waters of the Gave de Pau, why not those of the Indian Amganeru? If Bernadette Soubirous, why not Guruswami the Leper? If the Grotto of Our Lady at Lourdes, why not the Church of Saint Aloysius at Pennaki on the Madras coast? The miracle, of all things, can be judged only by results; Pennaki produced them.

If a miracle-working shrine gain kudos from inaccessibility, then the Church of Saint Aloysius should be renowned indeed. Pennaki is an insignificant and detestable village subsisting partly on sea-fishing and partly on paddy-cultivation; it lies among swamps and sandhills where that once magnificent river the Amganeru goes down dismally to the sea in a succession of irrigation ditches. It has been called—as it well might be—the last place God ever made; and it is certainly one of the most out-of-the-way. From Amadole, a considerable tobacco centre further up the river, an allegedly metalled road runs for some five miles; the rest—ten miles of it—is a sand track along which even a *bandi*, a two-bullock country cart, lurches and reels uneasily. The drift sand of casuarina groves is diversified by stretches of bare and sun-baked mud-swamp. The annual festival must be held in May in the height of the hot weather because at no other season are these bunkers negotiable at all.

The Church of Saint Aloysius dominates this macabre landscape—a large building of dazzling white picked out in excruciating blue. It has a flight of stucco angels above the

main door and several glass-protected images all done in the same lively and arresting colours. The present edifice is quite new; it was dedicated at the annual festival in 1938—of which I shall have more to say. It is the successor to the successor of the miserable little mud-and-thatch erection to which, one day in 1872 or thereabouts, Guruswami the Leper brought his troubles and from which he walked away a man spotless and without blemish. In those days the priest was a snuffy and retiring little person called Fernandez, who, though quick enough to realise the good fortune that had descended upon himself and upon his charge, remained always a little afraid of it. But the New 1938 Church of Saint Aloysius was a very different story, as different as was Father Victor Albuquerque from his timid predecessor of the seventies. The magnificence of the building, the autocratic self-confidence of Father Victor, the vast pile of discards—crutches, trusses, bandages, boxes on wheels and barrows—deposited by those who had taken up their beds and walked, all these testified to sixty years of miracle working well exploited.

Yet it was in 1938, at the Annual Festival, at a moment set down for jubilee, that the Church of Saint Aloysius at Pennaki came nearest to ruin.

II

For like other successes in this grudging world, the Church at Pennaki had enemies—vindictive, formidable and untiring. To trace the origin of the feud between the Hindus of Amadole and the Christians of Pennaki we should have to delve far back into history. Nor would the excursion be worth while; Hindus being Hindus and Indian Christians being Indian Christians, it is sufficiently obvious that such a feud would necessarily exist by nature. Let the statement therefore suffice that the antagonism had raged since long before the days of Guruswami the Leper and that the ill-feeling was but intensified with every fresh cure at Pennaki and every fresh donation to Saint Aloysius' funds. It was not, of course, that the Hindu community suffered in any way; the trickle of Christian converts from their fold was exiguous; the great temple of Venkateswara at Amadole,

thousands of years older than Saint Aloysius and lakhs of rupees richer, could afford to toss its towers to heaven in contemptuous indifference. On the contrary, the Hindu community (or the mercantile members thereof) benefited materially by the pilgrim traffic to Pennaki, of which they took full toll. But hate is hate and there it is. The Hindus would have gone far and done much to score off the Christians, and over a long period of years they devoted incessant ingenuity and occasional violence to this obligation. To no purpose; the fame of Saint Aloysius spread, his stream of pilgrims thickened, his miraculous cures went on, Father Victor began building his New Church

All great conflicts resolve themselves at the last into the personalities of their leaders; so it was in the present instance Father Victor was a man of brains, enthusiasm, arrogance and pugnacity; against so redoubtable a champion Fate, as is her way, set up in the opposite camp Venkata Razu, the leading tobacco merchant of Amadole Leaving out the brains (where he was not so strong) Venkata Razu could match Father Victor quality for quality in my list; and as a good hearty hater he had Father Victor completely beat. For no real reason—except that he *was* a first-class hater—he made it his business in life to bring down the Christians of Pennaki and more especially Father Victor Albuquerque and his nice New Church.

Of the minutiæ and skirmishings of this struggle—law suits, irrigation quarrels, bogus criminal complaints and what not—I have no time to write here at any length; these were routine matters—they went on as they had always gone on, only a little more savagely. All through the nineteen twenties and the early thirties there was a crescendo in these nuisances which made the lives of the local Police and Magistracy a weariness and a penance. But the first real show-down, the first time the feud got into the papers, was over the railway station.

A misguided railway company, financed by the District Board, had thought fit to throw a branch into the Amgameru delta. On the accepted railway principle of locating all stations at the sites most inconvenient to the greatest number, they placed one of their new halts at the apex of a triangle of which Amadole and Pennaki were the basic points. The

question then arose of naming it. The nearest actual village to the station was an insignificance of which nobody had ever heard; the railway company, with a shrewd eye on the pilgrim traffic, plumped for 'Pennaki.' They made it so; 'Pennaki' the station was named. But the residents of Amadole were affronted. They petitioned and re-petitioned and cross-petitioned; without avail. They sent a deputation to the Minister; the Minister made suitable promises—and did nothing. They filed a suit, it was thrown out on the ground that no action lay. Amadole was in despair. Then it was that Venkata Razu, the tobacco magnate, assumed for the first time undoubted leadership.

'Petitions!' he cried, 'Suits! *Yem' prayojanam.* No; we will *boycott* their station. From now on, not one single maund of tobacco will go from here to that station; we will send it all to——' (another one up the line).

They did; and they won. The railway company had provided facilities at 'Pennaki' station for handling tobacco traffic on a large scale; the other station was unsuitable and difficult. They capitulated, they proposed to change the name to 'Amadole.' Now it was Father Victor's turn to run with petitions, to wait upon Ministers, to apply for injunctions. In the end—as usual—came compromise. The new station was renamed—and you may see it to this day if you disbelieve me—'Amadole-Pennaki.' The battle closed.

A draw. But a draw with moral victory inclining to the Hindus. For the station had not, mark you, been called 'Pennaki-Amadole'; Amadole came first. You could say, of course, that the names were arranged in alphabetical order, but nobody, either in Amadole or Pennaki, did say that.

III

It was not in Father Victor to sit down under even so equivocal an outcome, even such a Sheriffmuir of an encounter, as the affair of the railway station. Ever watchful, he looked round for a fresh opportunity of discomfiting the Hindu enemy. And quite soon he found one.

You would have liked Father Victor. He was what is called a 'domiciled European'—that is to say, he and his father before him had been born and educated in India; but

there was stuff in him. A little stocky man with red hair and a red beard and bright blue eyes; in a white cassock trailing to his sandalled feet and a ridiculous brown 'pig-sticker' topee perched on his head. He would have taken you round the Church of Saint Aloysius radiating energy, pointing out to you this discarded crutch, that offering of the *reconnaissant*, with a fire and enthusiasm which would have carried you away. They would probably have carried you into a donation to the 'box' much in excess of your intentions; or if they did not, you were luckier or more resolute than most.

Yes, you would have liked Father Victor. But that is not to say you would not have liked Venkata Razu too. He was a genial fellow—large, grey-haired, spade-faced, loud-laughing, expansive. It is quite possible that you have smoked Amadole tobacco—perhaps when you thought you were smoking something quite different; had you expressed a desire to examine the circumstances of its production, Venkata Razu would have been delighted. He would have taken you round his yards and compounds and godowns with all the gusto of Father Victor showing off his Stations of the Cross. You would have seen there rows and rows of Hindu girls and women endlessly sorting leaf with the carelessness that conceals expert skill—attractive little creatures in blue *saris* or in tight-fitting bodice and voluminous skirt, laughing and chattering in the bright sunshine. If you were sufficient of a nuisance to be interested in economic problems, you might ask what were their wages, and Venkata Razu would name a sum surprisingly small. And then, seeing your disapproving face, he would burst into one of his noble-hearted guffaws.

'Wha-at if?' he would cry, 'Wha-at if? Why they want money? Only they are spending on flowers and snuff.'

The flowers you saw in their hair—very decorative and tasteful; but the snuff seemed out of keeping. 'Snuff?' you might say.

'Ya-as! Snuff. *Amma!* Polamma——' and he would turn to one of the young women with a burst of vernacular, and the smiling bright-eyed creature would pull from a fold of her *sari* a little box and you would see it full of dark brown powder. You might even try some. 'O-ah, yess!' Venkata Razu would say, 'Only snuff they are liking. Here a-all the

females are liking the snuff.' And another jovial bellow of laughter to round it all off.

Yes, you would have liked Venkata Razu too; and he collected no donations—not from such as you at any rate. Yet you would have been whole-heartedly with Father Victor in the next round of the battle.

For in the year 1936 there was a great drought along the east coast of India. The cold-weather monsoon had been a failure; it had spent itself in one earth-splitting cyclone which had done much more harm than good; the hot weather had been very hot; the mango-showers and the thunderstorms had held off; now another monsoon was setting in with feeble and unprofitable drizzles. Something must be done about it. Father Victor would have prayed; the gods of Venkata Razu and his friends demanded sterner measures. Venkata Razu decided to offer a *yagam*.

A *yagam* is a large-scale sacrificial slaughter of animals—a method of appeasement more popular in the old abundant Vedic era than in these hard-up modern times. Humanely done, it is a gory but not necessarily a cruel business. But the methods of Amadole were not humane; and in any case Venkata Razu was out to placate and pacify a Goddess to whom that kindly word has no meaning. However, wealthy man as he was, he baulked at the slaughter of a hundred buffaloes or four times that number of goats; too expensive altogether. He compromised therefore on what is called a *koriabandi*.

I will not horrify you with the more gruesome details of a *koriabandi*. It consists, quite simply, of a cart which is taken in procession round or through the suffering village or town. It is occupied by the Pambalavadu, the traditional priest of the goddess; he is dressed as a woman and he is accompanied in the cart by the sacrificial animals—some goats, some pigs, a number of fowls. Details, as I have said, I will spare you; I will only say that it is not a pleasant sight—indeed, it is perfectly horrible. It was Venkata Razu's intention to equip his *koriabandi* in style and with the refined abominations of a bygone age; and if you ask me how a man I have portrayed as genial and jolly and likeable could stoop to such atrocities at all, I can only reply that that is what India is like. Difficult.

Now a properly organised *korlabandi* is an outrage to civilisation, and the great British Raj, supported by much enlightened Indian opinion, has very rightly forbidden the disgusting practice altogether. It follows that Venkata Razu's activities at Amadole had to be carried on altogether *sub rosa*. That is to say—for a *korlabandi*, once started, is a conspicuous object to the eye and ear, to say nothing of other senses—his *preparations* for it had to be carried out in deadly secrecy. There was no magistrate actually stationed at Amadole, the nearest being at Perragam some twelve miles off; the Tahsildar was known to be inspecting paddy-fields at the other end of his jurisdiction; the only persons to be squared were the local Revenue Inspector and the Head Constable in charge of the Amadole Police Station. They *were* squared. Mr. Venkata Razu was assured that his *korlabandi* would go through without let or hindrance; and if by any mischance word penetrated to the authorities later on, he and all concerned could lie themselves out of it. The Revenue Inspector and the Head Constable, pocketing their solatia and preparing to turn a blind eye, let it go at that.

But there was one eye that was never blind where the Hindus of Amadole were concerned—a bright blue eye between a reddish beard and a pig-sticker topee, the eye of Father Victor. One of the qualities which endeared Father Victor to authority was that he knew the truth and would speak—in contradistinction to the many who knew the truth and would conceal it or who would speak at great length but knew nothing. Very little happened in that part of India of which Father Victor did not hear. Venkata Razu's *korlabandi* was not among that negligible quantity. A Christian in Amadole told a Christian in Pennaki; that Christian told Father Victor; and Father Victor, girding his loins, went straight to the magistrate at Perragam and blew the whole story.

So Venkata Razu did *not* hold his *korlabandi*. He managed to bribe himself out of a police case, he found some scapegoat to take the immediate fury of the indignant Raj. But he lost a great deal of prestige and the opportunity of more; and the Revenue Inspector was reduced to a clerical post, and the Head Constable was dismissed. *And* that relenting of the elements—those rejuvenating rains the *korlabandi*

would doubtless have produced—miscarried also; it was the worst season in the memory of man, especially for the tobacco crop. *And* the goddess, trebly incensed by an offering promised and then withheld, threw in a sharp epidemic of small-pox. . . .

You would have been on Father Victor's side, of course; you are delighted to think he won the round and stopped that horrid business. Yes—but you will see also that it was gloves off now for Venkata Razu.

IV

The drought of 1936 was rather a comfort than otherwise to Father Victor because all through that year and 1937 he was building his New Church. He would have finished it much sooner, but he kept introducing additions and improvements and running himself short of money just like all the rest of us when we begin building. But now, at the Annual Festival in May of 1938, it was finished at last and all ready to be consecrated and dedicated and opened for worship.

The Annual Festival at Pennaki was an impressive sight. The church itself stood on a row of rather solider hummocks between the sand-dunes and one of those stretches of dried-up swamp, the sordid village of Pennaki reeked in a cluster of toddy palms and casuarinas some half a mile down the coast. Beyond the sand-dunes the Bay of Bengal roared and thundered in blue and white magnificence; and in the dried-up swamp was what a reporter would call—and did call—a seething mass of humanity. At one end of it, dense as a car park at Ascot, was a phalanx of carts, the bullocks unyoked and grazing from bags of straw; on the floor of the swamp wandered vaguely four or five thousand Christians. There were little booths everywhere for the sale of *beedi* cigars and betel-nut and turmeric and saffron and innumerable figures and pictures of Saint Aloysius of Pennaki; these were brought there by dealers from Amadole, for, as I have said, Venkata Razu and his fellow-merchants always made the most of the Festival, feud or no feud. There were cooking-fires and quack doctors and water-pandals and I don't know all what. An impressive scene indeed.

And yet over all this picture, which should have been one

of triumph and rejoicing and merriment, there lay a miasma of gloom. There had been stories going about and whispers and rumours; one of those tiresome conservatives who so abound in rural India had been raking up some rigmarole of curses and prophecies; the old church should never have been moved; disaster would follow this attempt to supplant it. This would not have greatly mattered—there are always such stories; but the dreadful thing was that this time they seemed to be coming true. For there was good reason to believe that an entirely uninvited personage had attached himself to the occasion—and a highly important personage, or so he must have appeared to this or any similar assembly.

No less a personage than The Devil.

It had begun on the very first day of the Festival. A group of women, come from some outlying village, were strolling admiringly round the New Church; one or two of them, complaining of the heat, began to walk a little staggeringly. It *was* hot—frightfully—and they had already walked seventeen miles; nobody thought anything of it. But presently these two women stopped dead in their tracks; to the horror of all beholders they began to utter curious cries; they began to pirouette, to dance with indescribable abandon, to dash themselves to the ground and leap up again like indiarubber balls; to fling themselves this way and that. Their howls which were like nothing of this earth speedily collected a crowd; in the presence of this swelling circle of spectators they continued their disagreeable antics with unabated vigour. They continued till they fell in a trance of utter exhaustion; and no sooner had they fallen than another woman, on the opposite side of the church altogether, let out the yell of a damned spirit in agony and began the same horrible cycle.

Well, of course, in India one knows what *that* is. When women—it is usually women—conduct themselves in this curious manner it simply means that they are for the time being the residence or vehicle of a devil. There are plenty of devils in India—and plenty of women; it is always happening. But it should not, it most certainly should *not* have happened within biscuit toss of the relics of Saint Aloysius; it should certainly never have happened on an auspicious occasion like the opening of his New Church. Quite manifestly there was something very very far wrong.

There should be nothing wrong at such a time and place; there should be no such unsuitable by-play as demoniac possession. But—no use saying, 'It should be,' 'It should not be.' There it *was*.

There it was; and it went on. That first afternoon there were perhaps fifty cases; there were the best part of a hundred more before daybreak. The long hot brilliant night was made hideous by the howls of the devil-ridden and uneasy by the murmur of increasingly frightened folk. On the second forenoon there were not single cases at a time but scores; by the second afternoon the scandal had developed to such an extent that the local correspondents of the *Madras Mail* and the *Hindu* came hurrying from the district headquarters. Hideous, unconcealable, bruited to every corner of the Presidency, the disaster was made common knowledge.

Of the limits and profundities of Father Victor's faith I have no certain idea—these being matters into which I have always considered it ill mannered to probe. But inasmuch as he most earnestly believed in Saint Aloysius, I take it he also most earnestly believed in the Devil. And he must therefore have seen here—in the midst of his cherished flock and at the moment to which he had so long looked forward—the Old Enemy ruthlessly at work. If so, he must have been depressed and puzzled and grieved; he must have asked himself, 'Why? *Why*? What have I done wrong?' I don't doubt that he searched his conscience humbly and minutely for the answer, and I don't doubt that he tried such little spells and exorcisms as occurred to him. If so again, it was in vain; no result, no result at all. Far from improving, things got worse.

By the third day of the Festival—the New Church being still undedicated and unopened—they had got so bad that they could hardly deteriorate further; all was ruin and despair. Anywhere you liked to look, you could see demoniac possession in full blast; young women—or occasionally young men—bounding up and down, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, hurling themselves about like lunatics; while round them stood their relatives and friends, weeping bitterly and calling on the unheeding saints. In any direction you liked to look you could see carts and pedestrians streaming along—not *towards* the Festival as they should have been at

that stage of the proceedings, but *away* from it and as fast as they could go. Half the carts had vanished from that packed park; there were huge gaps in the crowds along the swamp; the little booths and shops were doing only the most attenuated business. It looked as if the seventh day—the great day when the ceremonies were to take place—it looked as if on that day Father Victor would be left with an empty church to open and the Bay of Bengal and a few jackals to watch him do it. If that happened, disaster would be permanent and irrevocable. The old stories would fly round with renewed vigour; the New Church of Saint Aloysius is cursed; it is wrong, it is wrong; let us out of this while the going is yet good. The place has lost all its magic; all virtue has gone out of it; *per contra*, it reeks with devils, away, away, and never come back any more. No, never!

I don't doubt that Father Victor did what he could to stem this ruinous tide—but what could he? Destruction faced him; a lifetime's hopes in pieces.

About midday on the third day of the Festival Father Victor was wandering about in the swamp with his friend and colleague Father Eugene—not, alas! forcing his way through an impenetrable press but strolling conspicuous in a sparsely peopled desert. The heat was stupefying, staggering, blinding; Father Victor should have been under cover, but he had reached the stage of being unable to sit still and Father Eugene had in simple duty followed him. Now Father Victor was no abstainer, no despiser of the good things of earth. His wine came by sea from Bordeaux; he liked a cigar and bought amicably and without prejudice large numbers of Venkata Razu's; he even enjoyed Venkata Razu's by-product, snuff. In the midst of his misery that morning he bethought him suddenly that he might fancy a smoke; he slapped his pockets under his cassock with mounting irritation.

'I have left my cigar-case, Eugene.'

Father Eugene could not help him; he *was* an abstainer—from practically everything. And the church was far off.

'Take snuff then, Father Victor. That may serve.'

Father Victor had forgotten his snuff-box too. But here, on the outskirts of the crowd, there stood, as if placed there by a relenting Providence, one of those little booths

for the sale of miscellaneous comforts. Father Eugene pointed it out.

'You can get a cigar there. Of a sort.'

Of a sort indeed it was. The young man in charge of the booth seemed stupid and sullen; asked for a cigar, he had a scared, almost a frantic look—but then such looks were common at Pennaki these days. At all events he could show nothing but the most poisonous form of village *beedis*; even in his need Father Victor's stomach revolted from anything so vile. He was just turning away, resigned to this further mortification, when his eye lighted on a row of familiar little blue-paper packets.

'Ah!' he said, 'Snuff.' He swept up a handful. 'I'll take these. Better than nothing.'

The young man at the stall seemed positively half-witted; he stared with goggling eyes; he put out a hand, he said something about better snuff. Father Victor cut him short.

'Nonsense!' he said, 'What is good enough for the people is good enough for me.' He threw down half an anna. 'Come, Father Eugene!'

They turned away together and continued their stroll. But ere they had taken many paces Father Eugene happened to look behind him; and he saw a very strange thing. The young man of the stall was running very fast—in the opposite direction. Father Eugene was about to comment upon this phenomenon, but at that moment the snuff took its customary and desired effect and for some little time Father Victor was inaccessible.

They walked along together till they were at the extreme edge of the swamp; it was hotter than ever there, and it seemed to Father Eugene that Father Victor was walking somewhat unsteadily. They kept bumping into each other. 'It is the sun,' thought Father Eugene. 'He should not be out. Aiyo! Aiyo! What troubles we have!' Father Victor said suddenly, 'That was good strong snuff'; and it seemed to Father Eugene that his voice was a trifle thick. 'It is the sun,' thought Father Eugene again. 'It is too much for him.' He said, 'We should go home, Victor.' But Father Victor only replied—and downright muzzily this time—'I feel gi-giddy.' And then suddenly he seized his alarmed friend by the arm. His face worked. 'Eugene!'

he said, 'I am going to do something foolish. I know it. Look to me. Quick!'

The church was dancing through the heat-mirage a good half-mile away; there was no time to reach it. But fortunately there was at hand a swamp-edge thicket of scrupine and prickly-pear; into its recesses, not without anguish both physical and mental, Father Eugene guided his friend and senior. He guided him in good earnest, for by now Father Victor was spinning round and round like a totem; in the last few yards he had to be almost carried. In the very heart of the thicket there was an open space—a dried-up buffalo wallow. They reached it; Father Eugene could do no more.

What happened in the heart of that swamp-edge thicket no man knows because Father Eugene has never told. But I do not doubt it was something very dreadful to see. I do not doubt that Father Victor, that leader and prince of men, wearing all the time his long white cassock and his pig-sticker topee, danced up and down and threw himself about; I do not doubt that he roared and howled and bellowed and sang such songs as are not usually heard outside asylums; I do not doubt that he foamed and sweated and conducted himself for all the world like one of those women so fearfully possessed. I do not doubt that Father Eugene stood gravely by the while, telling his beads and saying what good words he knew and crossing himself now and then, his teeth chattering and his hands shaking, yet standing faithfully on guard lest Father Victor do himself an injury among these ill-conditioned thorns. And if all these things were so—and they must have been so—I do not doubt that in the end Father Victor fell flat as all these others had done and lay there prone in the buffalo's wallow and slept for a long, long time.

If so, he woke at last; and then, perhaps, he said—still very dizzily:

'Eugene! I did something strange just now.'

Eugene would reply in kindness, 'Oh no, Father; oh no.' For they never remembered, when they awoke, their antics while the devil rode them; they never do. But Father Victor was of sterner stuff than the ordinary Pennaki Christian.

'But I did, Eugene; but I did! If I didn't, why are we here? Remember for me, Eugene.'

'We came out, Father. You wanted to smoke. We went to buy a *beedi*. You bought——'

And *then* Father Victor must have sprung to his feet and over his face must have burst the light of comprehension—and of victory.

'*Snuff! Snuff!* . . . I have it, I have it! Let us go back quickly to that booth.'

Back to the booth they went. 'Where is that young man?' said Father Victor. But surprisingly—yet in a way not so surprisingly—there was no young man. And it was the same story at the next booth and the next. There were the booths and the wares laid out in them, but attendants there were none.

Father Eugene, gentle creature, said, 'The poor people! They will be unable to buy any more little comforts.'

Said Father Victor—not gently at all and grasping his stout stick very unclerically—'They will be unable to buy any more *snuff* anyway. *I* will see to that!'

V

What had Venkata Razu put into the snuff? I cannot tell you because I do not know. There are so many things in India that you can put into other things and so produce the most extraordinary and alarming effects. Bhang, hashish, dhatura, some concoction still unknown to medical jurisprudence; it might have been almost anything. That he did put something into his snuff and that he did send his emissaries to sell it to the unsuspecting devotees of Saint Aloysius, I think there can be no reason to doubt—though you would never prove as much in any court of law in India. He put something in the snuff all right—and something pretty potent. 'That was good strong snuff,' as poor Father Victor said.

It was a clever idea—so clever that in a way it almost deserved to succeed. As it so nearly succeeded. In another twelve hours the Festival of Saint Aloysius at Pennaki would have been deserted and destroyed; the New Church might never have been dedicated at all; it would have shrunk and

shrivelled, a shunned and accursed thing, instead of going on, as all know it did go on, to fresh and greater glories. If Venkata Razu had succeeded . . .

As he *would* have succeeded. But for the chance that sent Father Victor out that morning with neither snuff nor smoke. . . . Ah, but what a word to use! Chance, do I say? Nay, rather let us call it the outstretched hand of Saint Aloysius or the grateful ghost of Guruswami the Leper or the unfailing Providence that looks after good and righteous men. . . .

Or just one more miracle.

HILTON BROWN.

MUSIC HALLS

There are signs of renewed interest in the music halls. In several parts of London music halls that years ago succumbed to the rage for the cinema have now put away their projection machines and dusted their stages. For example, the old Bedford, Camden Town. Its gaudily decorated auditorium, which dates from the 'nineties and which was often painted and sketched by Sickert, now again echoes to the laughter of an audience enjoying the antics of living performers. Elderly Camden Townites, revisiting this haunt of their youth, may even be overheard talking of Haynes, who, until he retired from his chair at the Bedford, had the melancholy honour of being the last music hall chairman in London.

Many of the youngsters in the audience have never before witnessed a full variety programme, though they may have seen 'turns' at their cinemas. But these older people, who enjoyed Marie Lloyd and Dan Leno, who remember perhaps even earlier celebrities of what was, in the last century, by far the most popular form of theatrical entertainment, what do they think of the modern music hall? Many of them, I know, shake their heads dubiously and inquire where to-day are the first-rate artists who are to draw the crowds? They affirm that the music hall they knew was the fine flower of an era that has gone, never to return; that it was for an age, not for all time. Some, more strictly critical, are positive that the music hall's best period was already over before the end of the last century, that its zenith was reached in the days when it was really a *music* hall—when the performance was composed almost entirely of songs serious or comic. Such an entertainment, they say, seemed natural enough in those more fortunate days when Englishmen sang as they drank, indeed when they did not expect to get drunk without a song or two; but we, who exist in sad times, with our glasses hedged with taxes and

with laws made to placate those who would like to stop us drinking altogether, cannot hope to revive an entertainment that grew up in happier circumstances. According to these critics the music hall was at its height about 1880, and thus belonged to an age that ended perhaps not so long ago, but between which events have erected such a barrier of change as cannot be surmounted.

If this is true, attempts to recapture the atmosphere and flavour of the old music halls are not only certain but deserve to fail. The idea is as misguided as that of rebuilding an Elizabethan theatre on Bankside in the belief that not only can one revive an interest in the Elizabethan dramatists but positively reproduce an Elizabethan performance. Certainly, it seemed to me at once ludicrous and pathetic when, a few years ago, the Garrick Theatre tried to become an 'old time' music hall by substituting gas for electricity, fetching some of its audience in hansom cabs, and putting on the stage a number of aged artists who once were able to please. It seems equally misguided when the B.B.C. producers attempt the same kind of absurd masquerade and bring out some old stars on their last notes or some youngsters to imitate what they never saw and could not copy if they had. The result is execrable. The B.B.C. is better advised when, as it mostly does, it sticks to its own version of what a music hall entertainment should be that can be heard but not seen. These programmes please the B.B.C.'s vast mixed audience, which the original music hall would probably not do. The music hall was not exactly drawing-room entertainment. It was not intended to please the Puritans. If the decorous were set bridling by its free and easy ways it would fairly be asked what the decorous were doing there. It was a very masculine as well as musical entertainment, somewhat rowdy, occasionally bawdy, suited to times when drink was cheap and the mob had not had its good spirits lowered by tea and education.

One mentions the B.B.C.'s music hall programmes because, although they are not visible and are therefore not 'shows' in any sense of the word, they have provided for some years now a regular variety entertainment for a very large number of people and are, I believe, except for the news bulletins, the most popular items broadcast. To my taste

they are, on the whole, generally devoid of real humour and at times unbearably insipid. There are occasional moments of scandal when a comedian forgets his place and offends the unseen delicate ear at the loudspeaker. His punishment is severe. But the artists are mostly on their best behaviour; their skill and artistry may be found to better advantage in the freer air of the smaller music halls. On the air the comics are conscientiously low; their songs and patter are utterly *for* the people without being *of* the people—like a servants' ball given by a condescending mistress. And the studio audience, so genteel, so select—to use a footman's word—is a comedy itself when contrasted with audiences one remembers in music halls where the unoffending orchestra was caged in to protect it from bottles, coins and other dangerous missiles that might fall short of the target—the target, of course, being any artist who did not please.

Perhaps the reader may be inclined to doubt whether such rough audiences existed within living memory? Yet I was talking only the other day to Sir Oswald Stoll, who has now been a music hall impresario for over fifty years. After learning his business by assisting his mother, who ran a Liverpool music hall in the 'seventies, he began by opening the Cardiff Empire in 1889, which he soon made popular by 'discovering' Vesta Tilley. He told me many tales of the rowdy audiences in those days and said there was one night in Cardiff when he only succeeded in quelling a riot by walking to the footlights with a fire-hose with which he threatened to drench his patrons if they would not be quiet.

In a way, Sir Oswald may be said to have succeeded as a music hall manager by carrying that fire hose perpetually in his hand, for he always disliked the raffish air and rough patrons of the early days and planned to attract the family party to his theatres. He decided that to aim at respectability would pay. He was the first to sense what was really, I suppose, a change in social manners, and other managements had to follow his lead. He censored his artists as strictly as any Watch Committee, and those who transgressed were dismissed. The move proved as profitable as he hoped. 'Vulgarity' was taboo in all his theatres, and he was hailed for his courage in making the music halls fit for maiden aunts to sit in. He did not perceive that vulgarity—in its wider

sense—was the fountain from which the art of the halls drew its strength. He did not consider that when middle-class decorum began to cast its pale shadow on an entertainment that had been born in the saltier atmosphere of the street and the public-house, the health and vigour that are inseparable from a truly popular art would begin to decline. Why should he? For the middle classes began to queue up at his box offices and brought far more money than had ever been brought before. Yet from that moment—perhaps a moment that was inevitable—decay had set in. It was Hazlitt, I fancy, who remarked that the main source of all Comic writing is the distinguishing speech and particular manners and dress of classes and vocations. Decidedly, a main source of the virtues and vices of the comics and songsters of the music hall was the rich originality, the vitality and unashamed vulgarity of the populace, to which both entertainers and entertained belonged. It was chiefly to the thoughts and passions and humours of the poor that all the songs and patter were attuned, to the tragedies and comedies of the struggles for life and happiness that the artists addressed themselves in gay moods or sad. The philosophy behind all was common to those who sang and to those who listened. There was a union of feeling and experience that was bound to create popular delight and appreciation. Moreover, words and tunes were not only of the people: they were of the English people: they were essentially national, even parochial. No hint of the sophisticated internationalism of Hollywood had then crept in. The miner dreamt of home, the Cockney boasted of the Old Kent Road, and the Scotsman tasted a 'wee doch and dorris,' not a New York cocktail.

Such audiences knew what they liked and gave the finest welcome to their favourites. Applause such as no film stars have ever heard—how could they hear any applause, poor souls, since they never see their patrons?—awaited the successful, and the aspirant who pleased, warming them to finer efforts. And those who failed to please were left in no doubt of their failure. It was a hard school for the artist. It was easily open to those who wanted to try, but the weeding process was swift and severe. Many were called but few were chosen in those music halls where, even if audiences did not physically injure the untalented with their missiles,

they would never listen patiently to any artist who bored them. An artist had to please—or fly. And to be shouted off the stage by an enraged or guffawing, whistling audience was not a pleasant experience. Only those with guts as well as talent ever got so far as to earn the anticipatory plaudits of that rough and sometimes intoxicated judge. But the reward of not being shouted off was the chance of being shouted for, and whoever has felt the heady excitement of holding such a mob in hand, of dominating it, of tickling it into submission, of raising it to the topmost heights of pleasure, would not give a brass farthing for the tepid claps of a polite audience that would hardly dare to express boredom but with a yawn and would never show any strong excitement however gratified. There are a few artists on the halls to-day who could have *tamed* the audiences of yesterday. And there is plenty of talent. Clever people, indeed, abound, clever dancers, clever instrumentalists, clever acrobats, conjurers, elephants, cyclists, mimics, and—cleverest of all—the microphone that enlarges the poor thin little voices that can hardly lift themselves over the footlights and carries them to the back of the hall. Into these instruments these singers without lungs croon ditties of no tune and comics crack jokes that would otherwise reach no further than the stalls. Though I do not care for them greatly, perhaps the most consistently skilful artists are the acrobats and similar performers, for an acrobat who is not always a good acrobat is very soon a dead acrobat, whereas a singer without a voice and a comic without humour live to bore us another day.

With the middle-classes and their money pouring into the halls, financial sharks of every size and shape scented profits, and 'commercialism' soon turned the popular stage into an 'important' industry. Syndicates bought up the halls all over the country, and they were re-built grandly as 'palaces of variety.' Auditoriums were continually enlarged, the old intimacy was destroyed to create more seats for sale. The enthusiastic founder members of the halls—the poorer classes—were removed to pits and galleries so distant from the stage that the artists looked like puppets, and the expressive grimace could not be seen at all. And, of course, the comfortable homely atmosphere of the tavern, from which the music hall stage is derived, vanished with the growing luxury of audi-

toriums built by gentlemen who, like the later builders of the picture palace, knew better how to provide patrons with decorative interiors than to foster and encourage the art for which those interiors were merely an unnecessarily expensive setting. True tradesmen, they thought more of the frame than of the picture. All this luxury, of course, had to be paid for, as had the dividends of the shareholders, the soaring salaries of executives and directors, and of popular favourites whose services were competed for with stupid energy, while the rest of the artists were neglected. And in due course the local managers and proprietors who had known what their local patrons liked best, and who, since their living depended on it, were keen to notice a promising new performer and to hook him with a contract, were replaced by salaried officials who did what their London bosses told them to do and who had as little say in making up their programmes as the billsticker.

All sides of the music hall were gradually affected. To increase profits and to bring down the inflated prices of admission, the twice-nightly performance was invented, and American ideas of speed and snap were introduced. Before this an artist had a generous portion of time allotted to him He had opportunity to show versatility, to come to friendly terms with his audience. If he pleased more on Tuesday than on Monday he would get a nod from the 'wings' and sing an extra song or verse, and the audience, knowing that if they wanted an encore they could have it, were not afraid to ask for it. One encore begets more, not only for the artist concerned, but for others in the bill, since a pleased audience is more readily pleased again, and in that way a warm feeling of reciprocal enjoyment gave a keener edge to the performances But with the twice-nightly system and the snappier stage management involved, artists' time was considerably reduced More important, the time given to each turn ceased to be elastic. When a second audience is waiting to enter the auditorium, the first audience must be cleared out at a fixed time. Encores, except for highly-paid favourites, had to be firmly discouraged. Even applause was therefore suppressed by a quick dropping of the curtain if, as in the case of a minor performer who pleased, such applause was not allowed for in the time-schedule!

Even the song-writers were neatly enmeshed and destroyed by this commercialism. It is sometimes asked why there are few popular songs now like the old ones, many of which are still remembered and enjoyed, while the new ones die in a few weeks. One reason is that the trustification of the entire music hall system destroyed, amongst other things, the once intimate relation between the composer and the artists. The financial bait which hooked and killed the song-writers was the formation of publishing companies who offered for songs a large sum down and royalties as well, a total reward that was far greater than the individual artist, who was the original buyer, could pay. What followed? The men who used to study and to write songs for individual artists, to whom they sold the sole performing rights for a few guineas, now wrote for the publishers songs that might appeal to everybody when sung by anybody. For the publishers did not care who sang a song as long as it was sung as often by as many people as possible. The 'free song' was inevitably the result, which meant that a song was offered free to any who were willing to sing it; and this gradually meant that popular artists and bands were offered large fees (in English, were bribed) to sing and play only the songs and tunes of particular publishers. The publisher made his profit by selling copies of these songs to the public and the wider the sale and the quicker the turnover the better he was pleased. That the result of this widespread and constant repetition of a song—known to the trade as 'plugging it'—was to kill it, and that the better the song the sooner the public were tired of it by forced overfeeding on the dainty, did not worry the publisher. When the artist used to buy a song he bought it because it suited his style—perhaps it had been written to suit him; and because it was his no other artists could sing it, however popular it became. Those who wanted to hear a song that every errand boy was whistling but no other professional dared touch had to pay to see the artist to whom it belonged. Thus a really first-rate song became part of an artist's goodwill on which he could trade for years, and in the same way a new song that happened to catch the public ear could, if brought out by a minor artist, change him overnight into a favourite. Charles Coburn's 'Two Lovely Black Eyes' was a case in point. From the song-writers'

point of view the publishers' system, so profitable at first sight, proved calamitous to the majority. The few became absurdly wealthy, but the rest were pauperised. Their original market, not rich, but wide as the number of working artists, had vanished. Gone was the chance of a song written one morning being sold before the day was out over a bar-counter as many fine songs were sold in that old meeting-place of the music hall folk—the Waterloo Road. Gone was the opportunity of hitting out something pat on a topic of the day and bringing it smoking hot to the public—as the Western Brothers still do to-day because they are clever enough to write their own songs. It became a lengthier business altogether to sell a song when the buyer was no longer a needy artist but a wealthy trader. There were all sorts of people to placate and of interests to be considered. I once went over all these points in more detail with a music publisher. He looked bewildered and said that the artists had all the songs they wanted, the public found plenty of tunes to hum and dance to, his profits were excellent. He did not understand my grievance Like Samuel Johnson on another occasion, I had given him reasons but was not bound to furnish him with an understanding

JOHN SHAND.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CHURCH TO DAY

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—As a journalist of opinion, I find myself tormented every Sunday morning by a certain want of realism in the thought and corporate worship of my Church. It is not, of course, that one expects or desires to hear in prayer or sermon detailed discussions of what it is expedient to do in the topical problems of the moment, on the same plane as they must be dealt with in one's leading articles. The need is rather that the fundamental issues which are one's daily wrestling should be treated with a realism more profound than is possible to a daily newspaper. Contemporary issues should be given the depth of prayer. The Christian coming out of the ordeal of the world into the Blessed Company of Faithful People can expect that the testing questions of character and motive, that underlie his daily difficulties, should be made clear in a way that helps him to think clearly and act rightly in those daily difficulties. He does not go to a church, as to a cinema, to escape them. There must be relevance for power in Christian truth. And this more profound realism must help him in two inseparable ways: to Judgment and to Power. Christians, going from their secular strains into fellowship and common prayer, should be enabled to see their problems more clearly under the eye of God, and to behold them with His judgment; this clearer seeing should open the way for Power from Beyond to cut a path through their private interests, fears and prejudices, so that they shall be the agents of Reality. Prayer and preaching should 'feel' the time in order to infuse it with Eternity. The Church's need in all her branches is to gain the intellectual equipment and the impulse towards unity that will qualify Christians for the creating of Christendom.

It is true now more than ever that our faith must be broader than our battles. Belief in God must have an exacting integrity, a strict intellectual honour in all its expressions if it is to stand the tempests of pain and war. Because our anxieties are for our beloved country, it is the more urgent that we worship God as the Father of all men; because war makes us all nationalists, we must the more persistently

maintain our love of humanity, with clearer, more effective understanding of what that requires of us. Prayers must be 'pointer-readings' to the Reality that challenges and sustains us.

Real prayer has the quality of unflinching realism. When we pray in spirit and in truth we make a way from what we are in certain situations to God the Ultimate Reality, and we ask that through us this Reality shall become living fact in the confusions and strains out of which we pray. We throw ourselves open to the Spirit that we may become living truth that arises out of the sweeping tides and tumults of passionate delusion, the impotence and inertia of habit, and the falsifications of error and compromise. We ask for the judgment of Reality on what we are making of ourselves in the presence of what we ought to be; we seek its principles for our guidance, its released energy for our strength. God, responding to the varying degrees of our faithfulness and faithlessness, is the Maker of facts according to the measure of man's acceptance and rejection of Him. More especially is this realism required of us when we pray for our corporate lives as Christians, for to-day we would re-create a Church able to make its members a body of strong and militant realists in a world tormented and ravaged by delusions which are given the solidity and impetus of organised masses of humanity. We would create a Church able to enlarge its members, out of private littleness, into redeemers of the world.

Carlyle summons up the inspiration of the past: 'Dull were thou, . . . if never in any hour . . . it spoke to thee things unspeakable that went to thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church—what we can call a Church; he stood thereby, though "in the centre of Immensities in the conflux of Eternities," yet manlike towards God and man; the vague shoreless Universe had become a firm city for him, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief; in these words well spoken I believe. . . . Out of those decadent ages in which no Ideal either grows or blossoms? When Belief and Loyalty have passed away, and only the cant and false echo of them remains; and all Solemnity has become Pageantry; and the Creed of persons in authority . . . ' Helpless ages; wherein, if ever in any, it is an unhappiness to be born.'

But our prayer for the Church to-day must be for clear sight of the Church as it is; for true and humble judgment on what its present has made of its past; for vision of what the Church is meant to be; for strength by which the Church in us can fulfil that meaning. Therefore when we pray for our corporate life as Christians we need courage to call upon God's Holy Spirit with the fundamental questions: Why does God appear to be leaving institutional

Christianity? Into what causes, movements, and characteristic ideals of our day is He going? What abiding and contemporary needs are served by the fellowship of Christians in institutional religion? What different thing must we make of the Church that God may return to it? For surely it is plain that re-creation must come from within.

The fact implied in the first dreadful question needs no proof or emphasis here. It is often thrust at us in the facile gloatings of the enemies of Christianity, but is evident enough, not only or mainly in the dwindling numbers of those who join themselves together for public worship, but in the falling quality of leadership, and the loss of respect and influence without, and the ebbing of confidence and creative power within. The Christian community is not getting its share of the finest minds of our time; the men and women who are making the world for good and ill are not drawing balance, sanity and inspiration from the Church.

In Christian congregations there is not the kind of fellowship—warm, brotherly, and agonising for the life of the day—that could attract the more ardent and idealistic youth, and that could help the makers of modern life to maintain their faith in the Unseen and the Not-Yet. The development of the critical spirit has been our own age's enlargement of man's capacity, and in our hesitation to accept with more candour and generality the findings of modern enquiry for the reshaping of the forms of our belief, we offend the finer spirits of our time just where they are most right—in their sense of evidence. By distrust we cut off from us the Spirit as Movement.

But respect for truth forbids us to present ourselves with a too one-sided picture of the Church. There is no doubt of the faithfulness of many within the Christian communions who are fighting a long losing battle, and there are authentic prophets within the reach of every individual who sincerely wishes to find them. And, often beneath a semi-transparent film of dullness and monotony there is the wide, rich, profound and abiding tradition of wisdom and beauty offering itself to those who seek it in spirit and in truth. The faith that could re-create the Church can draw upon the clear necessity of corporate, institutional Christianity for the continuing life of Christ's gospel in the world and for the world.

Without regular corporate worship, the spiritual life of almost any individual, consisting as it does of intermittent irruptions of longing and idealism out of and circumstances, tends to evaporate. Flashes of feeling cannot sustain themselves for lack of the constant renewals of comradeship which give them objectivity, sanity, discipline and assurance. The spiritual realism of life tends to fade

out and give place to pettiness, once we cease to contemplate the vast drama which the Church has created out of the movements of eternity into the history of 3,000 years. It may seem that the religious life of our time is expressing itself in 'free' spontaneous movements such as the Oxford Group, the Student Christian Movement and Toc H. These movements have liberated themselves from the tremendous disability imposed by the traditional divisions of Christianity. They attract many of our keener and finer spirits. Yet the Christian Church, in her several communities, is the Mother of all such, and on her continuing vitality in the last resort they depend.

Where then must we seek for the causes of the declining vitality of the Church that we may overcome them? First in a wrong sense of proportion whereby our Christian communions regard themselves as ends in themselves, instead of means to enable people to live Christ-like lives in the urgent pressing social and personal problems of their time—the problems which are developing and testing, making and breaking the characters of living people. This false sense of proportion creates a false and paralysing conservatism, which is a mixture of pride, inertia, and a refusal to be shattered, humiliated and re-made by present inspiration. Our low-pulsing energies tend to rely on the ordered wisdom which others have extracted from their tumultuous past, whereas our own message wait challenging our questioning in the chaotic possibilities for good and evil in to-day.

This conservatism perpetually suggests to the leaders and members of our Christian communions that their institutions, in their forms, habits and beliefs shaped by tradition, are finally right, and that therefore the world is wrong in rejecting them, and nothing can be done about it but to carry on. The churches are in danger of becoming sects of the satisfied with things as they are. Their emotions have become tenaciously attached to the earthen vessels, cracked by age and present shocks, which contain their treasure, and afraid to pour new wine into new and larger vessels from the venerated but dried and leaky wine-skins which contain it now. Change in religious expression is needed not for the sake of change but for new depth of meaning and intimacy of relevance.

This false conservatism blocks any approach to the heart-shaking problem of Christian unity, flinching from the humility, uncertainty and pain of change to be endured there. It shuts out the promise of frictions and inhibitions overcome, of wisdom and fellowship enlarged, authority increased and inspiration renewed. This false conservatism excludes from the Christian ministry men and women with the disturbing gifts of prophecy, criticism and

creative originality, because it sins against the virtue of modern culture which is its critical realism and sense of evidence. It is a closing of windows to the 'wind that bloweth where it listeth.' It is a false opposition between the creative achievements of the past and the inspiration that struggles to break forth from the present.

The impotence brought upon us by false conservatism surely proclaims that the sense of inspiration is a perpetual Now. A spiritual revival within institutional Christianity might well have the first effect of reducing its membership and improving its quality. But it should bring into the Church many of the makers of the modern world, and increase the Church's power to bring God into a world which is striving, with growing desperation, to do without Him. Let us, therefore, who are members of the Christian Church, dare to ask God's blessing on our creative energies as a fellowship and be ready to take the risks of getting it. It is futile and faithless to wait with hands hanging down in the hope that some great and irresistible prophet will appear who will somehow make all things new without asking us to make new things. Every faithful member of the Christian Church must try to be an organic part of that Prophet, Who is speaking already in the manifold agonies of war, and the tasks of a world's re-making. The upward and forward movements of prayer are the makings of leadership. Through the prayer that listens to God as Reality, we break out of listlessness and inertia to accept responsibility for what we hear; through the prayer of constructive imagination we identify ourselves with What is Meant to Be; through fearless prayer together we draw into ourselves the Power that comes from beyond things as they are to change them. The first motion is to see through things as they are. Realism must make the way to Reality. Realism is made up of honesty, and, in its widest sense, compassion.

KENNETH HENDERSON.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Poetical Works of John Keats Edited by H. W. Garrod (Clarendon Press, 30s. net)

It is a far cry, from this sumptuous monument of almost priestly veneration on the part of editor and publisher, to the letter to George Keats from Messrs C. & J. Ollier, Keats's first publishers, in April, 1817.

Sir,

We regret that your brother ever requested us to publish his book, or that our opinion of its talent should have led us to acquiesce in undertaking it . . . we think the curiosity is satisfied, and the sale has dropped. By far the greater number of Persons who have purchased it from us have found fault with it in such plain terms, that we have in many cases offer'd to take the book back rather than be annoyed with the ridicule which has, time after time, been shower'd upon it. In fact, it was only on Saturday last that we were under the mortification of having our own opinion of its merits flatly contradicted by a Gentleman, who told us he considered it 'no better than a take in.'

This is a generous edition, with 367 pages of text, acres of 'critical apparatus,' 89 pages of introduction on the manuscripts, drafts and transcripts of the poems, and special notes on the composition of *Endymion* and certain other poems. It also contains two new sonnets, one revealing and personal, printed for the first time in C. L. Finney's *The Evolution of Keats's Poetry*, 1936, and the other, a damp album squib, printed for the first time in *The Times Literary Supplement*, November 27th, 1937. The first, dateable from its reference to John Scott's *House of Mourning: A Poem*, 1817, is worth adding to any human selection from Keats:

The House of Mourning written by Mr. Scott,—
A sermon at the Magdalen,—a tear
Dropt on a greasy novel,—want of cheer
After a walk up hill to a friend's cot,—
Tea with a Maiden lady—a curs'd lot
Of worthy poems with the Author near,—
A patron lord—a drunkenness from beer,—
Haydon's great picture,—a cold coffee pot
At midnight when the Muse is ripe for labour,—
The voice of Mr Coleridge,—a french Bonnet
Before you in the pit,—a pipe & tabour,—
A damn'd inseperable flute and neighbour,—
All these are vile,—But viler Wordsworth's Sonnet
On Dover—Dover!—who *could* write upon it?

The advantage of an edition of this kind, claiming 'an apparatus to the critical study of Keats fuller than any that has hitherto appeared,' is that it raises many problems and solves some of them. Variant readings tell us, if we are lucky with our surviving manuscripts and editions, what the poet wrote in the first flush of his thought, what, while the mind was still glowing, he preferred to alter, what he added or changed in cold blood, what he sent to the press, and what, in the renewed fever of proof-correcting, he publicly altered for the last time. Luckily we have specimens of all these stages, either in Keats's own handwriting, or in the close transcripts which Richard Woodhouse and other friends accumulated in their lust for 'Keatsiana.' The autograph draft of *The Eve of St. Agnes* is at Harvard; Woodhouse recorded the variant readings of the draft of *Endymion* in his own copy of the printed text, now in New York; many of the smaller poems are copied out in Keats's letters; the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York has 204 leaves of the 'copy' for *Endymion* sent to the press, with the first book ruthlessly altered during the printing. The fair copy of *Lamia* sent to the printer is also in America. There are two autograph versions of *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*; an autograph fair copy of *Isabella* is in the British Museum; the manuscript of the *Ode to a Nightingale* is exhibited in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; the *Ode to Autumn* is at Harvard, and the basically re-written *Hyperion* is in the British Museum. Sometimes the variants are trifling and few,

sometimes the versions are fundamentally different, or even when both are authentic the magic is in the first version, as in the Knight at arms text of *La Belle Dame sans Merci* which has:

> She took me to her elfin grot,
> And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
> And there I shut her wild wild eyes
> With kisses four.

instead of the later:

> She took me to her elfin grot,
> And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
> And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
> So kiss'd to sleep.

We can see the problem and the evidence for its solution in the familiar lines from the *Ode to a Nightingale*:

> Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Fortunately a facsimile of the manuscript is easily accessible in the *Keats Memorial Volume* of 1921, and we find that Keats first wrote '*the wide* casements' and '*keelless* seas.' Mr. Garrod, however, reads the disputed word as 'ruthless (?)' and regards 'keelless' as 'unbelievable cacophany.' He feels reinforced in his reading since Woodhouse, guessing at the cancelled word, has 'ruthless' in shorthand in the margin of one of his transcripts. There are two ways of settling the point, one pedantic, and the other poetic. An examination of the manuscript luckily provides us, four lines above, with 'the sad heart of Ruth.' Had Keats written 'ruthless,' the first syllable would have borne some resemblance to the writing of the proper name, but it is nothing like, and on the other hand the form of the 'k' throughout the manuscript clinches the matter. So much for the pedantic proof. The poetical proof is a little more serious, and should appeal to the editor, unless he has forgotten that he was once Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. It is an axiom of poetical composition that corrections and after-thoughts are not wanton but logical. 'Ruthless' is devoid of any possible meaning or relevance, but 'keelless' fits into the poetical process. What actually

happened, (and this is what the manuscript tells us, without any need for conjecture), was that Keats wrote as far as

> Charm'd the wide casements, opening on the foam
> Of keelless

and at that point, before he had had time to write down the word 'seas' which obviously had already come into his mind, his dissatisfaction with 'the wide' had come to a head with the discovery of the correct epithet for 'seas,' and he cancelled 'keelless' heavily and almost viciously, replacing it by 'perilous,' and then returned to substitute the magical 'magic' for 'the wide.' The reason for the change is simple. It is a change from prosaic precision to poetical romance. 'Wide casements' are merely open windows, but 'magic casements' have offered limitless vistas to lovers of poetry for a hundred and twenty years. 'Keelless seas' are merely seas with no ships on them, 'perilous seas' are seas of magic, of glamour, of danger and adventure. If the editor robs us of the essential clue, the labyrinth of Keats's creative mind remains unexplored.

Another problem raised by the editor's remarks is the old problem of Keats's vulgarity of pronunciation, in short the Cockney accent of his poetry. Mr Garrod has a sensitive ear, dislikes, as we have seen, the cacophany of 'keelless seas,' and because Keats wrote 'folorn' fourteen times instead of 'forlorn,' asks 'Did Keats so sound the word? and if he did, is not the verse thinner in tone?', (does he expect it to sound like the German *verloren* and rhyme with 'alien corn'?), but chief crime of all, which triumphantly proves Keats a Cockney, 'Nor did he shrink from *sea-spry* (*Endymion* iv. 157).' The innuendo becomes accusation when we note the rhyme 'falcon-eye' and 'salt sea-spry.' Is this the final proof the enemy has been waiting for? What can the poor Cockney say in defence? He can only murmur that the Oxford Professor of Poetry might have looked at the Oxford Dictionary, where he would have found a reference to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, '*Spray* . . . The foam of the sea, commonly written *spry*,' and a quotation from Sandys' *Ovid* in 1621:

> Now tossing seas appeare to front the sky,
> And wrap their Curles in clouds, frotht with their *spry*.

Keats's answer would perhaps have been ruder (he had that

kind of word in his vocabulary, as the letters prove), or he might have contented himself with urging that he was never *unintentionally* Cockney, and that he kept his Cockney for lines of fun, as in the *Castle Builder*,

> I have, by many yards at least, been carding
> A longer skein of wit in Convent Garden.

or as in a letter, 'I have been *werry* romantic indeed among these Mountains and Lakes.' Let us hear no more of this 'Cockney' nonsense.

The real vulgarity in Keats is not the pronunciation, but the crudity of adolescence, the vulgarity of the Monkeys' Parade, the 'kisses' and 'slippery blisses,' the chasing of nymphs in shady places.

> Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
> Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
> As hard as lips can make it

the holding hands, the cinema proximity,

> as I breathe I will press thy fair knee,
> And then thou wilt know that the sigh comes from me

or in some stanzas printed in *The Times Literary Supplement* in 1914,

> You say you love; but then your hand
> No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth.
>
> Squeeze as lovers should—

all of them, however, redeemed by the sublime transformation of a vulgarism in the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*,

> Thou, silent form, dost *tease us out of thought*
> As doth eternity

or its forerunner in the *Lines to J. H. Reynolds*, a year earlier

> Things cannot to the will
> Be settled, but they *tease us out of thought*.

It is on this high plane that Keats justifies himself as a poet, and a re-reading of these poems, in an edition which so urges the letters and the points of the text, forces us back to Keats's own conception of the music and method, the nature and value of poetry. In writing about Edmund Kean he

said: 'A melodious passage in poetry is full of pleasures both sensual and spiritual. The spiritual is felt when the very letters and points of charactered language show like the hieroglyphs of beauty,' and the sensual (or sensuous, rather) was adjusted to that 'principle of melody in verse, upon which he had his own notions, particularly in the management of open and close vowels . . It was, that the vowels should be so managed as not to clash one with another, so as to hear the melody, and yet that they should be interchanged, like differing notes of music to prevent monotony.' Keats's spoken melody is heard in a much neglected poem which looks forward to Mr T. S. Eliot:

> Pensive they sit, and roll their languid eyes,
> Nibble their toasts and cool their tea with sighs,
> Or else forget the purpose of the night,
> Forget their tea, forget their appetite etc

Mr Garrod suggests that Wordsworth's 'emotion remembered in tranquillity' and Keats's 'silent working' are one and the same process, 'the simple imaginative mind may have its rewards in the repetition of its own silent working coming continually on the spirit with a fine suddenness.' This would be true if Wordsworth held that view. But Wordsworth's doctrine is diametrically opposite, for he says that poetry merely *takes its origin from* emotion remembered in tranquillity, and a new state, so far different from tranquillity as to amount to excitement, is established. It is Keats, surprisingly enough, who holds the view so persistently and erroneously attributed to Wordsworth. In a passage of fundamental importance he says:

> If we compare the Passions to different tuns and hogsheads of wine in a vast cellar—thus it is—the poet by one cup should know the scope of any particular wine without getting intoxicated—this is the highest exertion of Power, and the next step is to paint *from memory of gone self-storms*.

It is a little late in the day, however, to review Keats's poetry. This is the latest edition, and it is as an edition that we must examine it. An edition must be judged by the text it offers. Let us take a few soundings. Colvin's *Life of Keats* prints a facsimile of a page from the British Museum auto-

graph of *Isabella*, showing lines 559–576 of the poem. In these eighteen lines I find eighteen variations, in wording, spelling, punctuation and capitalisation from the printed text of 1820, which is the basis of this part of the edition, and only *three* are noted in the critical apparatus. *On Visiting Staffa* is contained in a letter from Keats, the original manuscript of which was formerly in the possession of Lord Crewe. I have compared Mr. Garrod's text with the transcript in Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of the letters and find some fifty-three differences. The sonnet *Of late two dainties were before me plac'd* is found in a letter from Keats dated July 17th (1818), the manuscript of which is in the Keats Museum at Hampstead. The poem was printed in the *Athenaeum* for June 7th, 1873. I find twenty divergences from the *Athenaeum* text, twenty from the text in Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of the letters, and at least five from the Hampstead manuscript. In Keats's last sonnet, *Bright Star! would I were stedfast as thou art*, the manuscript of which is also at Hampstead, I find nine variants, of which only three are noted. I may have been unlucky in my choice of soundings, and possibly all the other poems in this edition, which offers 'an apparatus to the critical study of Keats fuller than any that has hitherto appeared,' are perfectly edited, but it is clear that some amendment is called for, at any rate in the apparatus to these not unimportant poems.

J. Isaacs

W. B. Yeats: Last Poems and Plays (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 6s. net).

Mr. Yeats has been dead now for over a year, and these last poems come to us under conditions whose consequences must lead, as surely as the last war did, to vast re-valuations. We turn the pages and meet again the strange, splendid, defiant and melodious numbers; but an old man cries through them, lamenting his decaying body, singing its joys and the joys of its lusts. These last poems are sex-obsessed

> You think it horrible that lust and rage
> Should dance attention upon my old age
> They were not such a plague when I was young;
> What else have I to spur me into song?

This is a most terrible confession to fall from the lips of an old man; and though we continue to be dazzled by the variety, the vigour, the subtlety and the mastery of the poet's verse-patterns, we are all the time haunted by those and other similar words and the many times their theme, in many different forms, recurs.

> How can I, that girl standing there,
> My attention fix
> On Roman or on Russian
> Or on Spanish politics?
>
> . . .
>
> But O that I were young again
> And held her in my arms!

Is it, we wonder, significant that so often, as above, it is the interrogation mark that ends the sentence or the verse, as if shame were there and the emotions of the uncertain and defiant spirit?

The poems are full of pride too, the pride that goes ill with what must know how near the inevitable mysteries are; and these are in great contrast with the latter poems of two other old poets, Yeats' contemporaries, Hardy and Bridges.

> And a proud man's a lovely man

Mr Yeats is accepted by nearly all the advanced younger generation of poets as master. Their unanimity is extraordinary; but such unanimity can also be dangerous. A man made a classic in his own lifetime may suffer two subsequent fates: to live on by reputation rather than by love, and to become, to a still newer generation, the granite obstacle to its own sort of creativeness, and therefore very soon to be written down or even denied. Before Hardy's death the then young poets were nearly all Hardy worshippers—Sassoon, Graves, Blunden, Nichols. Now, some seventeen years afterwards, Hardy the poet is little known by the new generation, and, where known, tends to be rejected by it. It is, we think, important that this should be understood. Our time is singularly lacking in critical standards and literary conviction, and the slavish acceptance of Yeats, while so many others have gone down before the iconoclasts (it is extraordinary to find how few of the younger critics have

sought to *understand* him but have instead cried up the undoubted splendour and memorableness of his pagan poetry) has done a good deal of harm to the other and equally important modes that poetry can assume.

There was a time when it seemed to us a heresy and a dire confession of deficiency when we could see, from the outside, the greatness of a poet, but felt no love for him, and, in fact, found him on the whole antipathetic, and sometimes even hateful; but we have learned since that only to God is given the divine power to love—and to be indifferent to—all, equally. Yeats was one of our youthful passions. 'The golden apples of the sun, The silver apples of the moon,' the Irish legendary heroes, the mellifluousness of his numbers all were an enchantment. Then came an awakening, a feeling of having been deceived, even an anger against the pseudo-magic, the rather windy gesturing, the Irish 'blarney' as we named it to our minds. We read him no more. The story of the change that came over his subsequent verse is known to everybody, the austerity, the spareness of word, the masculinity of music, and a personality began to emerge that from core to metaphysic communicated one homogeneous living experience. Like so many others, we returned to wonder at the marvels of Byzantium. But the personality itself still kept us at a distance, as indeed it still does with these last poems where the antipathy is now mixed in with some actual distaste. We have written of the sexual obsession; there is also the 'snobism' of the Irish gentleman. He speaks of the new poets 'now growing up' as

> Base born products of base beds.

He asks them to

> Sing the peasantry, and then
> Hard riding country gentlemen,
> The holiness of monks, and after
> Porter-drinkers' randy laughter . . .

There is something false in spirit in all this.

He uses God too much as a counter for his own brand of mysticism. There was a good deal of the actor in Yeats.

We shall be told by the new school of critics that we are confusing subject-matter with the true communicating stuff

of poetry, that it is the pattern that counts and the tension and drama in the pattern. We still find it hard to read Hopkins and Donne and Eliot, as these do, repudiating the theme but accepting the word-manifest man. We still look at what is said; and what has obviously counted with the poet counts with us. We see Yeats' greatness. Who can refuse homage to the poet who, in this book, offers us *Lapis Lazuli*, *The Municipal Gallery Revisited*, *The Statues*, *A Bronze Head*? These poems command us but we cannot love them.

J. AARONSON.

The New World Order, by H. G. Wells (Secker and Warburg, 6s net).

In their recommendation of this book, the publishers describe it as 'the blueprint of a World Revolution' and as 'a work of world significance.' The phrases are extravagant as a description of the contents of the book. In fact, when the publishers tell us that 'Wells gives many details of the coming world order,' they conflict with the author himself, who says, on page 113, 'This book is a discussion of guiding principles and not of the endless specific problems of adjustment that arise on the way to a world realisation of collective unity.' The truth is that *The New World Order* is an extended essay on the main causes of the dangerous and potentially fatal sickness which has fallen on the world in the shape of an outworn and now moribund system of international relations, and in the steadily increasing social friction inside each separate national society. The author discusses these causes throughout the book, but he gives us an excellent summary of them on page 17 in describing the world's disease itself.

'It is the system of Nationalist individualism and unco-ordinated enterprise that is the world's disease and it is the whole system that has to go.'

These two things, anarchic national sovereignty and an anarchic economic system based on privately controlled and competitive economic undertakings of all sorts, are the root causes of the world's ills. The cure? Mr. Wells tell us that it is to be found in a thoroughgoing Revolution which will

result in the establishment of a new world order. Again, I cannot do better than quote his own words on page 119 to show the scope and character of both the revolution and the new order.

> This new and complete Revolution we contemplate . . . is (*a*) outright world-socialism, scientifically planned and directed, plus (*b*) a sustained insistence upon law, law based on a fuller, more jealously conceived restatement of the personal Rights of Man, plus (*c*) the completest freedom of speech, criticism and publication, and a sedulous expansion of the educational organisation to the ever-growing demands of the new order

What is meant by world socialism, or collectivisation, to use the alternative description which is frequently employed in the book? The answer is to be found on page 39 in these words:

> Collectivisation means the handling of the common affairs of mankind by a common control responsible to the whole community. It means the suppression of go-as-you-please in social and economic affairs just as much as in international affairs. It means the frank abolition of profit-seeking and of every device by which human beings contrive to be parasitic on their fellow men. It is the practical realisation of the brotherhood of man through a common control.

The fundamental law of this new world order will be based on the rights of Man which are found expounded in the chapter entitled 'Declaration of The Rights of Man.' There is nothing in this declaration which will not be found in the programme of the British Labour Party, or to which any liberal-minded man or woman could possibly refuse to agree. Of this declaration, Mr. Wells says, it 'must become the *common fundamental law* of all communities and collectivities assembled under the World Pax.'

And lastly, the third side of the 'triangle of forces' — knowledge. This will result from improved and more widely spread education, from free and absolutely unrestricted thought, speech and writing on any subject under the sun, and from the proper organisation of research.

This analysis of Mr. Wells' theme ignores, perforce, the many illustrations and analogies which support and enliven his arguments. The book is interesting throughout, even

when, as frequently happens, the author is riding some hobby horse of his own which has no very obvious relation to his subject. I am thinking now of such things as the extraordinary onslaught on Roman Catholicism in the chapter, 'Socialism Unavoidable,' of the attack on the National Government in the chapter 'Politics for the Sane Man,' and of the unfair saddling (page 71) of 'the British governing class and British politicians generally, overtaken by a war they had not the intelligence to avert,' for a calamity which assuredly they have not brought about. These and other similar aberrations are either extravagantly expressed, or, as in the case of the attack on Catholicism, simply irrelevant.

Then, too, much of the book, when critically examined, has very little tangible content. For example, let anybody read carefully the chapter 'Politics for the Sane Man' and ask himself what there is in it—unless it be the recommendation of Proportional Representation! Again, Mr Wells occasionally throws out suggestions which seem hard to reconcile with his main arguments, as when on pages 125 and 126 he writes: '. . . is there any conceivable reason why . . . we should not go ahead . . . to a less impromptu socialist régime *under a permanent non-party administration*' (my italics). How would this differ from any other form of totalitarian government? Also, who would appoint the administration, who would control it, and who change it when necessary? But, a few pages later, in fact, in the Declaration of Rights itself, we read:

> No treaty and no law affecting these primary rights shall be binding upon any man . . . that has not been made openly by and with the . . . acquiescence of every adult citizen concerned, either given by a direct majority vote of the community affected or through the majority vote of his publicly elected representatives.

But how will such representatives exist under a non-party administration which is to be permanent?

Unfortunately, a great part of the book is either completely vague or else, as in the example given above, self-contradictory. The talk about the discussions which must precede and prepare the world revolution, the structure of government and society in the new order, the discussion of the new order in being, which ends the book, these and many

other themes are left completely in the air, unsubstantial and unsatisfying. Many of the author's statements are simply beyond comprehension, like that on page 62: 'The British Empire has shown itself the least constructive of all governing networks.' (What, by the way, is a 'governing network'?) But the British Empire is not one unit for purposes of government, and in any case, to call a political system which has developed Dominion Status, Indirect Rule, and the doctrine of Trusteeship and the Dual Mandate, the 'least constructive' of its kind, is simply to flout the intelligence of one's readers. The real value of this book is that it exposes some, at any rate, of the causes of present discontents, in an arresting and challenging way.

J. COATMAN

It is [illegible] that War begin according to any Mad Fellow's will. . . . It is but fitting that he who first draweth the knife be overthrown and punished in the end. And it hath oftenest been so . . . that they have lost a war who began it. . . . For the Temporal Power hath been established by God not to break the peace and begin war, but to wield the peace and withstand the warlike, as Saint Paul saith, Rom. XIII., 4., it is the sword's ministry to defend the godly in Peace and to punish the wicked with War. And God, who will not suffer evil, hath so disposed that War shall ever be waged against the warlike.

MARTIN LUTHER, "Ob Kriegsleute auch in seligem Stande sein können." ([illegible]

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

1877  1940

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

1940 JUNE No. 760, Vol. CXXVII.

THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER
No. DCCLX—June 1940

THE SITUATION

'*The Reich has begun its work of destroying England, for Germany can and will destroy her.*'—Bremen wireless, 8 a.m., May 21st.

The first big battle between the Allied and German armies has been fought and lost. The Allies were taken by surprise and have been completely outwitted and outmanœuvred. It is an open secret that when the first news of the German 'break-through' at Sedan and of the French rout were received in Paris, there was dismay among the politicians, some of whom (and not merely those who have long been known as defeatists) began to think in terms of a separate peace. France staggered under the blow. But she has great resilience, and, at the moment of writing (May 23rd), General Weygand's counter-offensive is in preparation and France is more determined than ever. As for ourselves, we must consider it a piece of good fortune that we have a new Government just in time, for, with all its defects, that Government has far more courage, energy and resolution than its predecessor (persons high up in the Departments, and even in the Cabinet itself, were unashamedly defeatist). It will be hard, terribly hard, to win the war in any case. Mr. Chamberlain's Administration would certainly have lost it.

No one with critical judgment and any love of country can, these last few days, have been free from dread and anguish lest the German advance be so precipitous that France be indeed compelled to seek a separate peace. That dire peril is over. If it were not, it would be Great Britain's task to inform her own people and the world that *she* will go on fighting, no matter what happens. However great the danger, the destruction, and the sacrifice, Great Britain and

Germany as a pear-shaped formation—a very large tract of country indeed. Not more than 2,500,000 people live in the part which is Norway, most of them in the warmer south which had to be occupied by our troops. Here, too, are the runways which provide us with a strategic spring-board to England and the wastes of the North Sea. Was it really a gigantic mistake (as the English maintain it was) to take possession of this jumping-off ground in a life and death struggle against Great Britain, instead of leaving it, plus the whole of Scandinavia with its strategic and economic advantages, to the enemy?

No, the German Command knew perfectly well what they were about. One thing is now of vital importance—to keep the gain and use it to the best advantage. We shall not fail to do so. Having achieved the initial success, apart from economic advantages to be derived therefrom, we shall be in a position to tie up and weaken the Franco-British air and naval forces, and to compel Britain to fight. The sore is bleeding and will continue to bleed. The weakening of the Western Powers will be noticeable sooner or later—in the North Sea as well as in other waters where the British and French have vital interests, the Mediterranean in particular. The naval superiority of the Western Powers rests, not with their actual fleets, but with the margin of those fleets over other Powers. This is a very important calculation for all who look to the ending of Franco-British naval supremacy for the satisfaction of their claims to *Lebensraum*.

Nowhere has the connection between the North Sea and the Mediterranean been more strongly emphasised during the last few days than in Italy. The British and French, too, had an inkling, a fortnight ago, when the Scandinavian drama began, that it might be a profound and none too happy turning point in the fortunes of the Western Powers, and so it has proved to be.

By leaving the initiative to Hitler, we allowed him to concentrate the whole weight of his military and political striking power, as well as his own prestige, on the attack against the West. The assault on Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg, on France and ourselves, on the night of May 9th–10th, followed the pattern of his former essays in aggression. It had been planned and prepared to the last detail, and was carried out with minute precision. Skilful camouflage on an elaborate scale paved the way for military action. For days on end the German propaganda machine had been spreading alarming reports on tension in the Mediterranean, on the possibility of Allied action in the Near

East, on the dangers threatening the Balkans—and the manœuvre was successful again. When the German diplomatic representatives handed in the memoranda of their Government at Brussels and the Hague, neither Holland nor Belgium was in a state of the highest military preparedness. The German armies, in fact, had marched into these neutral countries fully four hours before the diplomats made their futile attempt at justifying the assault on the independence of sovereign states. The German aeroplanes were already dropping bombs on Amsterdam and Rotterdam when the German Ambassador to Holland added insult to injury by his cry of 'Stop thief!' in an attempt to pin the responsibility to Holland alone. Holland's rapid fall, the moral collapse of the country and the methods by which the Germans advanced, have shown with unmistakable clarity not only Germany's criminal conduct in warfare, but also the criminal lack of political, military and moral defence measures in the Low Countries. True enough, they were faced with appalling odds, and it was not expected that they would be able to turn the tables on such an overwhelmingly powerful enemy. But many of us had cherished the belief that morale would survive, that steps had been taken to hamper the progress of the invader and hold him in check until assistance could arrive. But these measures had not been taken; the much-praised flooding precautions did not work satisfactorily, strategic bridges had not been mined, and they were not blown up even when the position became precarious. The Dutch authorities made insufficient attempts at sabotage in face of the advancing foe, sabotage which might have gained time for the constructive organisation of resistance. It is not merely by a tragic combination of irresponsible omissions that the R.A.F. have been compelled to destroy the oil tanks at Rotterdam and Amsterdam, because the Dutch failed to do so in the hour of danger.

In a message addressed to the world on May 21st, in one of the gravest hours of French and European history, the Prime Minister of France, M. Paul Reynaud, pointed out that the military command were faced with an enemy who conducted war with new methods, new tactics and a hitherto unknown plan of campaign. The methods he referred to had already been tried out by the Germans, first in Poland,

then in Norway, later in Holland and Belgium. It can hardly be accepted as sufficient excuse for the General Staffs that they were taken by surprise. It would appear that the '*Reichswehr* myth' persisted in the minds of the Western General Staffs until it was tragically falsified by Germany's threats to the very arteries of Western life. Up to that moment it was argued that Hitler might be a skilful enough politician, but that he was incapable of conducting a war. It was taken for granted that the German General Staff would wage war according to the rules of proved traditional military science. The authorities were unable, and perhaps unwilling, to realise that Hitler has made considerable progress, that he has conquered his own army and forced it to adopt his tactics, his strategy and his way of thinking about warfare. They did not know, apparently, that Hitler's principle, in warfare as in politics, is, as he has himself expressed it, that he who would win must essay the impossible. The attack in the Ardennes sector had seemed impossible and improbable. Hitler divined what the opposing military authorities had not foreseen, and what no general staff was therefore prepared to encounter. In addition, by his operations in Holland and Belgium, he managed to divert to those parts some of the best French and British troops. Germany applied methods which were beyond the imagination of conservative strategists. The onslaught was political as well as military, and military operations were carried on from within as well as from without. German parachutists proved in Holland that this weapon, originally conceived in Russia, is an aggressive factor of the first magnitude. Still more dangerous to the attacked was the landing of troops from transport 'planes. It is reliably estimated that between 10,000 and 15,000 parachutists were dropped over Holland. Some wore German, others wore French, British or Belgian uniforms, still others were disguised as policemen, workmen, peasants and women. Their main task was to supply information to the German authorities about possible landing-places; they were also to disrupt communications and to spread panic among the civilian population. One half of the Dutch casualties, which are estimated at a figure of 70,000 to 80,000, were caused either by parachutists or by members of the Fifth Column. It is known that the political organisation

of the Fifth Column in Holland worked with terrifying precision. Not only was Holland a theatre of war with Germany, but that country was also in a state of civil war. Dutchman fired at Dutchman. Many years of untiring underground work, initiated, supported, financed and conducted by Germany, brought about the disintegration of national unity and will to resist to an extent which was fatal to the country. Germany's political methods—if one can make such a distinction—contributed more to the annihilation of Holland than did her military operations. Events in Belgium and France have proved, yet again, what has been no secret for some time: that in those countries, too, Germany has been, and probably still is, in possession of certain footholds for interfering with the war effort of those countries. In this sense the problem of the Fifth Column will remain in existence so long as the war lasts. It will remain a problem until victory—military victory—over National Socialist ideology has been achieved. Until this victory is won, the Fifth Columnists will remain a danger to the security of our existence. The strictest measures must be taken against them, and unrelenting efforts made both to render individuals harmless and to destroy their organisations. The urgency is the greater because the Fifth Columnist, if acting from conviction, is prepared to do anything in his power, by any nefarious means, to weaken organised resistance both in this country and in all possible theatres of war. The violence and precision of Germany's military advance as far as the neighbourhood of the Channel ports have brought about surprise situations which cannot be sufficiently explained by traditional conceptions of military operations. The German move was revolutionary. The tactical outline of this warfare and the perfect and efficient co-ordination of every single detail have considerably contributed to bringing the Western Powers to the verge of defeat. On the other hand, however, it was this co-ordination of the German war machinery which in the hour of utmost danger made the Allies realise to the full the German issue, with all its consequences. The hour may be late, but not too late, even with Hitler standing on our doorstep. His aim is the march towards this island, which he declares to be an island no longer in the military and strategic sense, and which,

he claims, will soon cease to exist as a political reality, once he is on the march. Hitler has won the first rounds in the battle for this island, which he considers to be his main political and military opponent in the struggle between all he stands for and all we are fighting against. He wants to strike at England in order to destroy the European embodiment of an idea which the French and British Empires represent to the world and which, besides its geographical and structural unity, crystallises all the spiritual, cultural, mental and religious values which have been sought and longed for throughout the centuries, until our day. Hitler's challenge is not only to a geographical and political entity. He challenges the very basis of our humanity and the issues which have been fought for throughout the ages, and for which, for the second time in a generation, nations are bleeding the world over. And yet the present challenge is wider and more comprehensive than ever before. Not because Germany may be stronger in the military sense, and we may be weaker, not because Germany has so far won more victories threatening our existence, than in the first phase of the war in 1914, but—and this is decisive—because for the first time in history we have to face a fully and methodically organised Power which has been elaborately and consistently trained for its task—a revolutionary German Empire with undivided will power and dynamic impetus. The Germans have succeeded where the Russians have failed in mobilising and organising total revolution. And just as they have organised and completed this revolution inside the Reich with unrelenting consistency and brutality, so are they now determined to throw all the powers of their state, political, diplomatic and military, in a revolutionary sense, into the decisive struggle.

We are faced by a German revolution, a revolution which, quite apart from its political aims, refuses to recognise any strategic traditions of warfare, any guaranteed rights, and which does not feel bound by promises glibly given and often repeated. Neither does it recognise the humanisation of war, because the Germans are convinced that disturbances in the rear, the fight against civilians, will ultimately bring about a crisis of morale and lead to collapse. Many have questioned in the last few days whether there was any sense in cruelly

murdering poor refugees who were merely fleeing from the German war machine. It has been asked whether there was any purpose in this, or whether it is just an expression of degenerate bloodthirstiness when German pilots machine-gun helpless and destitute people. It may be answered that in the background of it all there is systematic deliberation. Those deeds, scarcely credible from a human standpoint, betray a will for unrestrained destruction and the hope that this destruction will break down morale: the belief, further, that after the collapse the 'German Eagle' will dominate shores which have been spared the cadaverous smell of Western Europe.

Great Britain and France have understood the challenge at the eleventh hour, and in a situation which is strategically extremely dangerous. Tragic mistakes only recently committed have allowed the enemy to establish himself at various points which must be considered to be key positions for future big attacks. But we are fighting back. It was difficult for France to overcome the shock of the enemy's penetration to the heart of the country. For a moment it seemed that the morale of the nation might not be able to rally in face of the enemy. The overwhelming effects of those events seemed too powerful for a nation which for twenty years had been lulled into the feeling of security that nothing could happen to her frontiers, and that the great Maginot Line would keep every enemy in check. Experts realised, what was kept from public knowledge, that no defence is ever impregnable if the attacker is careless of the human lives he sacrifices, and if he has been in a position to adapt his technical weapons of aggression to the strength of the defences. When reality corrected the policy of years past, the French people seemed unable to grasp the facts. Now they have recovered faith in themselves. They are going about their work with quiet determination and carrying on with the organisation of their industries. Their minds and hearts are set upon providing the sum of all means of defence which have been asked for by their Prime Minister and their new Commander-in-Chief, General Weygand.

At the same time, the French army has developed counter-offensives on a large scale, the results of which cannot be foreseen at the moment. One thing is certain: the French

army has recovered its old fighting spirit, as its leaders assure us, we may expect the united British and French armies in France to give their utmost to the coming struggle. They have now adapted themselves to the methods of the enemy. They are beginning to understand the new tactics of the German army, and how to encounter the new kind of offensive weapons. The two countries are making the most powerful effort in the history of mankind, and are firmly determined to pit against the German war-machine the total production, total reserves, and total will-power of two great empires. When, under the pressure of events, Mr. Winston Churchill formed his Government of National Unity, a new chapter was opened in the conduct of the war. Hitler has contributed his share towards proving that the war against German revolution can only be won by the sword and not by half-hearted measures, nor by hoping for a collapse for lack of raw materials or difficulties in obtaining supplies. With the passing of the Emergency Powers Bill (May 22nd), the Churchill Government has created the statutory basis for total mobilisation and total warfare. In the period between now and the carrying into effect of this measure the attack of the enemy against this country may be imminent. He intends to strike the fatal blow at a moment which will not find us ready to throw in all our reserves. This may happen. It may also happen that the diplomatic efforts now being made towards clarifying the attitude of Italy and of Russia may be decided, not by our goodwill for an understanding, but by the outcome of the struggle now being waged in France, and possibly by the outcome of attacks against this country. The sympathetic attitude towards the distress in Europe shown in the United States during the last few days may cause that country to adopt more constructive forms of assistance than have so far been forthcoming. But in all probability that assistance will come into effect only when the Allies have already fought the battle of life and death. The men and women of this country, in these days of danger, and in face of the imminent threat, have steeled their hearts and are more confident than ever in their belief that the German revolution shall, and will be annihilated by the ultimate victory of the Allies.

'EUROPEAN OBSERVER.'

POLAND UNDER OCCUPATION

[We publish two accounts showing the character of the German and Russian occupation of Poland. The first is by an Englishwoman, who was an eye-witness to the scenes described. We withhold her name as well as the names of persons, for mention of these might lead to reprisals by the Germans. She herself is now in this country, but if her name were published her Polish friends might be identified and be made to suffer. We regard her account of the German invasion of Poland as of very considerable historic interest. It reveals not only the ruthlessness of the invader, but also throws some light on the activities of the German 'fifth column,' which was as active in Poland as it has been in Norway and Holland.

The second account, which gives some details of the Russian as well as of the German occupation of Poland, is based on letters written by reputable persons and smuggled out of the occupied territories, so as to elude the German and Russian censorships. It also gives some details supplied by persons who were able to escape secretly from these territories. All the details given have been carefully checked and collated.—THE EDITOR.]

I

DURING the months of July and August I was staying in a forester's house near the western frontier of Poland. Other ladies with their children were also there and their husbands came for the week-ends. We knew that German troops were massed on our frontier, 3 km. within German territory, but in the peace of the forest no news whatever reached us, and only once did I see a small number of Polish soldier cyclists ride down the lane which led past our house. These were the only troops we saw.

For some three weeks the men from Bydgoszcz had brought increasingly serious news, and in reply to our

usual questions always gave the same answer, 'There will be war, it is unavoidable.' Every evening the forest and field hands came to the house to hear the wireless news, but it told us little.

On Sunday, August 27th, however, the forester brought news that movements had been observed on the German side of the frontier, and it was hastily decided that I should return to Bydgoszcz, taking the four youngest children with me. All 'buses westward had ceased running and we had to return by train, with some delay. What struck me was the perfect quiet of the Sunday crowds and the entire absence of any sign of panic.

Arrived in Bydgoszcz, I found the same quiet reigning. Air raid precautions were still being carried out, reserves of food purchased, and so on; there was anxiety, but again no panic. On the evening of Thursday, August 31st, the forester's wife and eldest daughter arrived, having hurriedly left the town where they lived, and where there had been a muster of horses for the Polish Army on that day to which the forester had sent his two horses. German aeroplanes had bombed them and killed many, including one of the forester's. That night a report came that German tanks and lorries were entering the forest, and the forester and his assistant got away on their motor bicycles, joining us early on Friday, September 1st, the day on which we had our first air raid, soon followed by a second. I was out in the town during both, and on my way home when it was over I counted six buildings ablaze; they seemed to be all civilian buildings. So far as I know no military damage was done. During the last few days large numbers of Germans must have entered Bydgoszcz secretly across the 'green frontier,' and from Danzig.

Evidently large quantities of arms, rifles and machine-guns had been smuggled across the frontier and concealed in the town or its environs, for from this day on the Germans in large numbers began sniping from the windows of German houses and flats, and continued it day and night till the entry of the German forces. They also machine-gunned us from the roofs, and fired upon everything, men, women and horses (fortunately children were seldom in the streets). A dead horse lay in our street for two days because it was too

which I three times visited was a German house, and the inhabitants fired on the station continually, though the Red Cross flag was displayed, when the stretcher-bearers were bringing in casualties.

On September 1st, two Germans, father and son, were shot in our street as they were in possession of hand grenades, and when challenged by soldiers ran away, firing at their pursuers. The soldiers shot them.

Also I was told that the German proprietor of a chemist's shop was arrested and shot for being in possession of a hand grenade. Another hand grenade exploded within a few yards of a shop where I was buying. Later on, such incidents were too common to be recorded.

There were six or possibly seven air raids on September 2nd. Two were driven off by Polish 'planes, but the others got in and apparently did little damage. It was, I think, on this day that the decision was made to arm the citizens of the town, as the soldiers were being withdrawn. The order came from Warsaw to the town president, but there seems to have been some undue haste and perhaps a little confusion in carrying it out, for it was said (and I believe with truth) that many Germans represented themselves as loyal citizens and received arms. Certainly, afterwards, the sniping seemed to increase greatly.

The mayor also received the order to go at once to Warsaw with all municipal documents and funds. He left in his car just before the Germans arrived. The report was immediately spread by the Germans that he had absconded with all the town treasure and was responsible for the death of many German citizens.[1]

The so-called 'Bloody Sunday' of September 3rd has, of course, been the theme of much German propaganda, and

[1] Hearing of this charge he returned after a time to defend his honour and was arrested by the Germans together with his wife and son, who was quite a youth. He was kept prisoner for some time and then had a pretence of a trial (by court martial, I believe). The charges mentioned were brought against him and upheld, although he produced evidence that he had strictly carried out official orders. He was condemned to death and finally shot after having been treated in a shameful and humiliating way, so that he constantly begged to have the judgment carried out immediately. The fate of his wife and son remained for some time doubtful. Just before leaving the town I was told that the wife had been released, but the son was still in prison. Another version was that he had been shot, but I never learned what had actually happened to him.

it was on this day that I was shot at for the first time but not hurt. I was in the streets off and on from 9 a.m. to about 4 p.m., having gone out to see friends and to inquire how they had got through Saturday's bombing.

There was a good deal of bombing on this day, and I had to take shelter two or three times, which delayed my return. Between 1 and 2 p.m. I went to the house of an acquaintance as the bombing began again, and there heard that about an hour or so before I arrived a detachment of Polish artillery drove quietly through the main street past this house, evidently in retreat and on their way to join the forces beyond the town. They were followed soon after, at a smart pace, by a battery which had covered their retreat and was now hastening to rejoin them. As they passed a German house on the opposite side there was a burst of firing from the windows; the officer gave the order to halt, turned a gun upon the house and fired, whereupon the sniping ceased and the battery continued on its way. After this the civilian guards arrested all Germans whom they found with arms in their possession and they were shot out of hand.

While we were talking, a member of the household came home from church and said that there had been sniping from the turrets of the Jesuit Church as the congregation was leaving, and here again arrests were made and the people with arms shot, but I saw no signs of atrocities.

The German accounts later spoke of fierce fighting going on in the streets adjacent to the main street mentioned above, but I stood at the door of a house in one of these streets where I had taken cover from an air raid, and looking out into the sunlit street I saw at one end an old lady and gentleman taking their dog for a walk, and at the other end I saw Polish soldiers going along in single file on both sides of the street close to the houses to get protection from the bombing 'planes. From later reports we learned that the Germans had miscalculated; they had believed that the German troops would enter the town on the 3rd, and hence the augmented shooting, as they threw off all pretence of moderation, but the troops did not appear until the afternoon of the 5th.

About 4 p.m. I went home up the main street, stopping to watch two guns firing at three 'planes high overhead, but

apart from that the street was perfectly quiet. Later reports explained that the frontier guards and some artillery had held up the enemy on our part of the frontier, hence the delay in their progress.

September 4th was a day of anxious waiting; I do not even remember whether there was an air raid, but there were more on the following day. I was in the town and had to take shelter three times. Finally I went to a friend living in the main street. About 2 p.m. the firing became much hotter and seemed to come closer; we still thought it was increased sniping. About half an hour later, as the noise increased, one of our number went down to see what was happening, and returned a few minutes later saying that the Germans were in the town.

I at once started for home, and near the place where I was fired at on Sunday I saw the body of a young air raid warden who had been shot through the head, though he was a non-combatant and unarmed. I went to the Red Cross first-aid station, where I saw a Red Cross stretcher-bearer dying; he had been killed by a hand grenade, of which the '*Volksdeutsche*' seemed to have an unlimited quantity. As I was going through the street a group of people called me to take cover as sniping was going on. As I entered a house there was the flash of a rifle from an opposite window; evidently the Germans in this part of the town had not yet heard of the entry of the troops.

When I reached home I heard that a young man and a young woman living in the house (air raid wardens) had been shot, the man through the window of his room and the woman as she left the house to go to her duties He died two days later, and she is crippled for life.

From this time on life was a nightmare of horror. The Germans started the campaign of falsehood about the Polish atrocities on the so-called 'Bloody Sunday,' and almost the first victims of this campaign were some twenty little Boy Scouts, from twelve to sixteen years of age, who were set up in the market-place against a wall and shot. No reason was given. A devoted priest who rushed to administer the Last Sacrament was shot too. He received five wounds. A Pole said afterwards that the sight of those children lying dead was the most piteous of all

the horrors he saw. That week the murders continued. Thirty-four of the leading tradespeople and merchants of the town were shot and many other leading citizens. The square was surrounded by troops with machine-guns.

Among the thirty-four was a man whom I knew who was too ill to take any part in politics or public affairs. When the execution took place he was too weak to stand, and fell down; they beat him and dragged him again to his feet. Another of the first victims was a boy of seventeen, the only son of a well-known surgeon who had died a year before. The father had been greatly esteemed by all and had treated Poles and Germans with the same care and devotion. We never heard what the poor lad was accused of.

An instance of one horrible execution was related by a friend of mine. This person was standing at a window which overlooked a garden when the tramp of feet was heard and a party of civilians entered, accompanied by Gestapo and S.S. An order was given and the civilians formed up into a line; the observer thought they had come to go through military exercises. A second order was given and the men dropped on their knees and at a third order began to crawl to and fro on their hands and knees. Then the police began to shoot and continued shooting until the last of their prisoners lay still. The shooting was, of course, heard, and there was commotion in the streets, those in the street trying to force the iron gates, and those within threatening to shoot them unless they went away. At last the commotion ceased and the people were driven away, but soon after the Gestapo were given another house outside the town.

These are only a few examples of the indiscriminate murders which took place. The shooting was still going on when I left the town. At the beginning it was done by the soldiers, afterwards the Gestapo and the S.S. took it over and exceeded the troops in cruelty.

When the soldiers first entered the town their minds were inflamed against the Poles by the stories of horrible atrocities which the Poles had committed on the Germans, and to revenge they themselves acted with the most appalling savagery. Stories were spread of how hundreds of mutilated German corpses had been found in the forest, with eyes put

out and tongues torn out, and photographs of the victims were shown to foreign newspaper correspondents.

It was quite true that hundreds of such corpses were found, but they were of Poles, great numbers being of women and children who had fled from the town when the Germans approached and were hunted and machine-gunned by German airmen who had followed them. An acquaintance of mine who fled with her husband and two children, but had to return as they found no place of refuge, said that the saddest sight was the number of little corpses that strewed the way—babies and little ones who succumbed to exposure and want of food, or were shot down in the flight.

There were corpses of Germans who had also fled, but the number was small, and they would, like the Poles, be targets for the 'planes. It was also observed that the names of these people were printed at intervals six or eight times in the lists of victims, but were each time reckoned as fresh victims in order to lengthen the list.

The following occurrence, told to a friend of mine by the only survivor, may illustrate this point An old German woman and twelve other Germans decided to flee together to a forest place several kilometres from the town and take refuge with the Catholic priest there. They were on foot, and when evening came on they were still about an hour's walk from the place, so they turned into a cottage in the hamlet they were passing through and decided to spend the night there. The old woman was uneasy and wished to press on, but the others refused. When the others were sleeping she got up and crept out of the house (she was a very devout Catholic and said a voice told her not to delay). When only a short distance from the house she heard 'planes approaching and, turning to see where they were going, saw the cottage struck by a bomb and totally destroyed. She said that everyone in the house was killed and the corpses were terribly mutilated, but—as we see—by German 'planes, not by Polish murderers.

The looting of the town began at once. Already, on September 6th, officers and their womenkind visited the shops, chose of the best everything they wanted and had it carried to their cars, many of which had also been stolen from the citizens, and when the trader suggested writing out the

account, he was told 'these are reprisals for the war begun by Poland.'

Later on all Polish shops were closed, lorries driven up to the doors and the stock-in-trade thrown out of the windows by numbers of '*Jungdeutsche*,' while others stacked everything rapidly in the lorries which were driven directly to Germany. Now there is not a single shop in Polish hands; the owners were driven out and everything they possessed was confiscated. Germans were put in possession as trustees. Not a penny was paid to the owners of the businesses, and before I left preparations were already being made to install the trustees as owners of the shop and goodwill. I was told that rent and outgoings of various kinds were to be paid to the Government, the Polish house-owners having, of course, also been robbed of their property.

Even when substitute wares were sent from Germany the Poles were not allowed to buy, only the Germans who received cards permitting them to purchase. There were plenty of cards but very little to sell, even to the Germans.

Then began the movement against the intellectual classes and the well-to-do citizens. They were seized and sent to internment camps, first of all to the soldiers' empty barracks, where they were ill-treated and murdered at the pleasure of their gaolers.

The conditions were terrible—no sanitation, no proper water supply, the prisoners, men and women, being driven down indiscriminately from their rooms to the latrines early in the morning and again in the evening. Otherwise they might not leave their rooms. It was no wonder that under such filthy conditions typhus soon made its appearance. The prisoners had to sleep on stone or board floors with a thin layer of straw as beds; the straw was damp and verminous, lice and bugs swarmed. What was perhaps most nerve-racking was the way in which, daily, internees would be called up by name and led away, never to return. A friend of mine told me that in the yard of his prison there were 500 graves beaten quite flat, that no one might recognise them as graves. That was at the beginning. Later there were many more.

The insanitary conditions were such that an old German

went to investigate and made strong representations to the officials that if things were not improved there was every probability of cholera breaking out, and as he said, 'cholera will not stop to ask whether you are Pole or German, it will strike everywhere.'

His advice was ignored, and he himself forbidden to continue his medical activities. He was condemned to house arrest, because he had been disloyal enough to try to protect the Poles. His warning was justified, for soon after typhus broke out and spread with such rapidity that the prisoners had to be evacuated. They were distributed among other prisons in the town and in neighbouring towns. There were thousands of prisoners, though I cannot give the exact number.

The clergy were treated even more cruelly. One canon was condemned to clean out the latrines with his hands, and when a younger priest ran forward to do the filthy work for his superior, he was shot down like a dog. Another was led two or three times through the town with his hands above his head. The people, recognising his figure, ran after him, crying, 'It is our Canon,' but when he turned to them they shrank back in dismay, for his face and head were so swollen and discoloured by blows that they could hardly recognise him. The only reason given for this brutality was that he was too proud, and held his head too high. Both these priests have now been removed, it is said to Germany, but when I left the town no one knew for certain where they were, or if they were dead or alive. The priests were confined in underground cellars and their condition was so terrible that when a letter was smuggled in to one asking whether anything could be done for him, he replied that they should pray for his speedy death.

A man who had been in the same prison with the priests told a friend of mine that the treatment they received was impossible to put into words. All religious communities were treated alike; the Jewish Synagogue was the first church to be destroyed; this was done at once, and in a very short time not a stone of it was to be seen In the second week of February the destruction of the seventeenth-century Jesuit Church was begun and was almost finished by the 16th, the day on which I left. It was the church from which the firing took place. The reason given was that an English 'plane

had dropped incendiary bombs on the two turrets, which made the church unsafe and consequently it had to be pulled down. The two turrets certainly did burn one night and hundreds of people saw it, but no one either heard or saw an aeroplane that night. When I left it was being said that a fine new church, built about twenty-five or thirty years ago, entirely from the money of the Polish citizens, is to be the next one to disappear.

All Polish schools, too, have disappeared, and the children have to go to the German schools, where the only instruction they have is in the German language, and this in spite of the fact that during the twenty years of Polish dominion the Germans were allowed to have and to build German schools with German teachers. Fortunately the military governor of the town issued a decree that the Poles were not fit to give the Nazi salute or to sing the German national anthem and folk-songs, so they were spared that humiliation, which the German teachers were already trying to force upon them.

Right from the first, Polish girls of fifteen years old and upwards were sent to Germany in large numbers. It was only after several weeks that mothers began to receive letters from their daughters saying they were having medical treatment, injections being administered three times weekly, they did not know why, but it made them feel ill, and some of the girls were said to have been in hospital for three weeks. In February or a little earlier a new decree was issued that girls of sixteen to twenty-five were to be sent to Germany, by Hitler's orders, 'to refresh German blood,' and only a short time before I left yet another order was issued to the head teachers of schools that the names of all boys and girls of fourteen and upwards were to be notified to the German officials.

These children were arrested in the streets or their homes and sent by train loads to Germany, for what purpose the parents could only conjecture. The parents are in despair. Those who can, send their children away to distant places, the so-called unannexed part of Poland and so on, but even then they do not know whether they are safe. The Germans say this special treatment is to protect the children from certain diseases, but the Polish belief is that it is to induce

Meanwhile, since Christmas the banishment of thousands to other parts of the country, destination unknown, or to Germany, still goes on. The men are mostly sent to work in Germany. With the women and children the procedure is somewhat different. Generally the people were aroused about 2 a.m., given twenty minutes to clothe themselves and their children, and then turned out, only partially clad, into the bitter cold. They had to go to the nearest square or park and there they waited under armed escort until the number of families, 'generally four hundred,' had joined them, probably by about 6 a.m. They were then packed either into unheated cattle trucks or into open country wagons and were driven for hours across country. In one such transport old women of seventy-five were included, some of them relatives of my friends. If their relations were fortunate they might, after some weeks, receive a postcard saying the evacuated had been brought to such and such a place and set to work on the land. Of course all the furniture of their homes was seized and confiscated. As if this was not enough, the Germans added mental tortures to their misery.

In a little village near S—— the villagers were aroused on the night of the Tuesday before Christmas (December 21st) and driven out in the usual way to await the time when all should be assembled. After they had waited for a long time a message was brought that the order of evacuation was cancelled and the people might return to their homes. They fell on their knees thanking God for their deliverance and went home happy in the thought that they would spend Christmas as always. On Christmas Eve, in the midst of their simple rejoicing, a knock came at their doors and without any preparation they were dragged out, put into waiting carts and driven away from their homes.

Doctors, lawyers, professors, teachers, dentists, in fact all professional men, have been forbidden to practise, ejected from their homes, expelled from 'Greater Poland,' their furniture and all possessions seized. I was told that some doctors are now beginning in Warsaw and its districts. This is still going on. At first the excuse was that the Germans were sending away the Poles who had come in from Congress ('Russian') and Galicia (Austrian Poland), but soon they abandoned that excuse and deported men and

women who with their parents and grandparents had been born in the provinces of Pomerania and Posen. Various friends of mine who come under this description are banished.

Before the Germans had been a month in the town they forbade the use of Polish, both in the home and in the Church, although the Poles had allowed the use of German during their twenty years of dominion. The '*Volksdeutsche*' are particularly brutal in enforcing this order. An elderly lady, who apparently did not know German, was speaking Polish very softly to her companion in the tram when a man got up, gave her a violent blow on the ear, and said, 'Will that teach you not to speak your filthy language?' Men and women in the street were slashed across the face with dog-whips if they spoke their mother tongue to one another, and one day a young lady told how, when a little girl about four years old and her brother, about seven or eight, were talking Polish together, she saw a '*Volksdeutscher*' policeman strike the baby in the face and beat the little boy unmercifully in the street.

As already mentioned, the Synagogue was the first building to be destroyed, and the maltreatment of the Jews began at once. Before the war of 1914–1918 there were not a great many in the town, probably only a few hundred, and they were largely of the well-to-do mercantile and professional classes, but after 1920 they arrived in ever-increasing numbers, until there must have been some thousands; I cannot say how many, but some streets of the old town especially were almost entirely inhabited by Jews. On one Monday soon after the occupation sixty people were shot, of whom the greater part were said to be Jews.

In the small neighbouring towns the Jews, so I heard, were completely exterminated, men, women and children being shot. I asked a German lady if this were true, and she said it was, and that in one of these towns there lived two old ladies, educated German Jewesses, who had been born and had lived there all their lives; she said they were really nice women and had been on the friendliest terms with her parents, and these two poor old women had been murdered with the rest of the Jews in the town. I myself used commonly on my walks to meet two old Jewish sisters who were natives of the town, educated German Jewesses, but

after the Germans entered I never saw them again, nor could I ascertain what had become of them.

The policy of ejecting and deporting so many thousands led to the emptying of many dwellings. Before I left, over 3,000 were standing empty, and the number was increasing. These were largely the best and most expensive flats and houses in the town. They naturally paid no rates, and so the town had lost a great part of its revenue.

Now the empty dwellings are being filled with Baltic Germans, and other intruders, whose conduct in many cases is in no way better than that of the '*Volksdeutsche*.' One doctor turned out the wife of a Polish doctor, with her two little children, into the street with nothing but a paper parcel in her hand. The Pole had owned a large and well-equipped clinic and was in most comfortable circumstances. Now he is a fugitive and his wife and children destitute. That same Balt afterwards went to the wife of another doctor and demanded from her a picture which was the only valuable she had been able to rescue of her absent husband's property. She had to give it up.

A German doctor was placed in possession of the practice, home and splendidly fitted surgery and consulting rooms of a specialist for ears, nose and throat. The doctor had to flee and his wife and children also. When the latter returned they found the stranger in possession. He refused to allow them even one room to shelter in, and also kept possession of their entire wardrobes. The position of all these poor fugitives was terrible; on their return after despairing wanderings they found their homes sealed and themselves homeless and penniless. Naturally they returned from their flight with torn garments and worn-out shoes, but no prayers induced the Germans to return any of their property. One poor mother with an eight-year-old daughter begged to be allowed a change of clothing for each, as what they had on was borrowed from friends, but the official replied 'Not a single chemise shall you have,' and had them expelled from his office.

There were thousands of such cases, and everyone who could spare from their own depleted wardrobe gave what they could; but soon their power to help was exhausted, and things were made worse because the Germans robbed the

Red Cross of gifts sent to them for distribution. Even the Polish wounded were not spared; the townspeople heard that their wounded in hospital were lying on the floor often covered only by their coats, and they sent linen and all coverings they could spare for them, but were finally requested to send no more, because the Germans took the things for their own people. In Poznan '*caritas*' had received help for these poor destitutes, but the Germans raided their store and took everything.

The inhabitants have made every effort to keep up the Polish character of the town. At the end of October, after Germans had been pouring in by thousands, the Germans were so certain that their countrymen had approached equality that they held a census. The arrangements were such that the Germans could record their numbers very quickly, but the Poles would not be discouraged—many stood in the waiting lines from 9 or 10 a.m. to 5 or 6 p.m. (I myself stood for three and a half hours), and when it was evident that they could not possibly be admitted that day (Sunday), the papers were distributed to be filled in at home. The result displeased the Germans intensely, for it showed that the Poles still numbered 80 per cent. of the population.

No doubt the deportations have reduced this percentage, but the conditions in Poznan have now so much deteriorated and so many refugees now come from there to the town that it must have some effect on the population. In our flat were three of these unfortunates—an old widow lady, her unmarried daughter and a granddaughter of ten. The old lady had not dared to go to bed for three weeks; finally she and the child were brought by her daughter to the town, penniless and with the scantiest stock of clothing. Her married daughter and her daughter-in-law had been in the concentration camp at Posen for nine weeks when I left Poland, and were expecting every day to be deported in one of the deadly unheated trains to an unknown destination.

Of course everything they possessed had been seized and they had only the clothes they were arrested in, and one of them had the cover of a baby's perambulator for the night. The conditions were terrible—damp floor to sleep on with a thin layer of damp straw, the rooms heated during the day

rations. Hardly a morning passed on which some frozen child's corpse was not removed from the quarters.

Had the husband of one of the ladies not managed at great cost to have some food smuggled in they would probably have starved.

And yet the hope and faith of the Poles of that part of the country was as strong as at the beginning of the war, and their faith in England so great that it sometimes terrified me. An old lawyer and his wife were being expelled from the town, destitute and only allowed to save the furniture of one bedroom. I went to say good-bye and tried to give them some comfort. The old man said, 'Yes, we know that Poland will rise again. England has promised, and to doubt her word and her honour would be to doubt the Mercy of God.'

Another friend, a middle-aged doctor, who with his wife was in the same position, said to me, 'To doubt England would be like doubting God.' Another friend, a woman this time, said, 'We know that Poland will live again and be stronger than ever, but we shall not be here to see it.' Her words were prophetic, for a few days later, on October 21st, she, her husband and their only son were arrested and we have never been able to trace them, but have every reason to believe they were murdered. Their house was plundered the next day; it and all their property had already been confiscated. Hope for Poland is strong, but for themselves it is dying or already dead. 'We shall not be here, but England has given her word and Poland will live again.'

God grant that England may justify their faith.

II

1. The German Occupation

Nearly all churches are closed; some have been turned into storehouses or garages. Ancient historical and beautiful buildings have been destroyed; in the very few where priests have been left, religious ceremonies are allowed only during a few hours daily or weekly, after which they are closed. The greater part of the clergy is in prison, and the population is deprived of all religious help.

The Cardinal of Cracow is allowed to celebrate the Holy

Eucharist only a few times a week behind the locked doors of the Cathedral and with no congregation. The treatment of arrested priests is peculiarly cruel. Many of the old and weak have been executed after having had to walk miles in their night attire during the coldest weather, with their arms up; they were executed in public places, the population being compelled to assist, and they were refused the last spiritual comforts and Christian burial. Many priests have been taken to concentration camps, where they have to work excessively. They are insulted, abused, starved. They are also compelled to clean the streets and beaten. After the famous Vatican broadcasts all of them received five blows with rubber sticks. Some were ill afterwards.

Nor are women respected. Hundreds were executed together with men, under the slightest pretext, often on fantastic charges of having 'persecuted' Germans. Women belonging to the intellectual or aristocratic class often reject the advances of German officers; opposition is fatal. Some time ago a very beautiful woman, married a few months before the war, was executed in Cracow for the 'crime' of having refused to talk and dance with a German officer in a restaurant.

Many women from the intellectual class, even mothers, are taken to Germany for forced labour. Young girls are sent to the brothels for soldiers, behind the lines of the Western front, and poor girls in Cracow who are seeking work are kept by force in brothels for the soldiers there. In the province of Pomorze several groups of Polish boys and girls (each group comprising several hundreds) were sterilised. It is stated quite openly that the fecundity of the Polish population must be reduced by every possible means. Many girls were executed during the first weeks of the occupation if they were known to belong to the Scout organisation, some for destroying posters insulting England and France.

During so-called 'reprisal expeditions' hundreds of passers-by have been executed, including old women and mothers with infants, for one German soldier killed by an unknown hand. For instance, in Wawer, a small town near Warsaw, a train was stopped and 100 travellers were taken out for execution, as not enough permanent residents of the [illegible] to satisfy the vengeance of the German

soldiers—as a reprisal for two of their drunken colleagues killed during a dispute in a restaurant.

Many children of four, five and six are taken away by force from their parents if the name of any of them is not purely Polish. Protests are useless. The children are taken to German schools and are lost for their family. The youth is also compelled to attend German schools, where everything is done to Germanise it utterly. One hundred and forty boys between thirteen and sixteen were executed some months ago in Western Poland because they did not want to sing a song in praise of Hitler. Boys and girls over sixteen are taken to Germany for hard work, and it is strictly prohibited to German villagers to treat them normally, humanly, as they would often like to do. The same applies to prisoners of war, who are sent to villages to help in agriculture; under menace of severe punishments the villagers are ordered never to treat them humanly or to give them food at their own table, etc. A German girl, for the kindness shown to Polish prisoners, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and German officers who refused to take possession of fully furnished flats—the property of Polish intellectuals who were brutally thrown out into the street—regarding it as being against their code of ethics and honour, have been shot dead in Warsaw as a punishment and 'as a warning to other Germans.'

The deportation of vast numbers of people from one province to another causes vast suffering. The following facts are typical. A family, living in Western Poland, were visited by the Gestapo. The four children were in bed with coughs. The German policemen said: 'In half an hour you must be ready to go away.' They took some food, a small bag, 100 zlotys, wrapped up the children in warm rugs and furs and . . . were ready. They were put in a train, in cattle waggons, of course without any heating. It was 25° C. below zero. Forty-eight people, of all classes, were in one waggon, which was closed and sealed. The train went on for thirty-six hours without stopping. It was icy-cold weather. Many of the people were without food or sufficient warm clothing. When the train stopped, six corpses of frozen children were taken out. The martyrdom was not finished. All the people were locked into a cold,

empty railway waggon for another twenty-four hours without food. Then they were released and could go where they liked, in an unknown place, miles from the nearest town, with the thermometer standing at 25° below zero. The mother and children went to Warsaw, the children half-alive, saved only by the furs.

This treatment is quite common in Poland nowadays, and is constantly employed by both Germans and Russians. Not long ago a big party of Poles were sent from the Russian occupied area to Warsaw in open waggons used for the transport of timber and coal. When they arrived many were half frozen, and both hands of one of them, a famous Polish surgeon of the Warsaw University, had to be amputated.

In the same way the Germans sent a sealed train full of Ukrainians to the Russian occupied area. It stood for hours and days at the stations—the way being occupied by transports—during the greatest cold, 35° Reaumur. At Lwow, its destination, when the train was opened nobody was alive. It is a fact, however incredible it may seem.

Here are quotations from a letter recently received from Warsaw:

> With us every month is worse and more difficult. It is impossible to describe the barbarity, cruelty and negation of all principles of ethics and culture in the midst of which we have to live. The programme of the Germans is short and clear: to 'evacuate' all Polish population from Western to Central Poland, as they want the former for their colonisation by Germans from other countries; to exterminate the intellectual class, leaving only peasants, workmen and craftsmen, those who will work for the Reich; to destroy all Polish culture and all the wealth of the country. This programme is carried out systematically and ruthlessly. All museums, collections, laboratories, all machinery from the factories, etc., have been already taken to Germany—from the Polytechnical School not only apparatuses, books and furniture, but even the installation of central heating has been 'evacuated.' To exterminate the intelligentsia, chiefly three methods are used: depriving it of all work, which means starvation; extremely low salaries; and different kinds of repressions, like prisons, concentration camps, requisitions of all property, expulsion from homes, executions. I think many of these could be bravely supported, as our people show a real heroism, if those madmen obsessed with the idea of dominating the whole world were not so systematic, so diabolically ruthless in

their method of colonisation. Against this we are all helpless. . . . In Warsaw arrests and requisitions occur every day. Recently a big house in Narbut Street was requisitioned in the middle of the night; everybody was thrown out into the streets and not given time to put their shoes on. . . .

We often observe strange, curious facts, a behaviour which makes us think we are under the domination of people who are not normal, who suffer from a peculiar form of race-obsession. How else could one explain the following: Three Jews were crossing a street quietly. From the other side approached a young German soldier. Suddenly, with no visible reason, he insulted them, began to beat them, to spit and to shout with a fury which made him half mad. Here is another case: Some time ago a young student slipped in the street and, as he fell down, was unfortunate enough to knock accidentally against a passing German officer, who also fell down. The boy apologised and went his way. But a little further on they met a group of armed soldiers. The officer called them and ordered them to arrest the boy. He was severely beaten and insulted. His ring and watch were taken away and he was put into prison. After three days he was released, but his passport remained with the police. A few days later he was called to the General Staff office to fetch his papers. He entered a luxuriously furnished room and saw many high officers. One of them told him to take his passport from a little table. As he was bending to take it, he received a formidable blow from below, another one from the side in his jaw. Of course in the same moment his teeth were knocked out and his mouth full of blood. Is not that degenerate ferocity? Is it possible for a cultured man, an officer in a respectable army, to behave thus? . . . And the treatment meted out to men of science, professors of the Cracow University; they were shaved like criminals, dressed in thin prison coats during the greatest cold, forced to do heavy physical work with extremely poor food, sleeping in icy cold halls, two on one small dirty bed, insulted every day. Seventeen have already died—among them many of international fame. The fate of the others is bound to be the same.

With regard to Polish prisoners of war in German hands. Some time ago a party of these, found to be already unfit for labour, was sent to Warsaw. Those who have not seen them can hardly imagine that human beings could be reduced to such ruins—they look like human beings no longer. Skeletons covered with wounds from beating, with parts of the body swollen, starved, in rags, with bare feet in the bitter cold, they could hardly walk without help. They had been three

days and nights on the journey without food. All had to be sent to hospitals where they could have their first bath in six months. Their rags were full of lice and other insects. Many died in the hospital; it is doubtful whether the rest will ever recover their reason.

There is famine in hundreds of homes in Warsaw, and even more among the homeless. Since February it is increasing every day. One sees hundreds of children seated in the snow, weeping because they are hungry. Only black, heavy bread is obtainable at a comparatively low price—200 grs. per day; it saves from death, but not from disease; and what about those who have not money even for that? There are thousands of such. All other articles have disappeared long ago. They are sometimes obtainable at exorbitant prices, in secret, as there is a death penalty for buying and selling at high prices. Milk, butter, eggs, meat, fruits and sugar are luxuries unknown since many months to the average population. Potatoes are obtainable in small quantities.

The Germans are taking all they can. They are not hiding the fact that they would be glad to see as many Poles as possible starved. 'It will give more room for us,' they say. It is true that about 2,000,000 of the population have already perished under both occupations since the end of the war proper, from 35,000,000 of the total population of Poland.

II. The Russian Occupation

During the first two months it was better than under the German. Unfortunately that is no longer so. There is famine everywhere. 'Well-to-do' families are eating black bread, gruel and potatoes, others only bread soaked in 'water of soup,' made with water and a handful of flour. To obtain bread one had to stand before the shops often from midnight till 9 or 10 a.m. In general one cannot find anything in the shops. Not only foodstuffs, but other articles like needles, thread, knives, etc., have all been taken long ago by the Bolsheviks to Russia, as they themselves are short of everything. The crowning economic blow for the population in the occupied territory came on December 23rd, when, quite suddenly, the circulation of the Polish currency, the zloty, was stopped without the possibility of exchanging

zlotys into roubles. People who had savings received one-tenth of their value, often not even that. Only the permanent residents of Lwow could receive anything; the savings books of the others, of so many refugees from other parts of Poland, were destroyed. The fate of the people who came from other parts and provinces is most tragic. They are thrown out of the rooms, not allowed to seek work, not given the right to rations of bread, etc., as the Bolsheviks want to compel them to go to Russia, and this means a sure death in the opinion of all. Some of the workers, mostly miners, taken by force to Russia, often run away and say it is starvation there, for they can only buy one meal a day with what they earn.

The villagers of the occupied territories do not like to accept the Russian rouble, and they have stopped bringing food to town. Hunger is felt by many so acutely that there have been cases of suicide. Mothers have killed their small children because they were unable to see their sufferings. Nervous breakdowns are more and more frequent. They are increasing as the Bolsheviks are throwing out the lunatics from the asylums under the pretext that there is no money for their maintenance.

Hundreds of people are leaving the cities on foot, each carrying a small bag and going to unknown villages in the hope of finding some place where starvation will not be so painful. Some Americans, who came from Lwow not long ago, state that more than 5,000,000 of the population are bound to die if the Soviet does not allow America or other countries to bring food to this part of Poland. Indeed the situation there is more dreadful than human imagination can conceive.

Arrests are so common that men from the intellectual class do not sleep at home, but every night in a different friend's house. 'Ogpu' always comes during the night. One never knows what is the cause of the arrest. Anyone can denounce whom he likes by writing his name and leaving the card in a box at the 'Ogpu's' office. He receives 120 roubles reward for every denunciation of Polish and Ukrainian patriots or social workers. For several months executions have been going on. Nobody can visit the prisoners. Only once a month may fresh linen be brought in, but the dirty cannot be given back as it is all in rags. Twenty-four

hours before the execution the family is allowed to see the condemned. People say it is the worst torture. Not only intellectuals are executed, but workmen and villagers too. Not long ago all Polish Communists were arrested. The reason was unknown. Possibly a denunciation of their general opinion—to see Russian Communism in practice even for a few weeks is enough to be utterly cured of all sympathies for it, so much is it a parody of the original idea.

All the methods used in this part are like those of the Germans—barbarous and ruthless. There is one difference, however—there is less individual, sadistic cruelty, although little respect is shown for human life, either for that of their own people, or of the enemy.

The deportation to Russia, not only of individuals, but of whole villages, is carried out with the same cruelty as by the Germans. The village is surrounded by soldiers, generally during the night, and all inhabitants are taken to the nearest station. No exception is made of either the old, the weak or the ill, nor even of women with newly-born infants. These die by the dozen during the terrible journey and their corpses are thrown out through the little windows of the cattle waggons. In some districts one could follow the route of these deportation trains by the hundreds of frozen corpses lying along the railway line. At the station at Lwow, where these unfortunate people are put into another Russian train, twelve deliveries took place last month. Of course nearly all died. The villagers are sometimes allowed to take a few belongings with them, sometimes they are not. Those who oppose the order and remain in their beloved home are beaten. No wonder the hate of the population for Bolsheviks is tremendous.

The extermination of the intellectuals is also in the programme, and it is done quite successfully. There are tragedies in the schools. The following are examples: the teacher, a Russian Bolshevik, suggests that the children write a letter to Stalin. The children do not know how, and are perplexed. He writes himself, on the board: 'Dear Father Stalin, We thank thee most heartily for having liberated us from the slavery of the Polish Lords, and for having shown us the Sun of True Freedom and Happiness.' 'Now you will copy and sign,' he says. The children look amazed and

confused. Suddenly one begins to cry. 'What is the matter?' 'I will not sign it. It is not true. We are not happy. My mother always had enough fuel before and we were never hungry. We never had to freeze or to wait hours outside the shops. No, I cannot sign.' The girl is beaten and handed over to the police. She is taken to prison for a few days 'as a warning to others.' In another school the children put a cross back on the wall. It is a heavy crime. The cross is broken, the boys severely punished.

Many priests, Polish and Ukrainians, are arrested and taken to Russia. The churches have to pay such heavy taxes that they cannot exist. In many districts endeavours were made to close them, but the crowds showed great opposition. The women especially were ready to fight for their churches, even if it cost them their life.

Prisoners who have been soldiers are treated slightly better here than by the Germans. If they are officers or intellectuals it is almost worse. In cells where normally two are put, there are now ten standing closely together. They can sit down in turn on the floor, which is covered with excrement because the prisoners are not allowed to go out for 'the calls of nature.' The air is such that one can hardly breathe. Twice a week they are allowed to go for a ten minutes' walk. They are fed with water and beetroots and three times a week 200 grains of bread. Of course they cannot live long in such conditions.

There is a shortage of clothing in this part of Poland. During the bitterly cold weather one could see many women in the streets of Lwow without coats. They had to sell all they had to buy bread for their children. Some people made coats from jute sacks. The misery is incredible and impossible to imagine.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

After meeting Frederick William III, that particularly dull and insipid descendant of Frederick the Great, Napoleon remarked to Murat: 'It is one of the eternally impenetrable mysteries of creation that a genius ever found his way into that Hohenzollern family.'

Frederick the Great was a genius. He had that ruthlessness peculiar to all outstanding rulers of Germany, but he had intellect, taste, and great imagination as well. Nor does one feel that he was quite as insensitive as many of his predecessors and successors. Many of them, his own father for instance, or the Great Elector, seemed to love wanton destruction for its own sake; they were cruel merely for the sake of expressing their own natures. Frederick the Great was different. In his early years, at least, he derived no happiness from aggression. His death-mask makes one think of the head of some unhappy bird of prey. Throughout his life he swooped down on his victims; he did not trample them under foot. Perhaps for the victims his method of attack was no more agreeable, but for posterity he is less repugnant than many other members of his family.

His childhood had been terrible. He had been crushed spiritually and mentally. He was beaten physically, and all his life he clearly wanted to prove to himself and to others that he was not quite such a weakling as his father had thought him.

Perhaps if his youth had been gentler, if he had not been surrounded from his infancy by noise and soldiers and drums, had the philosophy of 'might is right' not been drilled into his soul, he might have developed into a well-balanced human being. As it was he had no chance to live a peaceful life. When he was seven years old and always thereafter he was forced to live up to his father's instructions to his military governors:

Our son is to be imbued with a true love of the soldier's life, and his tutors are to impress upon him that, just as nothing in the world can bring a Prince such honour and renown as the sword, so he himself would become an object of scorn to all the world if he were not to love the sword and to seek in it his sole glory.

It so happened that in 1740, when Frederick, the one genius of the Hohenzollen family, came to the throne, the European balance of power was shifting. The relations between France and England were strained, the war (of 1739) between England and Spain caused Great Britain again to consider the advantages of a colonial empire; Charles VI of Austria died in 1740 (in October), leaving only a daughter as the heir to the throne. All the states of Europe, however, had earlier ratified the Pragmatic Sanction and had promised to acknowledge Maria Theresa as the Habsburg ruler. Charles VI had been sure that if the Pragmatic Sanction were to be questioned after his death, Maria Theresa would have the support of Prussia and of Prussia's new and powerful army. For both Kings of Prussia, Frederick I and Frederick William II, had been consistently loyal, or even servile, to their Emperor in Vienna, and there was no reason to believe that young Frederick would abandon this subservient attitude.

No one, in fact, expected Frederick to make any changes in his father's policies. He was twenty-eight when he came to the throne. Until his succession Europe had heard of him only to pity him as the ill-treated son of a brutal father. He had never been considered a person to be taken seriously. In Paris, London and Vienna he was thought of as a gentle intellectual youth who liked pretty clothes and the amenities of life. It was known that he was more fond of conversation than of action, he preferred the flute to kettle-drums, and other rulers in Europe were satisfied that he was quite harmless—the ideal type of ruler for a little country like Prussia with a disproportionately large army.

Soon after his succession, however, Frederick gave everyone, including his own ministers, a shock. It was suddenly apparent that he intended to be an absolute monarch. He dismissed some of his father's advisers and retained others, just as he saw fit. He took advice from no one. He discarded the soft French clothes he had frequently worn in secret behind his father's back and wore a stiff Prussian

uniform. He stopped playing the flute and studied Government documents until far into the night. The somewhat indolent, charming Crown Prince had vanished for ever, and the young King longed for action. His predatory instincts were beginning to make him feel restless. He longed to make use of the army he had inherited from his father. He came to the throne in June, and by the autumn this desire to do something had become an obsession.

It was not easy to find an excuse to go to war. Prussia was not involved in any belligerent alliances. No one was bothering his country, and Frederick had every reason not to bother Europe. But his impulse to assert himself was beginning to dominate him. He longed to prove to himself and to others that he could make all of Europe feel his presence if he choose. Above all, he craved power.

In his desire for power, however, he differed from other German rulers. He never concealed this longing behind talk of economic needs, as did William II, or behind an 'ideology' as Hitler does. Frederick was alarmingly frank—he never pretended that he became an aggressor for the sake of his people. He wrote:

> My youth, the fire of passion, the craving for glory, yes—and to hide nothing from you—curiosity (in other words, a secret instinct) tore me from the sweetness of peace, which was mine. And the satisfaction of reading my name in the newspapers, and later in history, has seduced me.

Frederick deliberately looked round for a foe and for territory to conquer. At first he considered using Prussia's ancient demand for the little Duchy of Jülich-Berg as a pretext for beginning a war. The Duke had recently died and it seemed a good moment to re-open the whole question.

Then, however, in the autumn of 1740 Frederick saw a much bigger opportunity to assert himself. Emperor Charles VI died on October 20th from apoplexy after a mushroom dinner. 'A dish of mushrooms,' as Voltaire remarked, 'changed the destinies of Europe,' and Frederick was the man who brought about these changes. He decided to invade the Austrian provinces of Silesia.

It was obvious immediately after the Emperor's death that several countries in Europe were wondering whether or

not they should honour their signature of the Pragmatic Sanction and acknowledge Maria Theresa as the German Empress. Elector Charles Albert of Bavaria claimed at once to be Charles' rightful successor, and young Maria Theresa's position was very insecure. She was only twenty-four, she was pregnant, she was inexperienced and not highly educated, for her father, always hoping that he would one day have a son, had never tempted Providence by giving his daughter a man's education.

Maria Theresa's helplessness attracted Frederick; and this is surprising, for in many ways he was incomparably greater than any other Prussian or German ruler, and one would have expected him to prefer a conflict with an adversary who was his equal in strength. Perhaps his desire of attacking Maria Theresa was partly due to his hatred of all women, an aversion which influenced his entire character. His father had forced him as far as the altar but not farther, and he never saw his wife except on rare state occasions. And after his first victory over Maria Theresa's armies in the Silesian War he chose as the text of the thanksgiving service I Timothy ii, 11 and 12: 'Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. . . I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'

Frederick had no valid excuse whatsoever for invading Silesia. One of the districts he coveted, the Duchy of Jägersdorf, had been purchased by Frederick's ancestors in 1525, but had reverted to the Habsburgs during the Thirty Years' War under Emperor Ferdinand II. This dispossession of the House of Brandenburg had been formally and legally confirmed by the *Law of the Empire*, 'the *Reichsrecht*.' The other Silesian duchies—Brieg, Liegnitz, and Wohlau—had once been acquired by Brandenburg as feudal tenures in 1537, but in 1668 the Great Elector Frederick William had definitely and for all time resigned any claims to these territories. In return he had been given the township of Schwiebus, in Northern Silesia: Prussia, in other words, had given her word irrevocably to surrender these possessions.

Frederick's tactics when he began the Silesian wars have been an example to all rulers of Prussia and Germany since. He first assured Maria Theresa of his 'peaceful intentions.' His assurances that he had no desire to initiate hostilities

against her were particularly deceitful, because he, as the King of Prussia, owed her allegiance as his Habsburg overlord.

When the Elector of Bavaria and others were questioning the Pragmatic Sanction and Maria Theresa's right to succeed her father, Frederick sent a new ambassador to Vienna, Baron von Borche, who addressed her as 'the Empress' and the 'Queen of Hungary,' thus officially acknowledging her sovereignty. And as late as November 5th, 1740, Frederick wrote a personal letter to Francis of Lorraine, Maria Theresa's husband, emphasising his good will towards the Empress.

Maria Theresa had believed Frederick implicitly, but by the end of November she was seriously troubled by reports that the Prussian army was mobilising and moving towards the Silesian frontier. She sent an envoy, the Marchese Botta d'Adorno, to Berlin. At first he learned very little except that the Prussian roads looked suspiciously like military highways. In Berlin, Prussia's aggressive intentions were denied, for Frederick hoped to take as many countries as possible by surprise when he finally went to war. For this reason he set about creating confusion in the minds of statesmen all over Europe. 'Mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, panic: these are our weapons,' Hitler said (to Hermann Rauschning), echoing the instructions Frederick the Great gave Count Podewils, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, 200 years before. Podewils had asked Frederick what the Prussian ambassadors were to say when they were questioned about the rumours of warlike preparations in Prussia:

> At each Court [Frederick instructed Podewils] these questions are to be answered in a different manner: in London it must be said that, as I have certain information that the Duke of Lorraine is going to make an agreement with France, I am making approaches to Vienna, so as to urge them to side with the sailors and with religion (the Maritime and Protestant Powers). At the Hague we must say that nothing against the peace of Europe is intended, that Frederick William made himself useful to the Emperor Leopold, and met with nothing but ingratitude; I, on the contrary, mean to recompense myself first, and to do service afterwards. At Hanover, at Mayence, we must talk about the necessity of heartfelt patriotism and say that I want to support the Empire and protect a House which is weak.

England was not satisfied with the evasive answers

Frederick offered her, and his attitude towards Captain Guy Dickens, who was the Chargé d'Affaires at the British Embassy in Prussia in 1740, shows that the sentiment behind the German phrase *Gott strafe England* is a very old one. Captain Dickens sent a record of his interview with the King of Prussia to the Foreign Office. Dickens had asked him quite frankly whether or not he intended to respect the Treaty of Pragmatic Sanction.

I know [Frederick told Dickens haughtily] that you have no instructions which authorise you to put such a question, but if you have received such instructions, I have only one answer to make: England has no right to ask me about my plans. I do not question her about her arrangements; I content myself with hoping that you may not be defeated by the Spaniards.

Frederick closed this audience with a typical Prussian hymn of hate against England and France.

I know very well [he said] that you, like France, want to keep all the Princes in the leading strings; but I will not be led by either of you; and so far as you English are concerned, you are like the Athenians, who wasted their time talking while Philip of Macedonia was preparing to attack them.

Actually, by the time Frederick gave Dickens this sharp reply, his troops were ready to march. Botta had returned to Vienna without any definite answer, and Frederick sent a special emissary, Count Gotter, to hand Maria Theresa an ultimatum. She refused to talk to Gotter, for she was now angry and frightened. Her husband received Count Gotter for her on December 20th, 1740.

The twistiness of the ultimatum which Gotter presented to Duke Francis should have warned Europe against Frederick and his kind for ever.

I bear in one hand [Gotter said to Francis] the salvation of the House of Habsburg, in the other the Imperial Crown for your Highness. [This meant that Frederick would vote for Francis at the next Imperial elections.] The Treasury of the King, my master, is at the service of the Queen; he will also secure for her the assistance of his allies, England, Holland, and Russia. In return, he demands the whole of Silesia, and nothing less. The King's determination is immovable.

Maria Theresa did not accept this ultimatum. Frederick knew that she would not accept it, but for the sake of his reputation he wished it to seem that he had given her a chance to surrender without bloodshed. Europe soon learned, however, that this ultimatum had been a farce, for, without declaring war, on December 14th, six days before the interview between Gotter and the Queen's husband, Frederick's troops began to march, ready for battle, towards Silesia. He himself later admitted, with his usual cynicism, that 'the diligence of his army was superior to that of his ambassador in Vienna: his troops entered Silesia two days before the arrival of Count Gotter in Vienna.'

By not declaring war, but marching his troops into an unprepared and unsuspecting district, Frederick, as an aggressor, had a great advantage. What also helped him to win the Silesian wars was his utter disregard of alliances. He was disloyal to his allies whenever this seemed expedient; he made and broke secret treaties continuously throughout the two Silesian wars. His promise meant nothing to him, and he had an obvious contempt for loyalty. Frederick once remarked quite frankly to Podewils: 'If honesty will help us, we will be honest men; if duplicity is needed, then let us be rogues.'

After the Prussian victory at Mollwitz (April 5th, 1741), won without Frederick by his generals—for he had suffered a nervous collapse and had ridden away hysterically from the battlefield—he concluded a secret treaty with France (June 7th, 1741), and Bavaria and Saxony joined this alliance later. France promised him Lower Silesia and Breslau (after she had defeated Austria), and in return he promised Prussia's military support until France was finally victorious. He also gave his word to vote for the Wittelsbach candidate at the next Imperial election so that the power of the Habsburgs would be finally crushed.

Very soon, however, this alliance became irksome to Frederick. It was obvious that the struggle would be a long one, and a protracted war was not to Prussia's interest. He, therefore, decided to make a right-about turn and to help Maria Theresa win the war after all—in return for Lower Silesia. Without notifying France—Valory, the French envoy, was in Frederick's camp while these negotiations were going

on—he concluded a secret truce with Maria Theresa (on October 9th, 1741, at Klein-Schnellendorf).

In a little while it then became apparent that with England's help Maria Theresa might win the war after all. If she did, Frederick knew, she would not want to hand over Lower Silesia. So he broke the Klein-Schnellendorf agreement without a moment's hesitation and again entered the war on the side of France. He defeated a large Austrian army at Chotositz (on May 17th, 1742). On July 28th, 1742, at the Treaty of Breslau, Maria Theresa officially ceded Silesia, with the county of Glatz, to Prussia. This territory was equal to one-third of the former Prussian state. Frederick had added 15,500 square miles of industrial and agricultural districts, as well as 1,250,000 inhabitants, to Prussia. Frederick was satisfied. His own people, despite the poverty and suffering caused by this war of his own making, and despite his own ill-concealed contempt for them, were calling him 'Frederick the Great.' Again he deserted his French allies and went home to Berlin to converse with Voltaire, who had come to see this amazing young man.

From this safe distance he watched the war. He had been right, for, temporarily undisturbed by Prussia, Maria Theresa, with England as her chief ally, was now successfully driving back the French and the Bavarian forces. And the Treaty of Worms, which she signed with the King of Sardinia, and according to which King Charles Emmanuel promised to support her against France and to guarantee Austria's possessions on the basis of former treaties, did not mention the Treaty of Breslau, whereby she had surrendered Silesia to Prussia.

Frederick began to feel very uncomfortable. He decided to intervene once more. The second Silesian War began. Frederick invaded Saxony, his former ally—'poor little Saxony,' sympathetic people said at the time—marched through Bohemia and occupied Prague. He then marched on towards Vienna, but his luck did not continue. Saxony was outraged by Frederick's invasion, and he suddenly found himself with the Saxons attacking in his rear and a formidable Austrian army before him. It was then, perhaps for the first time in his life, that Frederick felt a warmth of gratitude towards his father, for with Frederick William's army he won a series of victories, beginning with the defeat of the Saxons

and the Austrians at Hohenfriedberg (June 5th, 1745), which irrevocably secured Silesia for Prussia (by the Treaty of Dresden, December 25th, 1745).

In common with most German rulers, Frederick feared England as much as he disliked her. Before the final peace he had therefore concluded a Convention with England (Convention of Hanover, August 26th, 1745). England promised to uphold Frederick's sovereignty in Silesia, and he in return once again breaking his promise to France, pledged himself to vote for Duke Francis of Lorraine, Maria Theresa's husband, at the Imperial elections which were imminent.

The Silesian wars had very definitely roused fear, distrust and hatred of Prussia in Europe. And many people in all European countries sympathised with Maria Theresa when she wrote: 'I am not made so unhappy by the actual loss of Silesia as I am by the fact that a neighbour whose character is so low has taken possession of this province.'

She seemed to realise intuitively that this war was the first conflict between the Hohenzollerns and the Habsburgs, a struggle which again found expression in the war of 1866 and was not finally ended until, not a Prussian, but, ironically enough, an Austrian, Adolf Hitler, finally subjected Austria to Prussian Germany in 1938.

In the Silesian wars Frederick had shifted one of the main supports of the European balance of power. He was not to upset it entirely until the Seven Years' War, which began eleven years later. During this period of peace he consolidated his forces at home and put vitality into the soulless though effective administrative machine his father had created.

His ability to grasp the details of this machine were remarkable. He spent many evenings in Sans Souci among his learned and musical friends, but, despite his un-Prussian interest in intellectual pursuits, he inherited his father's ability to work. Work for him was like a drug which soothed his inner discontent, his fundamental dissatisfaction with himself and with life. He was always restless. Had he lived in our own age he would, no doubt, have been an inveterate cigarette smoker. As it was, he consumed snuff incessantly. 'You are correct,' he once wrote to his friend Jordan, 'in thinking that I work hard. I do it to live, for nothing is more

like death than idleness.' And he was therefore never idle. From 1742 to 1752 he personally considered and signed 12,000 royal decrees.

His talent for acquiring expert knowledge of every phase of his country's administration amounted to genius. His memoranda about the reclamation of waste land in Prussia, the establishment of a silk industry, the expansion of manufacture and trade, the necessity of protective tariffs, reflected an intimate and imaginative understanding of each subject. He was never an amateur like his successor William II.

He was justified when he called himself 'the first servant of the state,' and his conscientious attention to the welfare of his people was all the more remarkable as he was fully aware of the innate stupidity of his subjects. He considered them 'clumsy and lazy people, unwilling to learn,' and his prejudice against everything German was so intense that he loathed the *Nibelungenlied*, despised the poetry of Hans Sachs, had no appreciation of the paintings of Dürer or Grünewald, and when during his last illness he was finally persuaded to read Goethe's *Werther* (in a French translation) he remarked inelegantly to his physician, Ritter von Zimmermann: 'I would rather talk to you about my evacuations than about these wretched German poets.'

The Nazis often praise Frederick the Great, but it is obvious that they are not familiar with his enlightened views, or they could not admire him. His judicial reforms make it clear how much baser the Germany of to-day is than the Germany of his day. Four days after his father's death, for instance, Frederick issued an edict to his judges that torture, a criminal procedure very popular during the reign of Frederick William, was to be abolished, and Frederick's contempt for the Germans would have been increased had he known that 200 years after his time torture would again be introduced as a daily practice in the concentration camps of his country.

His legal reforms were far-reaching. Frederick William had considered it his right, and the privilege of his officers and the nobility generally, to use his fists in any argument with the peasants and simple citizens, just as the S.S. and S.A. are encouraged to bully ordinary Germans to-day. Frederick stopped all this; a learned professor of law, Cocceji, was

appointed to make sweeping legal reforms in the conduct of civil law-suits.

> Heretofore a number of officials have abused the peasants with sticks and clubs [he wrote in his instructions of July, 1749, to the Supreme Court of the Mark Brandenburg], but we do not permit such tyranny of our subjects, and we command that henceforth, if it be proved that an offical thus abuses peasants, he shall be condemned to six years' fortress imprisonment, no matter if he is of the highest rank.

Except in his treatment of the Jews (this terrible anti-Semitism seems to be inherent in the German character), Frederick, unlike the Nazis, established complete religious freedom in Prussia. All his subjects were allowed to 'find blessedness in the faith of their own individual choosing.' Catholics in Protestant Prussia were permitted to build 'their churches as high as they pleased and with as many towers and bells as they chose.' 'If Turks and heathens should come to populate the land,' he announced, 'we would build them mosques and churches.'

Even his treatment of the Jews, bad as it was, never approached the brutality of the Nazis. The Jews in Frederick's Prussia had to have permits to live in segregated areas; but these permits were not merely a scrap of paper, for, though Frederick's laws may have been harsh, he was building up a judicial state. Laws were made to be kept, and not to be abolished overnight or ignored, as they are in Hitler's Germany.

Frederick was trying to make Prussia a part of 'the enlightened eighteenth century.' He respected and encouraged the freedom of thought. He specifically proclaimed that public speeches were to be allowed in Prussia, and the censorship of such newspapers as existed was abolished.

If Frederick had been free from the Prussian predatory instinct he might have been one of the greatest rulers of all ages. But the idea of conquest never left him, and as a result he spent too much of Prussia's money on the army and too little on educating and enlightening the stupid, weak people he had been called to govern. The total annual revenue of Prussia during his reign was about 11,000,000 thalers, and 8,500,000 of this sum was spent on the upkeep and develop-

ment of Prussia's armed forces. This figure clearly shows that while, for a decade, Frederick was apparently a peaceful monarch, his mind and his interests were continuously centred on future wars. As a result, the Seven Years' War which began in 1756 was inevitable.

The international complications which finally led up to the Seven Years' War were a maze of diplomatic negotiations, secret reports and 'defensive' alliances, which were obviously intended to become offensive in the extreme. Two outstanding events had occurred in the decade before the Seven Years' War began in 1756—one was the conflict between England and France for supremacy on the American continent, and the other was the ascendancy of Prussia in Europe which had been brought about by Frederick's victory in the Silesian wars.

Actually the rise of Prussia, which was the political effect of Frederick's personal ambition, made this war a terrible and protracted conflict. Naturally Maria Theresa was unable to forget what Prussia, for so many years a vassal of the Habsburgs, had done to her. Silesia rankled so intensely in her mind that she came to terms with France after an enmity which had separated Paris and Vienna for 200 years. This new alliance between France and Austria was a far greater surprise to Europe than the friendship between Hitler and Stalin has been in our own day, for astute students of modern political thought have always found a great affinity between National Socialism and Bolshevism.

The bond between France and Austria at the time of Maria Theresa was a negative one: a hatred of Frederick of Prussia. Again, his contempt for women was a factor in international developments. Madame de Pompadour had heard that he had made scathing remarks about her; she knew that he was enraged 'because a King of Prussia should be obliged to consider a demoiselle de Poisson at all, especially as she is arrogant and lacking in the respect she owes crowned heads.' It was obvious, therefore, that she exerted her great influence to make Louis XV accept the proposals of Count Kaunitz, Maria Theresa's clever ambassador in France.

Soon Russia, too, joined France and Austria in an alliance against Frederick, for he had been equally unkind about the Empress Elisabeth. '*La Russienne, qui j'abhorre*,' he had said

of her, adding that she had too many lovers and drank far too much vodka.

In Saxony, too, where the invading Prussian armies had not been forgotten, the prospect of a war against Frederick was not unpopular, and Saxony willingly joined the French-Russian-Austrian coalition. Frederick had hoped that the Scandinavian countries would support him, but his sister Ulrike, the wife of the Swedish Crown Prince, tried in vain to keep her husband's country out of the coalition. Denmark, in turn, was bound to Sweden by a maritime pact, and she, too, joined Austria. Holland promised Austria that she would remain neutral.

England was Prussia's only ally. As England was at war against France, she had to join forces with France's enemy. Besides, Prussia would have attacked Hanover unless the Electorate had been safeguarded by such an alliance. Pitt concluded the Convention of Westminster with Frederick on January 16th, 1756.

Frederick knew that England, whose energies were being exhausted by her colonial war, would not at once be able actively to help him. It seemed mad for him to wage a war against France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden and Denmark, except that a real or imaginary 'encirclement' always stimulates Germans to belligerent action. But his ambition to be the omnipotent ruler of a great European country was now so intense that he was willing to risk death and destruction for himself and his people. Besides, the '*frightened state*' to which, as he proudly said, he had '*reduced Europe*' gave him a sense of power, though he never underestimated the potential strength of his many enemies.

> A brilliant achievement like the Silesian campaigns [he wrote with his usual disregard of the convention of modesty] is like an original book which is successful, but the imitations of which may fall very flat. The capture of Silesia aroused jealousy all over Europe, and we have frightened all our neighbours. My life is too short to lull them again into a feeling of safety towards me.

The life and well-being and happiness of his subjects meant nothing to him now that he was again dominated by a desire for conquest. He never considered the suffering he would inflict on them by engaging in a war against such over-

whelming odds. In the course of the war he caused untold hardship in Prussia; the coinage was debased, paper money was circulated, and this inflation meant poverty and malnutrition and illness for his people. And his losses on the fields of battle were enormous. During his victory at Prague, for instance, in 1757, General von Schwerin and 18,000 Prussian soldiers were killed, and Frederick's defeat at Kunersdorf (August 12th, 1759) cost him 21,000 men. These are merely two of the many victories and defeats he experienced in the course of this war, but, except as these casualties weakened his armies, he was indifferent to the death of his soldiers, and he knew his submissive people well enough to realise that they would never rebel against him. They might grumble, they might feel profound discontent, but always they would obey their commanding non-commissioned or commissioned officers. And to him, as to his father, a Prussian soldier was not an individual, but merely an insignificant part of the war machine. In fact, as Frederick grew older he was increasingly dominated by his hated father's point of view.

Surrounded by enemies, Frederick carried on this war for seven weary years. Except for three or four months every winter which he spent in Dresden, Leipzig or Breslau, he was always on active service, on the field of battle or toiling along the roads between Silesia and the province of Brandenburg. He marched back and forth with his army across Prussia in the heat of summer and the bitter cold of the winter. He suffered acutely from gout and from indigestion; he had no time for the intellectual interests which he passionately loved; he was always lonely, but his ambition drove him on and on.

'If you saw me now you would hardly recognise me,' Frederick wrote to Voltaire towards the end of the war; 'I am old, broken, grey-haired, wrinkled. I am losing my teeth and my gaiety.' But all this did not matter to him as compared with his insatiable desire for power. To understand Frederick means to understand why Hitler, for instance, began this last war, when peace seemed indicated from his own point of view. Frederick's campaigns in the Seven Years' War symbolise that terrific Prussian will for domination at any cost and at any sacrifice.

In the end Frederick won this war more or less by a stroke of luck. At one time, in 1759 and 1760, when his armies were

defeated at Kunersdorf, Landeshut and Glatz, it seemed that he was lost. But because of what he himself called the enemy's 'divine stupidity' he was able to pull his troops together and get through these difficult years with victories at Liegnitz and Torgau. But if Elisabeth of Russia had not died in 1762 and her half-witted successor Peter had not adored Frederick and concluded an armistice, Prussia would have been finally defeated. As it was, he gained enough time before Catherine, who hated him, succeeded Peter, and at the Peace of Hubertusberg in 1763 Frederick was acknowledged as the Continental victor. No one would ever again question his right to Silesia, but otherwise he gained no new territory. But he had got what he wanted none the less: Europe would always be afraid of Prussia, and the mightiest rulers in Europe knew that he was their equal in armed strength. They hated him as much as they feared him, but Prussia had become a Great Power.

This achievement, however, did not satisfy him indefinitely. Soon his hunger for more land began to make him restless again, but as his country was now too poor to risk another war he knew that to gain more territory he must steal it. Poland was the obvious victim, for King Augustus and his son Charles had both died in 1763 and the question of the Polish Succession had not been settled. The Polish throne was not passed on automatically from father to son; instead, each new monarch was elected by the nobility. A group of Polish nobles came to Berlin to offer the throne to Frederick's brother Henry, but Frederick refused this offer because he did not wish to become involved in another conflict with Russia, and Catherine wanted the Polish throne for her favourite Poniatowski. Frederick knew that the time for him to act had not yet come, so he supported Catherine's efforts and helped Poniatowski to acquire the throne. In 1764 Frederick and Catherine crystallised their co-operation in a treaty promising to support each other in case of Polish disturbances.

In 1768 the Poles rebelled against their new King; Catherine defended her favourite by armed force. Russian detachments were sent to the south of Poland to suppress the rebels. They fled to northern Turkey, the Russians followed, and in their excitement they burned down several Turkish villages. The Sultan was enraged and declared war on

Russia. 'You will be surprised to learn,' Frederick wrote to Voltaire, 'that there is a war in Europe in which *I* am not taking part.'

Nor did he approve of this war: if Catherine won he would not have a chance to snatch a part of Poland. For some time he had been making a plan simply to carve up Poland between Russia, Austria and Prussia. He wanted by this act of 'bloodless aggression' to connect Silesia, the New March and Pomerania with East Prussia.

He sent his brother Henry to Russia to discuss this project with Catherine, and he himself exerted all his charm to win the support of Maria Theresa's son Joseph. Catherine agreed at once, but Maria Theresa did not like this idea in the least. She knew, however, that if she did not submit to Frederick's wishes she would be dragged into a war with Turkey. She finally agreed, but 'her conscience as a Christian never ceased reproaching her' because of the Partition of Poland. To her this Partition was a common theft, so she declared, for 'a ruler has no greater rights than a private individual.'

In 1772, when the Partition was a *fait accompli*, and Poland had lost one-third of her territory and Frederick and Catherine were congratulating themselves and each other, the document establishing this Partition was brought to Maria Theresa for her signature. In the outrageous passage dealing with Austria's, Russia's and Prussia's 'legitimate' (*rechtmässig*) claims to Poland, she boldly struck out this word, and she wrote with prophetic insight of this Partition:

> I sign because so many wise and great men want me to do so; but, a long time after my death, the world will witness the results of an act which has gone against all precedent of what is accepted as sacred and just.

Frederick did not worry about the future. He had doubled the size of the Prussia left him by his father, and that satisfied him. It was almost with reluctance, therefore, when he was sixty-six, that he fought another war, the War of the Bavarian Succession, in 1778. This war was extremely important for Prussia's future development.

The Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph, had died in 1777 without a legitimate son, but his relative Charles Theo-

dom was undoubtedly his rightful heir. Austria, on the other hand, had been looking forward to the Elector's death as an opportunity to acquire the southern part of Bavaria, and after his death an Austrian army was sent there at once. Charles Theodore was intimidated by the sudden appearance of Maria Theresa's troops, and he declared himself ready to give her what she wanted. Besides, he did not really care whether a part of Bavaria was lost or not. He was chiefly concerned with the care of a large number of illegitimate children, whom he was unable to support properly and who were being a great nuisance. In return for his willingness to share Bavaria with Austria, Joseph, as his mother's deputy, promised to provide for these children. Charles Theodore was satisfied, and he was ready to sign this rather peculiar agreement with Joseph.

Frederick was furious; he refused to allow Maria Theresa to pocket half of Bavaria. Besides, Charles Theodore's frivolity angered him profoundly, for Frederick hated to see amateurs leading armies or occupying thrones. He sent a message to Charles Theodore reminding him of his inviolable rights as an Elector, and pointing out that, in the end, he could make better provision for his children if he kept his country intact. He promised the Elector Prussian support and told him to resist Maria Theresa

Austria refused to withdraw her troops, war began, and within a year Frederick had again defeated Austria.

The Bavarian succession was in itself unimportant, but in this war Frederick laid the corner-stone of the future German Empire. For the first time in history Prussia, as the most powerful of the German states, had risen to 'defend the rights' of another German state against Austria. The other Electors began to think of Prussia as their protector. Before Frederick's death this faith found an outward expression in the *Deutscher Fürstenbund*, the first union of North German states, 'The League of German Princes,' which was founded in 1785. During Frederick's lifetime, therefore, Prussia had not only become a great European Power, but this *Fürstenbund* was the beginning of Prussia's domination of Germany; it was the first step towards the new German Empire founded in 1871.

Frederick himself never really cared about any of his

achievements. As an old and very unhappy man he bitterly cursed his own overwhelming desire for power and aggression. Now that his predatory impulse had died, his conquests were as dust and ashes. He blamed his father for ruining his life.

> Impressions received in childhood [he wrote] cannot be erased from the soul. . . . No one asks us whether we wish to be born into this world. We are put here God knows why, we suffer in the spirit and the flesh, and then we die without knowing why we are forced to go through life. . . .

He died in 1786. His one wish was to be buried quietly without pomp in the garden of Sans Souci, but Frederick William II, his nephew and successor, wanted the reflected glory of the great man's funeral. The funeral was a magnificent parade. Frederick's coffin was taken to the *Garnison Kirche* in Potsdam. Only one Hohenzollern had been buried there before him—his father. Even in death Frederick could not free himself from his Prussian heritage of militarism and force : alone in a small vault he and his father were placed side by side irrevocably, and when Adolf Hitler came into power, and the German *Reichstag* met in Potsdam, the German dictator went to this vault and expressed his gratitude towards Frederick, who would have hated his uncouthness and illiteracy.

Nevertheless, Hitler and Frederick the Great have much in common. They have both been dominated by that 'systematic perfidy '—as the late Lord Rosebery expressed it —which has been the basis in every generation of Prussian and German policy. In connection with Frederick the Great, Lord Rosebery coined the famous phrase of 'the pike in the pond.' He said that Prussia, at Frederick's death, was like 'a pike in a pond armed with sharp teeth and endless voracity, poised for a dart when the proper prey should appear.'

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

'THE MIDDLE KINGDOM'

In respect of 'natural' frontiers—if such things there be—France is clearly more fortunate than Germany. Neither Germany nor Prussia has ever had a 'natural' frontier. The frontiers of France are at least roughly defined, if not defended, by the Channel, the Ocean, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, the Alps and the Jura. But then? A German is tempted to insist, as did Hardenberg in 1814, that 'nature' indicates the Jura and the Vosges as the 'scientific frontier' of France on the east—or even perhaps the line of the Cevennes and the Argonne. North of the Vosges, even north of the Argonne, nature has confessedly given no precise indication of her intentions. Frenchmen have, however, been quick to interpret her intention in accordance with their own national interests.

> La politique française avait été dessinée par la géographie, l'instinct national la suggéra avant que la raison de l'état la conseillât. Elle se fonde sur un fait : l'empire de Charlemagne. Le point de départ de ce grand procès qui occupe toute l'histoire de France, c'est l'insoluble litige de la succession de l'Empereur.

So writes one of the most philosophical of modern French historians, M. Albert Sorel; and Sorel states an indisputable fact. Richelieu's 'Testament' may or may not be a spurious document. In either case it is equally indicative of the prevailing sentiment of seventeenth-century France.

> It was the supreme object of my ministerial career [he is supposed to have written] to restore to Gaul the frontiers designed for her by nature; to identify Gaul with France; and in all the lands which had belonged to old Gaul there to re-establish the new.

The appeal to history was, in fact, dangerous; the frontiers of ancient Gaul varied greatly, if indeed they were ever [illegible] defined. No matter: the object persistently pur-

sued by France for centuries has been what is roughly described as 'the Rhine frontier.'

That frontier France went far towards obtaining in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At the Peace of Westphalia (1648) she acquired Austrian Alsace (except the Free City of Strasburg); the three Lorrainie Bishoprics, Metz, Toul and Verdun, passed formally into her keeping; between Philipsburg and Basle the right bank of the Rhine was demilitarised—in short, the Rhine, dominated throughout its middle length by France, ceased in 1648 to be a German river. Louis XIV carried the process further. He annexed Strasburg, which commanded the road from Paris to Vienna, and strengthened his north-eastern frontier by the acquisition of Artois and a number of important fortresses. The whole of Lorraine finally fell in to France in 1766; in 1797 the Austrian Netherlands (modern Belgium) were annexed to the French Republic, and in 1810 Holland was incorporated in the French Empire. At the Treaty of Vienna (1815), thanks to the insistence of the Duke of Wellington, France, though deprived, of course, of the Netherlands, was permitted to retain Alsace and Lorraine. Until 1871 Germany was, as regards the common frontier, at the mercy of France. From 1871 to 1918 France was at the mercy of Germany.

Are these alternations of fortune to be perpetuated? Is the grim tragedy to be played again at the conclusion of each succeeding war? If not, how is the 'insoluble litige' to be decided? How can the frontier problem be solved?

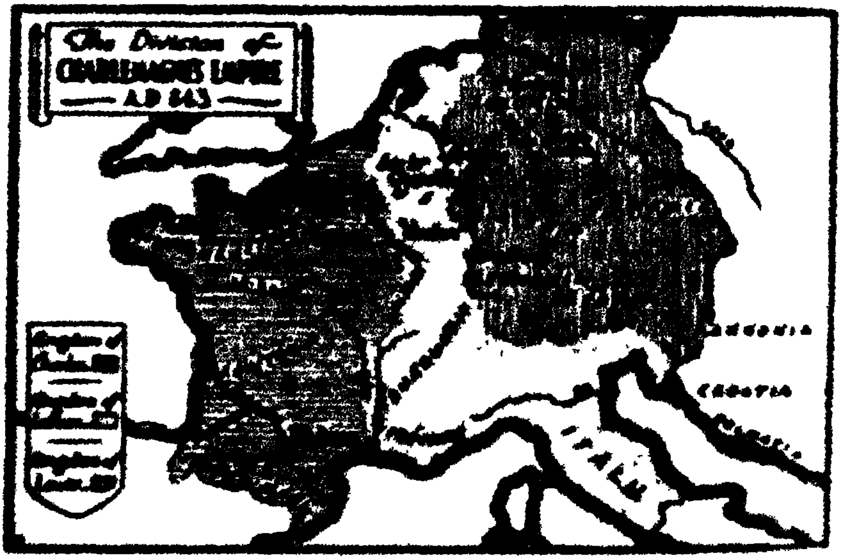
The historian naturally surveys the course of history, in the hope, however faint, that even if 'history refuses to repeat itself,' it may help with a suggestion.

The story of the frontier is long and complicated: the only chance of avoiding confusion and boredom is to concentrate attention on a few outstanding points. There is some comfort in the reflection that, though the problem has existed since the dawn of history, it has become acute only since the Prussianised and united German Empire confronted a less recently unified France. That did not happen until 1871. France had, indeed, come into being as a self-conscious, centralised monarchical nation-state in the sixteenth century; Germany, for reasons which may not detain us, only reached the same stage of development towards the end of the nine-

teenth—if then. Bismarck laid the foundations of the structure of German unity; only in 1933 did Herr Hitler supply the coping-stone. To-day the immediate contingency of two highly developed and powerful States is a standing menace to European peace.

At least four attempts have been made to avert—of course without conscious anticipation—a danger only recently appreciated!

The first was in 843, when, by the famous Treaty of Verdun, the mighty Empire of Charlemagne was partitioned



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among the three sons of Charlemagne's feeble son and successor, Louis the Pious. His eldest son Lothaire hoped to obtain the whole of his grandfather's empire, but, defeated by his brethren at the Battle of Fontenoy (841), Lothaire had to consent to partition. One brother, Charles the Bald, received Francia Occidentalis or Neustria and Aquitania, perhaps two-thirds of modern France; Lewis the German got the bulk of Austrasia, with Bavaria—roughly, the country between the Rhine and the Oder; Lothaire, as the eldest son and emperor, got a long and narrow strip extending from the mouth of the Weser to the Tiber, from Frisia to Rome, [illegible] included the tw

capitals of Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) and Rome. At the Treaty of Verdun, then, we get our first glimpse of two kingdoms roughly corresponding to modern France and modern Germany, but kept apart by the 'Middle Kingdom' of the Rhone-land and the Rhine-land, known as Lotharingia or Lorraine.

Passing over the six centuries which form the 'Middle Ages,' we come to the period of which Sir Walter Scott treats in *Quentin Durward* and *Anne of Geierstein*. During the preceding centuries Germany had made no progress whatever towards political unity and national self-consciousness. France under the House of Capet had made much. There had also come into being that Old League of High Germany (1291) which, with its nucleus in the forest cantons of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden, had by the early years of the sixteenth century expanded into the Swiss Confederation, consisting of no fewer than eight cantons and including the great cities of Berne, Zurich and Lucerne. In the Low Countries, around the deltas of the Rhine and the Scheldt, were a number of duchies, counties, prince bishoprics and what not, destined ultimately to coalesce into the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, but which in the fifteenth century formed part of the great inheritance of Charles the Bold of 'Burgundy.'

The mention of 'Burgundy' is apt to cause a shudder to any student of political geography. The name has attached to many different regions at different times, if not to several regions at the same time. In relation to the career of Charles the Bold, and still more in connection with the possible formation of a Middle Kingdom, some clarification, however rough and ready, is essential. To that end we must distinguish between the *Kingdom*, the *Duchy* and the *County* Palatine of Burgundy. The *Kingdom* corresponded (though its boundaries perpetually fluctuated) to the *Rhone-land*, the region between the Rhone, the Saone, the Alps and the Mediterranean. This kingdom was an appanage of the Holy Roman Emperor, who from time to time was crowned at Arles, its capital.[1] The southern part of the old Kingdom, Provence, was, however, gradually conquered and absorbed by France

[1] Here, and indeed throughout this paper, only a very rough outline is attempted. For the *Kingdom of Burgundy* the curious may refer to R. Poupardin, *Le Royaume de Provence* (1901) and *Le Royaume de Bourgogne* (1907).

in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The *Free County* of Burgundy (*Franche Comté*) was, after many vicissitudes of fortune, eventually conquered by Louis XIV from the Hapsburgs (1674) and took its place in the chain of French provinces as the *Jura*.

The Kingdom and the County are of minor concern to us.

Far otherwise is it with the *Duchy*. One of the greatest of the fiefs of the King of Paris or France, it lapsed to the Crown in 1361, but two years later, with incredible improvidence, it was regranted by King John to his son, Philip the Bold, who thus became the first of the Valois Dukes of Burgundy. His great-grandson, Charles the Bold, was the last of them. But, meanwhile, much had happened of vital consequence in the present connection—the creation of a Middle Kingdom. The creation of such a kingdom was, as E. A. Freeman truly said,

> never more distinctly aimed at, and it never seemed nearer to its accomplishment than when Charles the Bold actually reigned from the Zuyder Zee to the Lake of Neufchâtel, and was not without hopes of extending his frontier to the Gulf of Lyons.*

This great Middle Kingdom was a recent creation, having been built up in the course of a century in various ways—by inheritance, by astute marriages, by conquest and purchase. The foundations were laid by Philip the Bold (1363–1404), who, thanks to his marriage with Margaret, daughter and heiress of Louis de Maële, Count of Flanders, added to his duchy and county of Burgundy the counties of Flanders and Artois. His grandson, Philip the Good (1418–1467), inherited the duchies of Brabant and Limburg, and by the conquest obtained the districts of Hainault, Holland, Zeeland and Friesland. From its heiress, Elizabeth of Gorlitz, he purchased the duchy of Luxemburg, and, with the acquiescence of the Emperor Frederick III, he assumed the protectorate of the great Prince-Bishoprics of Cambrai, Liége and Utrecht, into

* *Historical Essays* (First Series), p. 557. This essay, especially valuable for the great design of Charles the Bold, is also confirmatory (or perhaps anticipatory) of the main argument of this paper. It is perhaps half a century since I last read it, and when I planned this paper I had entirely forgotten it, until it occurred to me to refer to it on Charles the Bold. Yet by a curious freak of memory some recollection of Freeman's argument would seem to have lodged in a remote corner of my brain! Freeman's essay [illegible] as having been written before 1870, when, in its modern form,

which he was careful to induct his own kinsmen. The feeble Emperor did, however, manage to evade Philip's eager request for a royal crown.

To this vast dominion Charles the Bold succeeded, and had he possessed a tithe of the patience, craft and skill of his great rival Louis XI of France he might well have established on a sure if not permanent foundation that Middle Kingdom so indispensable to European equilibrium. But Charles 'the Audacious' was as hot-tempered, impetuous, and rash as his persistent enemy was calm, cool and calculating.

> The King [as Sir Walter Scott truly says] hated Charles even more than he contemned him, and his scorn and hatred were the more intense that they were *mingled* with fear; for he knew that the onset of the mad bull, to whom he likened the Duke of Burgundy, must ever be formidable, though the animal makes it with shut eyes.

Formidable it was. The Duke's victory over Louis XI at Montléry enabled him to recover the Somme towns so craftily snatched from the senile hands of Philip the Good just before his death. Duke Charles purchased Upper Alsace from the Emperor Sigismund (1469), conquered Guelders and the County of Zutphen (1473), and by his victory over René II, Duke of Upper Lorraine (1475), obtained that Duchy and so filled up the only remaining gap between the Netherlands and Burgundy. After that the end soon came. Infuriated by the defeat inflicted on him by the Swiss Confederates at Granson and Morat (1476), and apprehensive lest René might recover Lorraine, Charles flung his army against the strong fortress of Nancy, where he met his death (1477).

His defeat and death dissipated the dream of a great Middle Kingdom. The Duchy of Burgundy lapsed to the French king, and was incorporated finally into his ever-expanding kingdom. But Mary, Charles' only daughter and heiress, brought the rest of her father's dominions as her dowry when she married Maximilian of Austria.

With their grandson, the great Emperor Charles V, it was no longer a question of a Middle Kingdom. It became a contest between the imperial Hapsburgs and the kings of a consolidated France for the domination of continental Europe. That contest ended only when, two centuries later,

Louis XIV put his grandson Philip, V, on the throne of Spain, while the Southern Netherlands reverted to the Austrian branch of the Hapsburgs. Thanks to William of Orange and the Duke of Marlborough, the northern provinces remained united under the Prince of Orange.

That brings us by an easy if rapid transition to another great European settlement, that which was effected at Paris and Vienna after the defeat of Napoleon. In the meantime the Austrian Netherlands had (1797) been annexed by Republican France, while the United Provinces (Holland) had been first conquered and reorganised as the Batavian Republic by the French enthusiasts, then erected into a client kingdom (1806) for Louis Buonaparte, and finally (1810) incorporated in the Napoleonic Empire.

The settlement of 1814–1815 is, in the present connection, of outstanding importance: it brought Prussia for the first time into contact with France, and it witnessed the attempt of Castlereagh, by re-uniting the Northern and Southern Netherlands (Holland and Belgium), to interpose a strong barrier between the French and the Germans.

The Hohenzollern Kings of Prussia had during the previous century made amazingly rapid territorial progress, only interrupted by Napoleon's victories at Jena and Auerstadt and by his (temporary) dismemberment of Prussia. In 1814, however, Prussia had to surrender almost all her acquisitions in Poland, and to make minor concessions to Hanover and Bavaria. For this she demanded as compensation the kingdom of Saxony. This demand nearly led to war between the allies. In the end, Prussia had to content herself with the northern and smaller half of Saxony, and for the rest rather reluctantly accepted compensation in the Rhineland. That meant a vast province on both sides of the Rhine, including Westphalia,* Cleves, Bonn, Coblenz and the secularised ecclesiastical electorates of Cologne, Treves, and Aix-la-Chapelle. By the acquisition of Rhenish Prussia (as it was renamed) Prussia was constituted the guardian of the middle Rhine, the protector against possible aggression from France of western Germany. The Rhine province was, indeed, cut off from Brandenburg-Prussia by Hanover and Hesse. But that served as an excuse for the annexations of [illegible] Nor was the significance of the Rhineland acquisition

merely geographical and strategical. The inhabitants of Rhenish Prussia were mainly Catholics and culturally much superior to Prussians and Brandenburgers. For twenty years they had been French subjects; they had known the value of Napoleonic organisation: not least, Westphalia brought to Prussia a great accession of industrial and economic resources, as the mere mention of Essen, Elberfeld, Düsseldorf and Duisburg suffices to demonstrate. If it be asked how the allies in 1814 came to bring Prussis on to the Rhine, the simple answer is that they were thinking only of France, and looking only to the experience of the past. That they could not peer into the distance where Sedan would loom as large as Waterloo is excusable.

More immediately important than Prussian aggrandisement on the Rhine in Castlereagh's eyes was his project of a new barrier state, to be formed by a kingdom of the re-united Netherlands. The Emperor of Austria was only too glad to be rid of his troublesome province in the north on the promise of Venetia; Prince William VI of Orange was naturally willing to accept the Belgian province with a crown thrown in; the allies agreed to the scheme. Prussia had suspicions, but they were allayed by the cession to her of Nassau, by the severance of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg (which was to become a member of the Germanic Confederation) from Belgium, and by the appointment of a Prussian to command the Prussian and Dutch troops garrisoning the city of Luxemburg. Terms of union for the new state were embodied in a fundamental statute, and the Powers in congress at Paris formally recognized the new kingdom of the Netherlands (May, 1815).

Castlereagh's scheme reflected the highest credit on his statesmanship; yet the difficulties likely to be encountered in the experiment were many and manifest. Between the Dutch of the Northern and the Flemings and Walloons of the Southern provinces there was little in common. Divided by language, though not by blood, opposed in creed and historical tradition, commercial rivals and socially unsympathetic, the two peoples never so much as attempted assimilation. Well-meaning and hard-working, King William was autocratic in temper, and to the Belgians a foreigner. The Belgians were not represented in Parliament in proportion to their

superior numbers; administration was centralised at the Hague and all the higher posts—military, civil and diplomatic—were monopolised by Dutchmen. In short, the Belgians were treated as an inferior if not a conquered people. It is little wonder, then, that at the first opportunity they revolted against the Government of the Hague and demanded independence. The opportunity came with the French Revolution of 1830. Belgium came into existence as a separate kingdom with a king of its own provided by Lord Palmerston in the Anglicised Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the widowed husband of Princess Charlotte, the destined bride of Prince William of the Netherlands. Castlereagh's scheme had hopelessly broken down, with results only too painfully revealed in 1914.

Only brief reference need be made to the abortive attempts made by France after 1918 to foment a separatist movement in the Rhineland, in the Ruhr and in the Palatinate. An attempt to set up a Rhineland republic in 1920 proved a complete fiasco. Similar attempts in the autumn of 1923, during the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr, achieved temporary success at Aix, Coblenz, Düsseldorf and in a few other places. But the movement was manifestly artificial; apart from French and Belgian arms it was supported only by the dregs of the population. Only in the Bavarian palatinate was there even an appearance of success, elsewhere terrorism and anarchy prevailed. English opinion about it was reflected in *The Times*, which (October 30th, 1923) wrote: 'The so-called Rhineland Republic is a disgraceful proceeding.' Needless to add that the Republic did not survive the French occupation of the Ruhr. Yet, for reasons which, though obvious, it is untimely to emphasise, the experiment deserves a passing mention.

What conclusions, if any, does this rapid summary suggest? Evidently the tripartite division of 843 is to-day outside the domain of practical politics. Yet, excluding the trans-Alpine portion, Lotharingia looks very tempting to the eyes of a distracted Europe. *Mutatis mutandis*, the 'Burgundy' of Charles the Bold is even more attractive, but hardly less impracticable. If, to the great detriment of European stability, Holland and Belgium would not, or could not, form [illegible] what possible chance is there of forming

arrier state extending from 'the Zuyder Zee to the Lake of Neufchâtel'? Must, then, all hope of solving the secular problem be abandoned? Must the awkward contiguity of Prussianised Germans and Frenchmen be allowed to involve the world periodically in war? Is there, in truth, no *sors tertia*?

The idea of federal union is to-day attracting much attention and, among the young, is gaining many fervent adherents. To one who for more than half a century has given much thought to the study of federal institutions the idea is naturally attractive; but he may be permitted to repeat a warning, of course unheeded, uttered in 1918, when a League of Nations was under discussion but not yet formed. Referring to the failure of earlier projects for the organisation of peace, he deprecated impatience and urged cautious and gradual advance.

> Similar experiments [he wrote] will escape similar disaster only if membership in the League is, in the first instance, confined to states reasonably equal in power, not disparate in government, inheriting similar traditions and inspired by common ideals. To attempt more is to risk all.[1]

Much more was attempted: the result is disastrous failure.

The lesson thus taught should be seriously conned by ardent Federal Unionists. If they would succeed, they must tread delicately. Even a European Union is at the moment out of the question. Regional leagues are, however, well within it. If the reluctance of Bulgaria could be overcome by fright or persuasion, the Balkan League, already in being, would be strong enough to ensure peace in that explosive region. There will be no peace in Central Europe until the blunders of 1918–1919 (in no way due to the peacemakers in Paris) are repaired. In some form or another (not necessarily dynastic) the indispensable Hapsburg Empire must be recreated. A federal union between Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia is not merely practicable, but indispensable. If Roumania and Yugoslavia (in respect at least of Croatia) could adhere to it without impairing the solidarity of the Balkan *bloc*, so much the better. And if in Central, why not in Northern and Western Europe? The

[1] *The European Commonwealth* (Oxford, 1918), p. 370.

lesson taught by current events to weak and isolated neutrals cannot safely be ignored. As independent units in a League of Nations their position was hopelessly anomalous, and constituted, not an asset, but a liability in the Peace balance-sheet. A federal union formed of Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland would be a real asset. But complete federalism may at the moment involve over-haste. The example of Switzerland is impressive: beginning with a small *League*, the Swiss moved on to *Confederation*, until finally (but not until after three centuries of Confederation) they attained, in mid nineteenth century, complete *Federalism*.

The wise will ponder these things.

A League of the states just mentioned would not, of course, represent anything like a modern 'Middle Kingdom': it would not reproduce the kingdom of Lotharingia, nor the great Burgundian state ruled for a brief period by Charles the Bold; it would even fall short, in some respects, of the Barrier kingdom created by the wisdom of Castlereagh, but wrecked by mutual incompatibility and by the arrogance of the Dutch. It would obviously be greatly strengthened by the filling in of the gap between Luxemburg and Switzerland, by the adhesion of a new state carved out of Rhenish Prussia (no organic part of Brandenburg Prussia and only loosely attached to the old Germany), the Palatinate, and the old Grand Duchy of Baden. But such a suggestion may savour of unwisdom, even of provocation. Let the Federal Union, or even the League, of the states already independent suffice for a beginning. In politics, evolution is preferable to creation.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE JURIST WHO REBELLED

It is a curious thing about Germany that its rebels, whether real or mythical, leave as great a mark on our minds as those who have wielded power. Götz von Berlichingen, who rebelled against the town, and Faust, who rebelled against nature, are more distinct figures to us than the princes of the Empire. By strange irony Freiherr vom Stein was a rebel, like the Schillsche officers, and in our own day, by yet stranger irony, Pastor Niemoeller and General von Fritsch were adroitly put in the position of rebels. Almost as remarkable as the passive acceptance and feigned approval of National-Socialism by the mass of Germans who would claim to be honourable men, is the stubbornness of the individual rebel, the sharp relief into which his resistance is thrown. There are, of course, the smaller species of the irritant kind, who can be removed with a shot or the flat of a spade in concentration camps. They have left us in thousands, nameless martyrs of the faith in individual existence. Those who emerged from anonymity and are remembered are those who based their resistance on some great principle, or power. It complicated their cases. Schuschnigg is kept in a cage, the missing link with the 'Austrian man,' Niemoeller, in a cell is kept alive by his own indomitable faith and the influence of the officer corps. I recall another rebel, who deserves to be redeemed from obscurity, who based his resistance on the Law, and tilted against the Ministry of Justice, the Reich Chancellery and the Gestapo in the name of law. It was an unequal struggle, but not less noteworthy for that.

Dr. M. Siems, a teacher in a commercial school at Wandsbek, Hamburg, is quite unknown to the world. We have the story of the rebel soldier and the rebel priest: I am telling the story of the rebel jurist for the first time. It should be told, because the resistance of the Law to National-Socialism is, in its way, no less remarkable than the resistance

of the Army and the Churches and far more so than the spineless capitulations of industry. If his first name was not Matthew, the man of law, surely it was Michael. His case reminds us of that Michael Kohlhase, the Brandenburg horse-dealer, who pursued his rights so tenaciously that his lawsuit with the Junker von Zaschwitz ended by becoming a feud against the whole of Saxony, and brought him to the scaffold in Berlin on March 22nd, 1540. 'Sense of right made an outlaw of him,' wrote Kleist in his novel, *Michael Kohlhaas*. The horse-dealer takes his place in the Olympus of rebellious characters. Four hundred years later he is reincarnated in the obscure schoolmaster of Wandsbek.

Of ordinary appearance, mild, learned, pedantic, limited, there was nothing about Dr Siems to distinguish him from the millions of Germans who mutely laid the yoke of National Socialism on their shoulders and its iron bit upon their mouths. True, he had drawn attention to himself by taking third place for the Rudolf Stammler prize in 1913 with an essay on 'Rechtsgefühl' entitled *[illegible]*. What did the poet say? *Rechtsgefühl* was to make an outlaw of him.

Professor Stammler suggested to him that he should pursue his studies of law by going to Leipzig, but the young man had no independent means. After the war he settled down as a teacher in Wandsbek Commercial College, Hamburg, married and proved himself a painstaking, conscientious worker, with a passionate interest in law and philosophy which filled out his humdrum life.

Broadly defined, the theory of Siems was based on an idealism of the human conscience. He must have seen around him in post-war Hamburg the red stream of head-Communism mingling with the grey stream of civic responsibility (strong in all German communities), and with the Hanseatic spirit of independence and enterprise, commerce based on individual rights. Siems had always maintained that the importance attached to the letter of the Penal Code by the legal profession obscured the moral basis upon which the whole structure was founded. He drew up a pamphlet, a little charter of human rights, and round it 'his struggle' developed. In 1926 he circulated copies of it to jurists in Hamburg. The legal profession was indignant and some (

[Si]ems reported to the police. After much *hin und her* the [s]chool teacher was admonished by his superior authority, [t]he civil administration in Schleswig. He defended himself [b]y saying that his pamphlet was ironic, it did not advocate [a]narchy.

Siems quoted Professor Wolff, of Innsbruck University, who had told his students that if the basis of natural law, upon which the civil code and the penal code were founded, was entirely discarded, a future state might be able to promulgate a law making it a capital crime to give birth to twins and none of its citizens would realise the monstrosity of it. Siems pursued the argument. Theft, fraud, embezzlement, even murder, would cease to be crimes of conscience, if the Penal Code was made the supreme and only basis of morality. 'The citizens of such a State would cease to exercise the faculties of the conscience.'

That State was slowly coming into being. A Magna Charta, a Habeas Corpus Act, bastions around which jurists might have skirmished in defence of human rights, did not exist in Germany. Legislation had been made an unpopular science by decades of devoted pedantry. It had no popular basis. The National-Socialists could whittle and revise the musty paragraphs as they willed. There was no historic buttress of morality against them. Worse still, while they reshaped the Law to meet the demands of *Total War*, they were establishing their own morality as the standard for the future. National conscience, sense of responsibility, supreme equity—how the cant rolled out!

While the National-Socialists were revising the law, to make their own law within the law, and their state within the State secure in coming centuries, the Wandsbek school teacher worked out with dangerous logic his theory of natural morality as the basis of law. He was drifting in a spate of legal terminology towards the same shoals as the sect of the International Bible Searchers, who denied the supremacy of the State, and ended up under the little tent of blue with Pastor Niemoeller in Sachsenhausen. Since the mass of his works, the dross out of which this legal Faust tried to distil the golden rule, was confiscated by the Secret Police in 1937, we have only his little charter to go by. As his *Kampf* with Hitlerism was fought upon this pamphlet of

six pages, we may examine a few passages from it before following his adventures further. He entitled it *The Conception of Law in Sound Human Understanding and the National-Socialist Doctrine of Law*.

If the man in the street, through his healthy understanding for human nature, did not hold fast to the idea of natural laws, the present teaching would lead to anarchy [wrote Siems]. Hitler has uttered a word and cut short all the legal theorising. But his jurists, led by Dr. Frank, continue in the error of the past century. They declare that anything is right and lawful that benefits the whole people. In pursuing this aim, no bounds are admitted and natural law is denied. Hitler can succeed thus in *suppressing* communism, but he can only *vanquish* it if he improves National-Socialist legal doctrines by approximating them to the natural sense of law in the people. The conscience, the knowledge of right is born with man. It is not like a language, to be learned, it is apparent, of constant value, unaltered by space and time, valid in all nations and in all times. The man of the people associates with his idea of *Right* a consciousness of general application, and of eternity. What is right, according to the logic of the people, is not only right for Germans, it applies to the relations of Germans with Frenchmen, yes, to the relations of Germans with Jews. The popular law is an individual law, and theoretically it remains law though the whole world go to pieces in striving about it.

If everyone insisted on his rights, much that is beneficial to the community would not be brought about. We must therefore allow restrictions in our rights, while the legislator must remain aware that these rights exist. The new peasant inheritance laws are neither right nor just, though necessary in the interests of the German people. But it is a travesty of law to exalt them as supreme justice. It should be left to the individual to reconcile his sound human understanding with them in the interests of the Fatherland, though they may be disadvantageous to him personally. Roman law is much despised to-day but it is not greatly alien to the German spirit of law. It only emphasises the idea of rights in contrast to equity and the welfare of the people. In the long run neither the Communist nor the National-Socialist State can afford to leave *Right* entirely out of consideration.

Round these ideas, based on a faith in the inherent decency of the people, the Wandsbek school teacher fretted and chafed at each new *Reichsgesetzblatt* and *Juristenblatt* in 1934, 1935 [illegible] he sent his little charter

to Dr. Frank, supreme legislator of the Third Reich, with a letter protesting that the National-Socialist code was neglecting the basis of natural law—*der Naturrechtsgedanke*. He received a cool reply from Dr. Frank, and in December, 1936, this Don Quixote laid his pen in rest against Hitler himself, against the Law and Prophets in one man, and wrote to the Chancellor.

> Mein Führer [he wrote] the doctrine of law as taught by Minister Dr. Frank and his followers is untenable, and corresponds in no way to the conceptions of the people. It will lead to serious consequences and will finally be disadvantageous to National-Socialism

Siems then described how he had endeavoured to obtain permission to discuss his theories in the Press and how the League of Jurists declined to reply to his request. The Chancellery answered his letter, saying that his thesis had been submitted to the Law Office in Munich.

But the Hamburg school teacher was not satisfied with such progress. His little charter, summed up in six duplicated sheets, suddenly appeared in December in the mail of 450 Hamburg lawyers and barristers. It bore his name and the aforesaid title: *The Conception of Law in Sound Human Understanding and National-Socialist Doctrine of Law*. He was not waiting for permission to spread his gospel, it must out. Early in January, 1937, the Gestapo visited his home in Wandsbek and confiscated all his nomological writings. One of the 450 jurists had given notice to the police of the pamphlet which he had received. Only one! Siems was taken into custody for several hours, and then released. His *magnum opus* was sent to Berlin and studied at the headquarters of the State Police with the alacrity and keenness that has made that organisation so incomparably efficient. Siems celebrated his release by inviting the Gestapo in a courteous letter to support his theory of natural law. They could not, he said, make a martyr of him for the truth, and he would not cease to propagate the truth. The problem would be solved if his teaching were officially recognised. The Gestapo, too, was silent. Now and then a few of those persons whom he had circularised slipped in to assure him of their secret sympathy. One of them provided me with the material upon which this article is based.

On January 30th, 1937, Dr. Siems took cognisance of Hitler's yearly speech to the Reichstag. To his indignation he found that Hitler was dismissing the problem of Law with the customary superficial solution of the politician. Said Hitler:

> There is only one wielder of sovereignty in the German people, and that is the people itself. The will of this people finds expression through the Party, the political organisation of the people. There is, moreover, only one legislator. It is the duty of Justice to aid the maintenance and security of the people from those elements who asocially try to avoid common obligations or transgress against common interests. Higher than the person and the cause in German life stands the people.

How provoking! Hitler was begging the question. He had an idea that any explanation was good enough for the people. The champion of 'human understanding' reacted promptly. He seized his pen and wrote:

> Mein Führer,
>
> To my great regret I must emphatically protest against your utterances about Law in your great speech. As I told the Secret Police when they arrested me, my struggle (*mein Kampf*) against National-Socialist legal doctrine is now so acute that it cannot possibly be passed over in silence. Either my thesis must be acknowledged as right, or I must be put before a court or sent to a concentration camp. But even in the last case, my conception of law will win over the people finally. I would be sorry not to accomplish this in good understanding with the Party.

The jurist assumed, indeed it may have been so, that the Reichstag speech contained a reply to his charter.

On March 10th, 1937, the Gestapo called on Dr. Siems again at the request of the Reich Chancellery, and then obtained the verdict of an alienist. Dr. Siems, said the specialist, was sane. But he suffered from a strong urge to assert himself—*starke Geltungsbedurfnis*. He was released, I could not say set free. A written reprimand reached him from his superior authority, the Administration in Schleswig.

But he was nearing the rocks. The baneful lie stalking in the Third Reich left him no peace. Like Niemoeller, Pastor Schneider, Ernst Wiechert, Werner Finck, he remained

or God-sent humour, the enemy was the same. They would not be silent, in the pulpit, at the bar, in the book, on the stage. They were victims of their upbringing. On November 12th, 1937, he posted 450 copies of his thesis to clergymen, doctors and schoolmasters. Perhaps he considered lawyers past converting. The same evening he went calmly to a Hamburg political meeting with a dummy pistol in his pocket. As Gauleiter Kaufmann was speaking, a man at the back of the hall fired a shot, and began to talk himself. Kaufmann jumped in the air, there was a *brouhaha*, and the man was seized and hustled out by Nazis. It was Dr. Siems. The story spread round that the Gauleiter had been wounded and next day there was a rumour in Hamburg that he was dead. The story spread to Berlin that there had been a serious riot in Hamburg. The Gauleiter had been shot.

That was the end. Dr. Siems explained to the police that he had merely wished to draw public attention to his cause. He spent a week in a concentration camp, and then a magistrate signed an order that he should be confined temporarily to a lunatic asylum. In 1938 the lawful temporary confinement lapsed, and was prolonged indefinitely with no lawful precedent. *Recht ist was dem deutschen Volke nützt.* The alienist found him sane, but, he said, 'in the olden days, such trouble-makers as you went to the faggot.' The jurist argued back reasonably. The mediæval method of deterrent punishment emphasised the evil, it did not emphasise the good. The conversation turned to Luther, Copernicus, John Huss. The doctor's assistant listened, amazed. This was great stuff. This man was not mad, unless from much learning.

There we must leave him. Four hundred years before, Michael Kohlhaas was broken on the wheel before the populace of Berlin for his exaggerated *Rechtsgefühl.* His mild reincarnation, the man with the dummy pistol and the little charter, was shackled in privacy to the Swastika. If he still reads the German papers, he will see that Hitler's *Volksrecht* has been supplanted by Hitler's *Kriegsrecht*. When we read the *Voelkischer Beobachter* of April 30th, we realise that the scales of justice have been tipped to the whole angle. In it Dr. Alfred Kluetz of the Ministry of Justice defines a new

enemy of the State. 'The destructive outsider,' the man who stands aloof or criticises must be struck down, too. A morbid phase is setting in. We find such phrases current in Germany as *die Verrohung des Volkes*, *die Verwahrlosung der Jugend*. War is merely the final touch to this process of brutalisation and decay of morality. The April speech of Marshal Goering to youth shows that. Death sentences on youths of sixteen, on cigarette merchants who raise their prices, the shooting of criminals publicly announced after a court sentence of imprisonment has been passed on them—all these are tokens of the failure of National-Socialist *Weltanschauung*. It has undermined the 'sound human conscience of the people.' The jurist who rebelled is vindicated. Herr Hitler can succeed in suppressing lawlessness; but he cannot vanquish it, since his laws are founded on expediency and not on the common conceptions of right and wrong.

IAN G. COLVIN

PROGRESS AND PESSIMISM

THAT the present tragic condition of Europe should induce in many people pessimistic states of mind is but natural. The gloomiest anticipations are made as to humanity's future; and, by an equally understandable reaction, scorn is cast on optimistic theories and schemes of immediately preceding generations. Those theorists (it is said), with their ideals of 'progress,' 'freedom,' and 'enlightenment,' were followers of vain dreams. Their 'cisterns' were leaky, and could hold no water. We are reaping the inevitable and evil results of their misguiding. In short, the tendency is not 'to praise famous men' of the near past, but to despise them and their works.

Is such pessimism, whether as to the past or for the future, justified? It may be suggested that it is not. There have been deeply tragic periods of European history many times during the past 2,000 years: periods wherein it may well have seemed that hope was vain and universal ruin imminent. At the end of the ninth century, as Milman said (*Latin Christianity*, iii, 9):

> The deepest abasement, or rather almost annihilation, had already fallen on the Papacy. Italy, which for a time pretended to the Empire, without a native prince of sufficient power or dignity to maintain its influence, constantly summoning new sovereigns from beyond the Alps to assume that perilous honour, until the right of election was resumed by Germany, was one battlefield of small contending princes, each endeavouring to form or to aggrandize an hereditary principality. The terror of the Hungarians increased at once the confusion, and, by compelling the more strong and artificial fortification of the cities, tended to their more complete isolation. Each city became an independent government; each chieftain aspired to be a sovereign.

At, and after, the end of the eleventh century came the

tumultuous era of the Crusaders, who (J. M. Robertson, *Short History of Christianity*, p. 218):

> rolled like a flood across Europe, massacring, torturing, and plundering Jews wherever they found them, and forcibly helping themselves to food where plunder was easy. Multitudes perished by the way; multitudes more were sold as slaves in Byzantium to pay for the feeding of the rest there; and of the seven thousand who reached Asiatic soil with Peter the Hermit, four thousand were slain by the Turks at Nicæa; some 300,000 thus perishing in all.

There was, true, another side to this: but at best it was a grim time. Later, in the fourteenth century, there was the Black Death: as Lingard describes it (*History of England*, iii, 78):

> We first discover it in the empire of Cathay, thence we may trace its progress through different provinces of Asia to the Delta and the banks of the Nile; a south wind transported it into Greece and the Grecian islands, from which it swept the coasts of the Mediterranean, depopulated Italy, and crossed the barrier of the Alps into France. . . . In [England] in the first week of August [1348] the plague made its appearance in Dorsetshire, in November it reached London, and thence gradually proceeded towards the north of the island. . . . The labours of husbandry were neglected, no courts of justice were opened, the parliament was repeatedly prorogued by proclamation, and men, intent only on their own safety, fled from the care of the infected, and slighted every call of honour, duty, and humanity.

Nearly two centuries after this, when the Protestant Reformation broke out,

> The official organisation of the Catholic Church had been thrown [as Hilaire Belloc says (*How the Reformation Happened*, p. 218)] suddenly into disarray. It had been caught, as they used to say of sailing ships, by a squall 'all standing.' It was morally very weak. There had been gross and universal corruption, there had further been for so long a growing scepticism and indifference that the power of the clerical organisation to reform itself was numbed and atrophied. Attack from without was therefore easy, rapid and explosive; reform from within was apparently impossible; the complicated machinery was ill-kept and incapable of rapid readjustment. Under so violent a strain the gear jammed. And the Papacy

and this in despite of the deadly peril looming from the Near East: for (in the vivid words of the Anglican *Second Homily against Peril of Idolatry*)

the greater part of Christendom, within less than three hundred years' space, [had been] brought into captivity and most miserable thraldom under the Turk, and the noble Empire of Greece clean everted.

Then, when the Reformation revolt was in full swing, came the horrible Thirty Years' War, when (J. McCabe, *History of the Popes*, p. 441):

Bohemia, until then one of the most advanced civilizations in Europe, suffered its first betrayal (its allies in the north were divided), and martyrdom. Its 30,000 villages were reduced to 6,000, its 730 cities to 130, its 3,000,000 people to 780,000. The victorious advance of Spain and Austria drove France into jealous hostility to them and into alliance with the northern Protestants, civilization was put back a hundred years, and Spain ruined by three decades of quite savage fighting. Armies of nearly every country and race in Europe,—Spaniards, French, Slavs, Hungarians, Scandinavians, etc.,—wandered over Germany.

The foregoing are, of course, only instances quoted at random as illustrative that many periods of Europe's past have seemed fully as despairful as, to some people, does our own: yet recovery came. Why, then, be pessimistic now?

No doubt the apostles of progress, in the second half of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth were over-enthusiastic in their visions of the future:

From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happier havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

There was, however, some excuse for them. Geographical discovery was opening up new territories, hitherto hidden in obscurity, in many parts of the world; mechanical inventions were increasing tenfold the productivity of human labour; political theories of liberty were in the aspiring minds of ardent pioneers; and the theory of biological evolution was

replacing the former, static conception of 'special creation.' All these things inevitably tended to give 'progressive optimism' a great ascendancy in the human mind and to produce visions of rapid, indefinite betterment and a rosy time to come, when our race would be

> Breaking their mailèd fleets and armèd towers,
> And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
> And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with all her
> flowers.

The idea, it cannot be denied, was fallacious to a great extent. The road of progress is not a smooth process of 'spinning down the ringing grooves of change.' It is a rugged path, strewn with boulders, interspersed with chasms, and often turning aside or even retreating for a time upon itself. The theory of evolution, it needs hardly to be said, fully allows for that fact. True, some sayings of apostles of evolution might at first sight seem to imply that their conception of the process was that of a smooth, uninterrupted 'upward urge'; as, for example, Haeckel (*Riddle of the Universe*, Chapter XX):

> Towering above all the achievements and discoveries of the [nineteenth] century we have . . . the universal law of evolution. As this supreme law has been firmly established and all others are subordinate to it, we arrive at a conviction of the universal unity of nature and the eternal validity of its laws.

and Dennis Hird (*Easy Outline of Evolution*, p. 130):

> We rest [illegible] sure and certain hope that no force and no combination of forces can stop the process of Evolution, . . . which has produced the beauty of the earth and the heavens from formless ether.

Such statements, however, were generalisations, concerned with vast periods of geological and astronomical time; and they were quite consistent with realisation of the vicissitudes of the process when considered as to shorter time and particular detail.

Direct evidence forcibly shows that it is with super-organic aggre-
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—progression in some cases

retrogression in others. Evolution does not imply, as commonly conceived, an *intrinsic* tendency in everything to become something higher (F. Howard Collins, *Epitome of the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer*, pp. 350–1).

Haeckel himself, in the first chapter of his *Riddle*, recognised fully this conflict of action and reaction, 'going on' and 'swinging back':

An entirely new character has been given to the whole of our modern civilisation, not only by our astounding theoretical progress in sound knowledge of nature, but also by the remarkably fertile practical application of that knowledge in technical science, industry, commerce, and so forth. On the other hand, however, we have made little or no progress in moral and social life, in comparison with earlier centuries; at times there has been serious reaction. And from this obvious conflict there have arisen, not only an uneasy sense of dismemberment and falseness, but even the danger of grave catastrophes in the political and social world. [These words were written in 1899.]

The road of human progress, therefore, is a chequered one, not merely with ups and downs throughout the ages, but also with ups and downs simultaneously in different departments of life. How, then, should we view the position in which we find ourselves at present?—and does that position justify us in pouring scorn on the 'progressive,' 'liberal,' 'reason-loving' ideals of the creative days of our Victorian predecessors, or in deriding their philosophies as 'empty cisterns,' as some people now are inclined to do?

It is a rash prejudice!—for, defective in many ways though they, like every age, were, the second fifty years of the nineteenth century contributed probably more to human welfare, material and moral, than any other similar period in history. Take the instance of Religion. For many generations the bitterness of narrow, sectarian dogmatism had dominated that sphere of life: the spirit as to which Francis William Newman could write (*Phases of Faith*, Chapter III) from experience:

Mysterious aspersions were made even against my moral character, and were alleged to me as additional reasons for refusing communion with me; and when I demanded a tribunal, and that my

accuser would meet me face to face, all enquiry was refused, on the plea that it was needless and undesirable. . . . These alienated friends did not know they were acting unjustly, cruelly, crookedly, or they would have hated themselves for it; they thought they were doing God service.

The essential cause of such a spirit was the conviction of possession of exclusive, infallible dogmatic truth, which it would be sin to doubt. The second half of the nineteenth century largely tended to invalidate such a conviction, by critical investigation of the Bible and Church history, by the new science of Comparative Religion (bringing realisation of the kinship of all faiths and the elements of error as well as of truth in all and each), and by the broadening of men's minds through travel, geographical discovery, and the much easier means of transport. In this department alone (even if it were the only one of which it could be so said), the second fifty years of the nineteenth century conferred inestimable benefits on the race. It made a wide extension of intellectual and spiritual freedom possible which the Reformation of the sixteenth century (though it began the process) had not done, because its battles were fought mainly not for such freedom but for the victory of one or another rival dogmatism.

It was but natural that that liberal, experimental, largely anti-dogmatic nineteenth-century era should scorn the thoughts of the old, syllogistic scholastic philosophers; but that scorn was certainly carried to excess. For instance, in his *History of Philosophy* in two bulky volumes extending to 1,160 pages, George Henry Lewes could spare only eighteen pages to the whole of the mediæval Scholastics, and only this (part of it in a footnote; vol. II, pp. 76–77) to the greatest of them all, the *Doctor Angelicus*, St. Thomas Aquinas:

The full development of his [Albertus Magnus'] efforts is seen in Aquinas, the greatest of the scholastics. But I cannot pause here to sketch the portrait of the Angelic Doctor (born 1227, died 1274). As the writings of Aquinas are neither very accessible nor very inviting, the student who has never seen them, or who, having seen them, has felt his courage shrink from grappling with them, may be glad to hear that several important little treatises have been translated by Professor Rossi, and are thus made readily accessible [illegible] Florence, 1864.

This was all that, in 1871, a historian of philosophy, in a large work, thought it needful to say about the greatest philosophical intellect of the Middle Ages!

Here we certainly find a main weakness of the ardent Victorian period. It was so engrossed in mechanical invention and practical experiment that it despised unduly the discipline of pure logic. It was, however, merely a reaction from equal faults of an opposite kind. The old scholastic, syllogistic thinkers lived too much in cloud-land. They neglected scientific experiment. The later, scientific school neglected the syllogism. A truly wise method will combine both: it will experiment assiduously, and test its hypotheses by severe logic.

The present widespread feeling of pessimism is due largely or even chiefly to the apparent fact that the immense scientific discoveries, and the venturesome, far-reaching theories, of our Victorian predecessors have not in fact led to a better world. For all those bright efforts and aspirations, we find ourselves in a world which for twenty-five years has been dominated by war or the menace of war, and the very inventions, made as a result of 'the creative half-century,' have been turned to the purposes of destruction. Again to quote Haeckel's words: 'We have made little or no progress in moral and social life, in comparison with earlier centuries.' He ought rather to have said, 'We have made such progress to a great extent, but it has been thwarted by unforeseen calamities.'

What seems to have been the matter is that European mankind is suffering from 'social and political indigestion,' having taken too great a variety of food into its system, so that much has disagreed with it and some has even turned to poison. As the vehement Thomas Carlyle said seventy-three years ago in his essay on *Shooting Niagara*:

It is indeed strange how prepossessions and delusions seize upon whole communities of men; no basis in the notion they have formed, yet everybody adopting it, everybody finding the whole world agree with him in it, and accepting it as an axiom of Euclid; and, in the universal repetition and reverberation, taking all contradiction of it as an insult. . . . My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that [the future] will be New-birth, a Saturnian time, with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever.

These exaggerated words merely meant that many of the then popular expectations of immense social progress were fallacious; but it does not follow that it was all a matter of 'delusion.' That hopes have been inadequately fulfilled may be due to remediable causes.

Indeed, people of all types, conservative or reformist, tend to take fright at anything which seems novel to their prejudices. The most radical reformer does so as readily as the conservative, if the novel thing, though it be a reform, is not planned on his lines. For instance, the fear aroused a hundred years ago by 'the new police.'

[There was] a furious debate at the [Chartist] Convention on the 18th [of March, 1838], dealing with the Rural Police Bill then before Parliament. A long series of tirades was brought to a climax by Dr. Fletcher of Bury. 'He would not recommend the use of daggers against the Rural Police, but he would recommend every man to have a loaded bludgeon as nearly like that of the policeman as possible.' The opposition to this Bill was due largely to the belief that the police were intended to enforce the New Poor Law as well as to provide additional soldiery against a possible insurrection (M. Hovell, *The Chartist Movement*, p. 128).

How absurd it is, then, to base pessimistic theories on the mere fact that a period so fermenting, as were the two or three generations immediately preceding our own, has not resulted in tranquillity and fulfilment of the hopes of paradisiacal seers! Far wiser would it be to consider how much of real and permanent value those generations have bequeathed to us, and how those legacies may be redeemed and well expended in the future.

The chief and most beneficent idea (because not only of its intrinsic excellence, but also of the many other ideas flowing from it) which those creative generations gave to us was that of 'personal freedom, bodily and intellectual.' Perhaps the best literary expression of it was in J. S. Mill's essay *On Liberty*. Interference with the freedom of the individual should be only for reasons of self-defence, either by society or by other individuals. There should be freedom of the Press and of opinion, for full discussion is necessary for the attainment of truth. Bans on opinion hurt 'the orthodox' as much as 'heretics,' since the minds of the former become

narrowed. He who knows only his own side of a case knows little even of that. The encouragement of 'heretical' thought is actually beneficial to society, as being stimulating to progress. Religious or metaphysical matters are not the concern of the State.

A development of this idea of freedom is the further one of Rationalism. This word, like many others, has and has had many diverse meanings attached to it. In its original meaning, used by German Biblical critics in the eighteenth century, it denoted an attempt to explain away the Bible narratives of miracles (accepting those narratives as historically accurate) 'as altogether natural'—an attempt elaborately made by, for example, Eichhorn. This meaning of the word is, however (like the theory it denoted), utterly obsolete; and Rationalism is now generally taken as meaning the formation of beliefs by reason instead of by acceptance of authoritarian dogma. To quote an excellent formal definition:

> Rationalism may be defined as the mental attitude which unreservedly accepts the supremacy of reason and aims at establishing a system of philosophy and ethics verifiable by experience and independent of all arbitrary assumptions or authority.

This definition seems to have no logical implications necessarily hostile to religion as such, but only to 'religions of authority.' As, however, authority plays so large a part in most religions, the inevitable tendency of Rationalism is towards challenging such systems. This article does not propose to go into any of the controversies so raised, and which occupied so large a part of the time of our Victorian and Edwardian predecessors: indeed, which, though to a less extent, are still active. Rationalism, as here we are concerned with it, may be understood in two senses: (1) The wide one of simply founding our beliefs on reason and proofs, and (2) The restricted one of what is known as 'the conflict between theological doctrines and ascertained scientific facts.' The first of these senses gives *the pure, logical principle* of Rationalism; the second is *its application in particular cases*—and, of course, the conclusions to be drawn from that application are matters for differences of opinion and for debate. All that is here intended to be said is that Rationalism in the wide sense—that of 'testing all things, and accepting

only what is proved true'—was one of the most valuable of the before-mentioned 'legacies.' If the principles expressed in the definition quoted above were generally accepted and acted upon (in their wide logical sense), a large proportion of our evils would disappear as a necessary consequence: for domestic and international public affairs would be based on justice, and intellectual effort would be freed from bondage to vested tradition. A logical result of the adoption of this ideal would be the gradual and equitable abolition of State privileges for any special theological creed.

Political 'Liberalism,' in the true sense, is 'Rationalism in social action.' It was one of the most characteristic public manifestations of that 'Victorian era' which this age so tends to despise. It was very defectively expressed in the rough and tumble of party political struggles: but its ideals of freedom, peace, and progress constituted one of the most dynamic influences of those not-so-distant days.

Why despise those virile, idealistic, free, forward-reaching times? One of the principal causes of the considerable and tragic frustration of their ideals has been the problem of War:

> The conclusion of the profoundest moment to which all lines of argument converge, is that the possibility of a high social state, political as well as general, fundamentally depends on the cessation of war. Persistent militancy, maintaining adapted institutions, must inevitably prevent, or else neutralise, changes in the direction of more equitable institutions and law (Collins, *Epitome of Spen*[illegible] p. 491).

These terrible days of present conflict will pass, and reconstruction will be our task. If the world is to be better, the reconstruction must be on lines not of authoritarian sanction but of enlightened freedom. It seems somewhat unjust to condemn or scorn our near predecessors' ideals because their descendants have not acted on them adequately. When has anything ever been acted on adequately? A large degree of neglect of sound principles discredits not the principles, but the negligent folk. The world must return, in fact, to some of the ideals of the forward thinkers of the previous generation. Their 'cisterns' may not have been 'empty' as some folk suppose.

J. W. POYNTER

I was God-mad yet had no will for Him.
This, understand, was purgatory. Two days,
The agony of nothingness. I strove to praise
My pain into a living, loving limb,

To find its secret love and living skill.
In vain. The winter meant no more to me
Than to those dead who find eternity
Time in extension and dead-end of will.

The brain cried: 'End it. God is fit for those
Who on the flesh endow the discipline
Of fast and prayer. But the swollen sin
That all the years your spirit overflows

Now makes too wide a sea for you to drain.'
So cried the brain. The heart began to hear.
My sleep had dreams that held no central fear.
I knew the absolute of habitual pain.

Time streamed towards me, and the old dead wood
Gave nothing to Its future. 'It is time,'
I cried; and felt my body wake and prime
The spirit with the pride of solitude.

Oh God! Oh God! How near Your farness was
When barren pride became the wish to die
Seeking vain ways to fix original 'I'
On to the world as if it were a cross.

That day a sunlight slipped beneath the mist.
The lake was new with morning. From the birds
Rose the first shapes of life's prophetic words.
Bodies and trees carried the quiet's gist.

I journeyed from my sleeping into day.
The old New Year was neutral to my pride.
I walked as if my self were by my side;
And God I knew and needed every way.

My feet were patient with me. I'd no need
To be the shrew to God, and rail and weep.
God was my logic as the heart of sleep
Is memory and vision and the seed.

Then to my best I came, to make again
The verse, my brightest play, that is the free
Concern of my conferred mortality,
And, if God wills it so, also God's gain.

L. Aaronson

A HISTORY OF WALES[1]

NEARLY a generation has passed since the publication of the first two editions of Sir John Lloyd's excellent *History of Wales*. The intervening years between 1912 and the publication of the third edition have been marked by extensive additions to our knowledge both of the pre-historic cultures and the Roman civilisation (so far as it extended) of Western Britain. Dr. Wheeler and his archæological associates and allies have thrown a flood of light on Roman and pre-Roman Wales. Thanks to them, we can now trace and date with approximate accuracy the founding, the prosperity, the decline and the final abandonment of such military centres as Segontium (Caernarvon) and Isca (Caerleon-on-Usk), to name the most important. Pre-historic settlements have been fruitfully because scientifically explored; and the careful examination of Tre'r Ceiri, Moel y Gaer and other sites has enabled the historian to give perhaps more than a partial answer to the question, how the British population of nine-tenths of Wales lived during the Roman military occupation. The exploration of such British sites of the Roman period—'Romano-British' is a description suggesting more 'Romanity' than their inhabitants are likely to have possessed—reveals a situation to which parallels could be drawn in parts of Kabylia and still more in the unadministered districts of the North-West Frontier Province of India in our own time. The foreign government holds a number of fortified posts commanding river crossings, mountain passes and ports, linked by military roads and based upon the great legionary fortresses of Chester and Caerleon-on-Usk. There are genuinely Romanised Britons at Caerwent (Venta Silurum) and no doubt elsewhere in the ...s of Monmouth and Glamorgan, but they are less ...erous and important than their congeners of the Severn

[1] *A History of Wales*, from the earliest times to the Edwardian Conquest, by Sir ... Lloyd, in two volumes. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1939, 36*s*.)

Valley from Gloucester to Wroxeter. Elsewhere the Briton of the West lives much as did his pre-Roman forbears.

The archæologist's picture does not, however, differ in any essential from that drawn by the author nearly thirty years ago. Arguing from the abundant linguistic evidence available, he inferred what the evidence of the spade has proved, viz., that the people of almost all Wales, when they could afford them, used cheap Roman trade goods, tools, utensils and the like, for which they borrowed Latin names. Welsh *cyllell* (knife) from *cultella*, and *cannwyll* (candle), from *candela*, are examples of such loan-words. But it is highly significant, as Sir John Lloyd had pointed out in the first edition of his *History*, that, while the earliest Welsh words that have to do with reading and writing are of Latin origin, the 'names of the cardinal features of the Welsh system of law and society are of undoubtedly native origin.' Outside that small part of South Wales which is really an extension of the 'Lowland Zone' of Great Britain, the Romans would seem to have allowed the proto-Welsh to follow their ancient laws and customs, provided that the tribes left the Government and its *protégés* alone, kept their local feuds off the military roads and provided recruits and labour when ordered.

Owing to lack of time Sir John Lloyd has not revised the earlier chapters of his *History*. He has, however, provided the attentive reader with an excellent introduction in which the latest archæological discoveries and their bearing on early Welsh history are set forth. In this he also admits that Sir John Rhys's views on the Celtic question, which greatly influences his own treatment of the Roman and early mediæval periods, are now 'in the melting pot.' Rhys assumed that the Brythons or P Celts, whose descendants say 'Pen' (head), while the Gaels of Ireland and the Highlands say 'ceann,' gradually absorbed or conquered the earlier Gaelic (Goidelic) inhabitants and the 'Iberian' predecessors of the Goidels. He was confirmed in this belief by the occurrence of Ogam inscriptions, written in an old form of Gaelic, in several counties of Wales. His theory has now been abandoned by almost all Celtic scholars and historians. There is every reason to believe that the Welsh Ogams were the work of the Irish invaders who are known to have effected important settlements ... who for

a Hiberno-British dynasty in Dyfed (S.W. Wales) and were only expelled from North Wales and Anglesea after many years of fighting by Cunedda and his descendants and people, who came very possibly at Stilicho's invitation from the Lothians to take the place of the Roman soldiery. Several Irish authorities now hold that the Gaelic-speaking Celts came directly to Ireland from the Continent; and what is more, the place names of Western Britain recorded by Ptolemy in the second century and in the Antonine Itinerary of the third are of Brythonic and Gaulish rather than Goidelic type.

Apart from the question of the Goidels of Wales, there are a few disputable statements in the earlier chapters of the first volume which the author had no time to re-write. Sir John Lloyd holds that there is no evidence that any genuine tradition of the early Roman period and in particular of Caratâcus, the Caractacus of all MSS. of Tacitus but the best, survived among the mediæval Welsh. He adds in a note that the Caratauc map Cinbelin of one of the Harleian genealogies appears to have no connection with the historical Caratâcus (Caradoc), son of Cunobelinus (Shakespeare's Cymbeline and the modern Welsh Cynfelyn). He has, however, failed to observe that the father of Cinbelin in this pedigree is called Teuhant. Teuhant is the middle Welsh form of Tasciovans or Tasciovanus, known from his own coins and those of his son Cunobelinus as King of the Catuvellauni of Verulam. Cunobelinus died after a long reign in A.D. 42, the year before the Claudian invasion. Tasciovanus is only known to modern historians from these coins. There is no reference to him in any classical work, nor is he mentioned by Gildas, Bede, or any of the compilers of the scrap-book known as the *Historia Brittonum*, which bears the name of Nennius. Unless therefore we postulate either the existence of scientific numismatists among the Britons of the Dark Age or else the survival among them of some Latin history of the British kings, of which no whisper reached the clerks of the Middle Ages, we must conclude that in this case a genuine historical tradition survived from the early years of the first century of the Christian era.

Another disputable point is the author's view that the absence of references in Welsh tradition to the influx of refugees

fleeing from the Saxon invaders suggests that this elemen was neither numerous nor important. Against this there i the evidence of the Romano-British epitaphs found in many parts of Wales. The epitaphs and dedicatory inscriptions o the Roman period commemorate pagan Roman soldiers an functionaries. These cease with the departure of the Romans from Western Britain early in the fifth century at latest; ther after an interval of two or three generations begin the epitaph written in Latin, very often in dog-Latin, of Christian priests notables and two kings, one of whom, the grey-haired 'Vorti porius' (*recte* Voteporix), incurred the denunciations of Gildas before the middle of the sixth century. It is hard to believe that the ruling elements among the original Britons of Wales who left no written memorials of their existence outside Caerwent during the Roman period and must have been 'barbarised' by the incursions and settlements of heathen Irish both before and after the Roman evacuation, had become more or less Christian and literate through their own unaided efforts. A steady infiltration of Romanised and Christian Britons from the plain of England, and later from the exposed parts of the Severn Valley, seems to offer the best explanation of the facts.

Three chapters of the first volume deal with the 'Dark Period' of British history between the departure of the Romans and the defeat of Penda of Mercia and his British allies by Oswy on the River Winwede in A.D. 655. Here we cannot but regret that Sir John Lloyd has not made use of the recent work of Professor Collingwood and Mr. J. N. Myres, of Mr. O. G. S. Crawford, and not least of Professor Ifor Williams in his Welsh studies of the poems of Aneirin and Llywarch the Aged. A note that 'all previous discussions [as to Aneirin's poems] have been superseded by the treatment of Professor Ifor Williams' does not do sufficient justice to the skill with which that great Welsh scholar handled both the problem of the age of Aneirin's great poem the *Gododin*, and its social and historical setting. Professor Williams is inclined to date the heroic failure of the war of a chief of Edinburgh at Catraeth (Catterick), which is the theme of the poem, to the end of the sixth or the beginning of the seventh centuries, when *Æthelfrith* of Northum... British ... and he does n...

all deny the possibility that much of the *Gododin* was composed by a contemporary, perhaps a witness, of the fight. In their present form the poems lamenting the death of Kynddylan of Powys at the hands of the English seem to have been composed fully a century after an event which can hardly have taken place before the fall of Penda. But they appear to preserve interesting and genuine traditions of the days when Pengwern (now Shrewsbury) was the seat of the Welsh ruler of Powys, when the Wrekin and perhaps Ercall lay within his territory and his people had carried their raids as far as Lichfield. In each case we find allusions to events that can be justifiably regarded as historical and a remarkably valuable and interesting background to Dark Age history which some English historians would do well to re-examine. The fighting men, predecessors of the mediæval knights, who rode to Cattraeth with white shields, in bright armour with lances a-quiver, went to church at times to be blessed or shriven—and at times consulted a diviner. But the life they led in Mynyddawg's 'Great House,' drinking mead and wine at feasts and preparing for their adventure, seems to have been much nearer to that of a Teutonic king's 'gesiths' than has been generally realised.

On the history of mediæval Wales Sir John Lloyd writes with unrivalled knowledge and sympathy. English historians have regarded the Welsh question in the light of a footnote to history. Yet, as the author shows, it repeatedly played an important part in determining the direction of English politics. To take a single instance, John's failure against the barons was largely the result of his inability either to conciliate or to subdue Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, the husband of his illegitimate daughter Joan, who well deserved his title of 'The Great' and played a most important part in the struggle that led to the signature of Magna Carta. Of the delightful Giraldus Cambrensis, who is less read than he deserves to be, the author ... much to say, and his extracts from Gerald's *Itinerary of ...s* give excellent illustrations of the manners of a turbulent ... attractive and far from barbarous age and people. It was ...s to men of his stamp as much as to her princes that ...s, in spite of the loss of her political liberty, was never ... could never be *gleichgeschaltet* by the English Crown.

P. P. Graves.

THE PLAYS OF GIRAUDOUX

JEAN GIRAUDOUX has written seven full-length plays, *Siegfried*, *Amphitryon 38*, *Judith*, *Intermezzo*, *La Guerre de Troie N'Aura Pas Lieu*, *Electre*, *Ondine*, and a dozen novels of great brilliance. Giraudoux is an official of the French Foreign Office who, at the outbreak of war, became Chief of the French Ministry of Information and did valuable work, but his place has been taken under the new Reynaud Government by M. Frossard.

Giraudoux's plays have been produced and, in most cases, acted by Louis Jouvet. In some of the plays there is a kind of Jouvet-Jaques character, a straight-faced looker-on, whose dry and often melancholy comments recall the Hamlet-Biron-Jaques character in Shakespeare. Critics have suggested that this philosophical looker-on represents in Shakespeare's plays the nearest touch of autobiography. This is probably true in so far as such a character represents the outlook of the poet in general; in Giraudoux's case, the explanation is that the parts have been written for Jouvet, whose 'poker' face and dry manner are an admirable medium for the kind of philosophical wit in which Giraudoux specialises. In other ways Giraudoux has been influenced by Shakespeare.

The plays are written in prose, and are much more poetical than the plays in verse, for instance, of the American playwright Maxwell Anderson. Poetry lies not only in a heightening of style, but in a perception of poetry in everyday events. Giraudoux has this quality to a supreme degree. He writes about gods and goddesses, heroes of mythology and mermaids. The wit and—often—anachronism of his method lie in the introduction of a sudden homely allusion which makes the problems of Olympus resemble the problems of provincial family life in France. Giraudoux's originality lies in [illegible] of a kind of 'poetry in epigram': in the sudden

paradox of a phrase, which brings heaven and earth close together.

His style is also his theme. The astonishing unity of his work made him at first seem obscure—theme and phrase were so closely knit as to give an impression of density as well as paradox. This unity serves, in the long run, to make him intelligible; and makes clear his eminence.

Giraudoux belongs to the 'twenties; to the wits, but he was never cynical. In this he differs from Paul Morand, another diplomat, who is the nearest writer to Giraudoux in style, in the poetic mixture of realism and fantasy. But Morand who began, like Giraudoux, by being a poet ('*Tendres Stocks*,' to which Proust wrote a foreword, showed a real freshness), was more deeply deranged by the cynicism and sense of the fantastic of the post-war period, and has degenerated into vulgarity.

In the whirl of metaphysical doubts and political clashes, Giraudoux retained his good sense. There is nothing more sensible than a poet. He had roots in antiquity; his titles, *Electre*, *Judith*, *Ondine*, show him as the descendant of the Græco-Roman-Hebrew civilisation for which we fight. He had his roots in the institutions of that civilisation, its family life, its bourgeois calm and fidelities, the deep feelings of the ordinary man. In *Intermezzo*, for example, a young girl has to choose between romantic Death and a prosaic life with a modest *fonctionnaire*. The *fonctionnaire* wins, in poetry as well as in fact. Throughout all our period of doubt and, let us face it, disease, moral and social, Giraudoux has kept his head and—beginning in a period when the fantastic was at a premium—pleaded for sanity. But he pleaded in the terms of his age, of the fantastic, of poetic-paradox. That is why, at first, he was identified with Morand and other devotees of post-war fantasy. It is only with the passage of time, and because of the unity and persistence of his effort, that we have been able to recognise in Giraudoux the prophet of normalcy, the true poet; whereas Morand, like the German 'expressionists,' could not survive their period—the fantastic but rootless 'twenties—and are now seen as heartless or as talented vulgarians. Giraudoux has roots.

Giraudoux's theme is the interplay of poetic 'truth' and reality. He sees it from both sides. There is the desire of

dreams, of poetic truth to become reality. Then he insists on the poetry of what is real. In this synthesis lies all his work. This sounds vague (and will certainly be unintelligible to the English theatre-goer, who thinks of 'plays' in terms of St John Ervine or Noel Coward), unless we illustrate it from Giraudoux's plays themselves. Fortunately, his method is so consistent that by analysing one or two of them we can give a good idea of all.

His latest play is *Ondine*, which was produced a year ago at the Théâtre de l'Athénée in Paris by Louis Jouvet. It should be explained that Giraudoux's plays, although they are sometimes quite difficult to understand, are box-office successes in Paris. A Giraudoux first-night is a social occasion, and it is difficult to buy seats for some time. *Ondine* continued to run throughout the first eight months of the war; even Hitler could not stop its success. Nothing could be less like Hitler than *Ondine*! It reads, indeed, like a parody of vulgarity: and is as far from vulgarity itself as a spring flower. The triteness of the situations (the plot is taken from de la Motte Fouqué) smacks of an American film, but in Giraudoux's hands they become poetry.

An old fisherman and his wife have an adopted daughter Ondine. The old man is worried because Ondine, who is fifteen years old, does not come in after dark. 'As if you didn't know,' says the old woman, 'that she sees in the dark.' 'In this storm?' 'As if you didn't know,' repeats the old woman, 'that the rain never makes her wet!' At once we are plunged into a scene of homely domesticity, where the supernatural also lives. That is Giraudoux, in four lines of dialogue.

The fisherman lives on the edge of a lonely forest and a Wandering Knight comes in and asks for shelter. The Wandering Knight, like Ondine's supernatural habits, is taken for granted, and we get a charming taste of Giraudoux's use of anachronism for dramatic irony. The questions which the old people ask are those which an ironical modern scholar would ask: Do Wandering Knights really understand the language of animals, etc.?

The Wandering Knight is provided with shelter and food —he insists on having a blue trout. Ondine comes in. 'How beautiful you are!' she says to the Wandering Knight

Poetry has entered in the person of Ondine; her words and behaviour are wholly lacking in the realism with which the two old people are drawn. The Knight, who is called Hans von Wittenstein zu Wittenstein, is prosaic, and is at first more interested in his blue trout than in the little girl. But she is horrified at his eating a blue trout, which is boiled alive, and throws it out of the window. It becomes clear that Ondine has special ties with water, and with all its inhabitants. That is why she stays out in the storm without getting wet; she can, we learn, walk on a waterfall and sleep on the lake.

Ondine falls in love with the Knight and announces that she will go away with him. But he has told the old people that he is betrothed to the beautiful and intelligent Bertha, the King's daughter at the Court to which he must return. The Knight, although he is somewhat preoccupied with the plateful of ham which has replaced the trout, becomes charmed by Ondine. He realises that she is something more than a fisherman's child, and he is told that they found her by the lake. Meanwhile, Ondine has gone out to consult her family—the King of the Mermen, and the other mermaids. They tell her that the Knight, because he belongs to the world, will be unfaithful. She has never heard the word. When she understands it, she agrees on oath that if he is ever unfaithful he shall die. So confident is she of 'truth'; so ignorant of reality. After the Knight has resisted temptation —much to their surprise—by the other Mermaids, Ondine says farewell to her supernatural family and throws in her lot with the Knight, who will take her back to Court.

This is the end of the first Act, and the two next Acts show Ondine's misadventures in the world. At Court she is far too natural and cannot learn etiquette. She is frantically jealous of the Knight's jilted fiancée, Bertha, and insults her in front of the King. The Knight, who is an ordinary fellow, finds her embarrassing in his own surroundings. He is more comfortable with Bertha, who is intelligent and worldly. The Queen, tolerant but wise, advises Ondine to go away if she does not want to ruin the Knight's life—one was about to say, career.

At this point, in fact, the plot resembles an average play or American film. We have seen the situation a score of times; the 'unusual' bride brought home to conventional

surroundings, with a sophisticated rival to exploit the hero's embarrassment. Those scenes are hackneyed, as far as plot goes. But there is nothing hackneyed about Giraudoux's method, and the familiar scenes are interpreted—without shirking any of their familiarity—in a dialogue which is profound and witty, poetic and at the same time homely. Giraudoux appears to be deliberately parodying a hackneyed theme as a *tour-de-force*—and making it delicate and brilliant.

Ondine, in her rush of faith, has sworn the Knight's life away. He is *bound* to betray her with his childhood playmate, Bertha! Late, too late, she realises his fallibility and her mistake: then she tries to save the Knight by a pretence that she had already betrayed *him* with one of his chivalrous friends. The pretence is exposed and the Knight must die. But before dying, and in her absence, he has understood Ondine. He forgets the marriage which he had planned with Bertha and pines only for Ondine—for the unconditional, eternal love which she offered. The prosaic Knight has become a poet and abandoned the realism of good behaviour at Court and etiquette for eternal—and 'unreal,' impracticable—truth. Impracticable of course; his dying confirms it. But before he dies his belief in eternal truths has made him 'mad.'

THE KING OF THE MERMEN: '*That is men's way of getting out of it when they have bumped into a truth, a simplicity, a treasure . . . They become what they call mad. They are suddenly hap... they don't abdicate any more, they do not marry those whom they do not love, they reason like plants, like water,* [*] *like God: they are mad.*'

It is the victory of poetic truth over fact—if Death can be called a victory! Meanwhile Ondine has become almost human in excusing men's shortcomings. She is trying to save his life.

ONDINE: *Often men who are unfaithful love their wives. Often those who commit infidelity are the most faithful. Many of them are unfaithful to those they love so as to avoid being proud, to feel small beside those who are everything to them. Hans wanted to make of me the lily of domesticity, the rose of fidelity, one who is right, one who never fails. . . . He was too kind. . . . So he was unfaithful to me.*

[*] Water throughout, both in the person of Ondine and in many passages of the dialogue in which watery metaphors are used, is a symbol of eternal truth, as oppo[illegible]

THE KING OF THE MERMEN: *My poor Ondine, you have almost become a woman!*

She has learned reality and compromise; *he* has learned eternal truth and so is considered mad! There is, in fact, no victory. What is eternal cannot be separated from what is real; there is only a synthesis in poetry. That is the meaning of the play *Ondine*; and of all Giraudoux's plays.

The most topical—alas—of Giraudoux's plays is *La Guerre de Troie N'Aura Pas Lieu*, produced in 1935. Hector returns to Troy from a war, 'the last war,' to find that Helen has enchanted all the old men, poets, non-combatants of the town and that they are ready to go to war again for her sake. Paris is a flirt, Hector is a husband; Helen is a shallow 'reality,' Andromache is a wife, a profound 'truth.'

Who are the enemies of peace? The old men, the priests, the poet, and—in a brilliant scene—the international lawyer. The old men gather to catch sight of Helen adjusting her garter; the poet is one of those poetasters who gush about 'national honour' at the wrong time.

But, above all, Fate—Fate is the enemy of peace. What is Fate? The play begins.

ANDROMACHE: *The Trojan war will not take place, Cassandra!*

CASSANDRA: *I will make a bet with you, Andromache.*

And Cassandra proceeds to explain that '*destiny is simply the accelerated form of time.*' Against this, men have only their affirmations: '*Phrases which assert that the world, and the direction of the world belong to men in general, and to the Trojans and Trojan women in particular.*'

It is a melancholy play. Hector and Andromache struggle against the malice of men and the power of Fate (which is nothing more than the accumulation of men's malice and stupidity) in vain. The suspense of the whole play lies in the question whether they will succeed in closing the Gates of War, which remain shut in peace-time, or not. At the end of the play the gates have been shut and the curtain begins to fall. But the 'poet' pretends to have been struck by Ajax (he was really struck by Hector himself) and so gets his war. The curtain goes up again, the Gates of War swing open and discover Helen—kissing young sixteen-year-old Troilus.

Helen, throughout, has represented frank, heartless action—or 'fact'; her silly 'realism,' with its persuasive and clever-

sounding arguments (which sound like Hitler's phrases in Rauschning's book), combines with the poet's 'romanticism' to make war. Both are opposed to the deep and far more genuinely poetical common-sense of Hector and Andromache—of Giraudoux, and of the French nation itself.

Was it an accident that the pseudo-romantic Knight, so interested in food, who cannot understand the truth of Ondine's poetry but who hankers after her, was a German? In *La Guerre de Troie*—especially in the speech of Ulysse about the two strangely 'corresponding' nations—one feels that Giraudoux is thinking of France's unappeasable neighbour.

The lesson, indeed, of Giraudoux's work is precisely that which Germany cannot learn; that of synthesis, of balance. The poetry and fantasy of Giraudoux, of the French, is only possible because they have their feet on the ground. They do not seek, like a bogus romantic, to seize and materialise their dreams; as Hans von Wittenstein zu Wittenstein tried to annex Ondine by marrying her and taking her to Court. Nor, on the other hand, do they expect the real, the material, to become the ideal. The beauty, truth and tragedy of Giraudoux's work lies in the admission that ideal truth and reality are irreconcilable, but that both exist in *poetic* truth. This synthesis is both his meaning and his method.

The German thought which results in nihilism comes both of an excessive realism and of a false romanticism: Helen plus Paris. In its struggle to seize upon metaphysical truth, to *isolate* it in this over-simplification, this kind of German mind denies all truth to its own idealism which cannot be brought down to earth. Robbed, then, of a dream which it has not the good sense to recognise as an approximation—and valuable as such—it falls back on excessive, brutal and savage 'realism'—that, indeed, is Hitler.

For him who reads, an answer to these torments lies in the plays of Giraudoux, which show that both 'truth' and 'reality' exist, and co-exist—in poetic truth. But how many young Germans, under thirty, can read Giraudoux?

ERIC SIEPMANN

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—As you have devoted your leading article in your May issue in large degree to an attack upon *Action*, linking our paper with the *Daily Worker*, I presume you will be willing to give me space for a reply.

Action has throughout this war maintained the policy which British Union has upheld for the past seven years. This is based upon the simple slogan 'Britain First.' Indeed, *Action* is the organ of a movement which is so supremely patriotic that it is not prepared to sacrifice British lives in any other cause than the defence of Britain and Empire. We have opposed throughout this period all foreign entanglements, and all suggestion of war for any foreign interest.

We are, on the contrary, convinced that given reasonably efficient government it should be easily possible under modern conditions for Britain to defend herself from her own soil. In holding this view we rely not only upon our own opinion, but upon those of such military experts as Captain Liddell Hart, who have emphasised the power of the defence in modern war.

Far from desiring the defeat of our country in this war, Mosley has made it abundantly clear that we have stood throughout for the efficient defence of Britain. You have quoted extensively from *Action*, but have omitted the following passages:

'Before the war we denounced the failure of the Government to maintain proper defences for Great Britain; since the war we have denounced, and will denounce, any suggestion of negligence in preserving the safety of our people. We stand for Peace, but we stand for a strong and undefeated Britain.'—MOSLEY, in *Action*, March 14th.

'According to the Press, stories concerning the invasion of Britain are being circulated from Italian sources. In such an event every member of British Union would be at the disposal of the nation. Every one of us would resist the foreign invader with all that is in us. However rotten the existing Government, and however much we detested its politics, we would throw ourselves into the effort of a united nation until the foreigner was driven from our soil. In su

a situation no doubt has ever existed concerning the attitude of British Union.'—MOSLEY, in *Action*, May 9th.

In face of these statements by Mosley himself, it is scarcely necessary for me to deal with the extracts you have made from *Action*, and the interpretation you have placed upon them. We are at liberty to criticise the Government for its conduct of the war, and will continue to do so.

I must, however, raise the strongest protest against the linking of our paper with the *Daily Worker*, and thereby British Union with Communism. While British Union has maintained a perfectly consistent policy on foreign affairs for the past seven years, the Communists have turned a double somersault. Beginning with 'No More War' as their slogan in 1934, they have changed to 'Stop Aggression' in 1938, and back to 'Stop the War' in 1940.

It is surely clear that Moscow sees in another World War the opportunity of Communist World Revolution, as Lenin foretold after the last war. Having broken down working-class resistance to war, and incited the masses into another world conflict, the Communists now seek to turn the situation to their advantage by posing as the apostles of peace, while seeking every opportunity of turning war abroad into civil conflict at home.

Meanwhile Stalin is perched like a vulture over the Kremlin, waiting his opportunity to pick the bones of Western Civilisation.

British Union, which has fought Communist violence on the streets of our cities for years past, will ever be prepared to save our country from such a fate. There is therefore no justification whatsoever for any association either of British Union with Communism or of *Action* with the *Daily Worker*.

Yours truly,

A. RAVEN THOMSON.

[For years past 'Action' and the B.U.F. have done all they can to vilify successive British Governments and to extol the German and Italian administrations. While shouting 'Britain first,' they have derided all the [illegible] and [illegible]. Since the beginning of the war they have shrunk from no misrepresentation, however malignant and perfidious, to disparage the Allied cause and justify the German cause. Their goal has been to blacken the reputation of their own country and to whitewash that of the worst enemy their country ever had.

The B.U.F. resemble the British Communist Party in every way, except that the latter extol Russia instead of Germany and are free from the foul anti-semitism of which the B.U.F. are the chief promoters in this country.

That this is so, we have shown conclusively in our last issue, quoting

passage on passage from 'Action,' with parallel passages from the 'Daily Worker.' Mr. Raven Thomson does not refute our charges, indeed he does not even touch the fringes of the case we have brought against these two journals.

Mr. Thomson accuses us of omitting the passage from Sir Oswald Mosley's statement about the B.U.F. and the invasion of England. We could not, with the best will, have included it, because it appeared on May 9th—that is to say, nearly a fortnight after we had gone to press.

There are amongst the B.U.F., as there are amongst the British Communists, naive persons who may have retained some common decency. But the two movements are gangster movements, animated by brutish emotions, base and truculent in their methods, and, in so far as they are capable of loyalty, loyal only to the monstrous despotisms that are so implacably hostile to England and all she stands for.

The B.U.F., like the Communist Party, are traitors in our midst. In our last issue we wrote: 'Do the Communist and Fascist movements endanger national security?' If the answer is 'Yes,' then measures that will at least make them innocuous will have to be taken without hesitation or delay.

The answer—in these days of direst national peril—is emphatically 'Yes.'—The Editor.]

Postscript:—Our reply to Mr. Thomson's letter was written before the arrest of Sir Oswald Mosley and other members of the B.U.F. (including Mr. Thomson himself). So the country's answer, too, is 'Yes' and the necessary measures have been taken 'without hesitation or delay.'—The Editor.

wotton, mit Euch! Deutschland, es nahen deine Männer nahr dein Mann!'

The new creed of hero-worship draws nearer!

Naturalism culminated with Gerhart Hauptmann. I an that Mr. Bithell is so outspoken in his opinion of Hauptma lyric poet. He says: 'As a lyric poet Gerhart Hauptmann counts, except to his friends (and the Oxford book of G Verse!).' But he does count as a dramatist. Somehow G Hauptmann has never gone out of fashion. This may be due own adaptability. He wrote revolutionary dramas (*Die* when revolutionary dramas were in demand. When natu began to fade out and Hauptmann did not score the desired s with his historical tragedy *Florian Geyer*, he started to write plays (*Die Versunkene Glocke*, *Hannele's Himmelfahrt*). He has managed to be on good terms with present-day German yielding to the demands of the wider public. His novels many problems (religious, pathological and above all sexual) always in a superficial non-committal manner. I am absol certain that Hauptmann's place in literature can be defined best work has been written long ago. What is Mr. Bithell wa for, when saying: 'The time is not yet ripe to pass a judgme The longer he waits the less favourable the verdict will be. Men should be made of Gerhart Hauptmann's brother Karl, though kept in the background all his life, undoubtedly poss the greater mind of the two.

The chapter on 'Humorists, Satirists, Satanists and Visionar could have been doubly interesting, had Mr. Bithell taken opportunity to make English readers better acquainted with humorist, satirist, satanist and visionary: Wilhelm Busch. Inst Christian Morgenstern gets all the attention and Busch is roughly outlined:

'Wilhelm Busch himself, in a famous poem, identifies him with a bird on the bough, caught in bird-lime, watching the sh claws and glittering eyes of a black tom-cat climbing up the t and reasoning:

'. . . " Weil das so ist
und weil mich doch der Kater frisst
So will ich keine Zeit verlieren,
Will noch ein wenig quinquillieren
Und lustig pfeifen wie zuvor.
Der Vogel, scheint mir, hat Humor." '

I sometimes think that even the Germans do not know wh they have in Busch. There are only a few who dare admit th

touch of genius in him. Busch's humour, though utterly pessimistic, is alive and flows from his heart, whereas Morgenstern's humour is morbid, remote and must have been conceived in a fit of insomnia. I dare say Morgenstern's *Galgenlieder* is more suitable food to the intellectual mind than, for instance, Busch's *Maler Klecksel*. Wilhelm Busch's verse is untranslatable, but there remain always his own illustrations.

Mr. Bithell's keen understanding of German literature finds sympathetic expression in Richard Dehmel's verse. He comprehends his passionate poems, so consistent with Dehmel's own sexual doctrine, which at times hardly escapes ridicule. Dehmel was prosecuted for indecency in a series of poems entitled *Verwandlungen der Venus* (Demonstrations of the various manifestations of Love). He was acquitted on the grounds that they were unintelligible! Dehmel proved to be an excellent verse translator (Villon, Verlaine, and from the Chinese).

Out of the bewildering maze of 'isms' into which the author leads us, there emerge two figures: Stefan George and Rilke.

The admirable study of George will suffice to make any reader an ardent admirer of this poet. Stefan George was not a poseur. He was too sincere in his worship for the cult of perfection (extending even to his '*Vurmalgeschlungene Kultkramatte!*'). George's style is classic (Hölderlin's influence is noticeable) and in its structure is similar to the music of Bach. His rhyme and rhythm are superbly faultless. Or could one find fault with the complete lack of emotion? '*Die Lieder von Traum und Tod*' and '*Teppich des Lebens*' is supposed to be George's best work. In real life he established himself as 'Poet King' or rather as 'dictator of all poetry,' surrounded by his disciples.

Would Mr. Bithell make a good translator of Rilke's work? I am thinking in particular of his *Malte Laurids Brigge*. This novel would greatly help one to understand the *Duineser Elegies* (they have been translated recently), as it forms the nucleus of Rilke's theories. Rilke needed courage to re-live through the experiences of his childhood and to record them objectively rather than sentimentally. (We all know the influence of J. P. Jacobsen, the Danish writer, on Rilke.) Although Rilke is not religious (the word 'sin' does not occur once in his poetry), he has a nebulous conception of God. The novel *Malte Laurids Brigge* finishes with questioning God for not reciprocating his love. And in his childlike way, Rilke turns to the angels as a substitute. In the *Duineser Elegies* he is still in despair, when starting:

'Wer wenn ich schriee, hörte mich denn aus der Engel
Ordnungen?'

But in his final resignation Rilke accepts these angels, as being divine, but less unapproachable than God.

I would like to finish my review with these two poets: Stefan George and Rilke. What has been written after them, I shall leave to the reader to find out for himself. One thing is certain, that we all know what Germany's literature of the '*Zwischenreich*' is like.

URSULA HARTLEBEN.


Most smokers are careful to choose tobacco with the flavour which appeals to them. They will not lose or spoil that flavour if they always use—
SWAN VESTAS
The Smoker's Match
SWAN VESTAS
BRITISH MADE BY BRYANT & MAY

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

1877 1932

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES

1932 JULY No. 664. Vol. CXII.

LONDON: CONSTABLE & CO., LTD., ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2.

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.

Price Three Shillings. *Annual Subscription (Home and Abroad), 36/- post free.*

U.S.A. and Canada, 75 cents. — *U.S.A. and Canada, $8.75.*

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER



No. DCLXV—July 1932

OTTAWA · 1894 *AND* 1932

In 1894, on the invitation of the Canadian Government, representatives of what were then the self governing Colonies assembled at Ottawa to consider ways of promoting trade within the Empire. This was the sequel of the Jubilee gathering in 1887, where the general question of the political and economic future of the Empire had been revived with enthusiasm after the long stagnation and, in England, public apathy since the repeal of the Corn Laws and the old system of Colonial Preference. From the meeting at Ottawa arose, in turn, the Empire Conferences in London in 1902 and 1907, and the decision that similar meetings should be held periodically. But no other meeting had ever been called to consider trade relations specially until recently Mr. Bennett issued his invitation, and it would be fitting if the movement which was launched by the first Conference at Ottawa should be brought to successful fruition by the second, after thirty-eight long years during which the Government of Canada has never wavered in faith or effort. Much has happened meanwhile; and to appreciate justly either the importance or the

prospects of the coming Conference it is necessary to have some regard to the past.

According to plan, the coming Conference should be purely economic in scope, excluding any political questions. Nevertheless, as we shall see, vital questions of political principle are inherent in the economic problems, and the latter cannot in practice be decided without involving the former, whether openly or by implication. In particular, there is the fundamental question whether Preference should be regarded as a privilege appertaining to the common allegiance to the Crown. To-day it seems to be taken for granted that the Irish Free State, for example, cannot repudiate allegiance without forfeiting its claim to Preference. But let us remember how recently, and after how much disputation, this doctrine has been established, if so it is. In 1894 the British Government, unwilling even to discuss the suggestion, was represented only by a delegate (Lord Jersey) who would nowadays be called an 'observer,' being instructed to take no part in the proceedings beyond giving information if desired. Britain's settled policy for many years had been to make no fiscal distinction between the self-governing Colonies and foreign countries, nor demand any Colonial favours for her own trade. So faithfully had she carried out this principle that under certain of her trade treaties, though the Colonies might in some cases give a tariff preference to each other, they could not extend it to the Mother Country even if they wished. In fact, the policy of Free Trade had become the policy of non-discrimination, or of treating the Empire and foreign countries alike; and the Colonial statesmen had to begin by asserting the contrary doctrine, that such discrimination ought to be made. The lead was given by the Chairman, Mackenzie Bowell, Canadian Minister of Trade, ably supported by the late Senator Foster, then Minister of Finance, who so nearly lived to witness in ripe old age the triumph of the movement. The following extract from the Chairman's address will serve to indicate how clearly the main requirements of the new policy were already envisaged at Ottawa, and also (in the italicised sentences) into what a strange position, as viewed by her children, the Mother Country had drifted:

> A large portion of the above trade (of India and the Colonies) is with foreign Powers, which, by a judicious adjustment of tariffs, might be diverted into British channels; this is therefore deserving of the earnest and careful consideration of all who have the general consolidation of the Empire at heart.
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> The accomplishment of this great object could, I humbly submit, be attained by each Colony retaining perfect autonomy as regards its tariff rates, whether on a basis of Free Trade or Protection, with the one sole restriction that on all articles on which duties are charged, uniform preferential rates on direct importations shall be accorded to all members of

a confederation to be founded for that purpose, and to the Mother Country should she desire to form part of such confederation, as against the rest of the world.

To accomplish this the Imperial Government should be respectfully called upon to terminate all existing treaties to the contrary, at the earliest date possible. This being attained, a joint commission might be appointed to form a nomenclature of tariffs so as to ensure uniformity of practice in respect to assessments of duties as well as classifications for statistical purposes.

Pertinent to this proposition is cable connexion not only with Australia, but with all the Colonies which form part of this tariff union—and it is to be hoped that all of Her Majesty's possessions will in due time be incorporated therein—all on a basis of direct British or Colonial control, and touching at or on British territory only

Correlative to the subject of cable communications, and none the less important, is that of the increased postal facilities which the line of swift communication already inaugurated (Vancouver-Sydney steamship service) and those in contemplation will provide.

For the time being, therefore the Colonies were to concentrate their efforts on trade 'confederation' between themselves, with the hope that Britain would be induced to join some day But among the resolutions passed was one asserting the new doctrine. It concluded :

That this Conference records its belief in the advisability of a customs arrangement between Great Britain and her Colonies by which trade within the Empire may be placed upon a more favourable footing than that which is carried on with foreign countries

At the meeting convened by Joseph Chamberlain in 1902, the new doctrine was again embodied in a resolution which urged that, both in the Colonies and in the United Kingdom, Empire products should receive preferential treatment 'either by exemption from or reduction of duties now or hereafter imposed' When the same resolution was repeated in 1907 the British Government formally dissented, in so far as the wording might imply, 'that it is necessary or expedient to alter the fiscal system of the United Kingdom,' which already included revenue duties on sugar, tea, coffee, and wine, applicable to all countries alike In the words of the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, winding up the debate, they were asked to consider 'whether we shall treat the foreigners and the Colonies as it were differently, and that, we conceive, we are not able to do.' Again, therefore, the principle at issue was not that of Protection or Free Trade, so much as that of discrimination between the Empire as such and foreign countries. This attitude persisted until 1917, when Britain at last accepted the doctrine of the 1902 resolution ; and now we find the National Government, with all the zeal of a convert, refusing even to start 'conversations' with foreign countries until after the Ottawa Con-

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1877 193[illegible]

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES

[illegible] JULY No. 666. Vol. [illegible]

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